

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

TRIM AND TOBY.

I BELIEVE my dogs understand what I say, almost as well as a young child would do. At least, they know by my voice, and my face, when I am in trouble, and they try to comfort me by being more gentle and affectionate than usual. See how Trim lays his head in my lap, and looks up into my eyes! When I talk to him of his master, he wags his tail, sets up his ears, and looks for him far on the road, that lies like a long ribbon in the heather as far as one can see. It is in vain, Trim, that we have come hither to watch for him, and to meet him, for the sun is setting, and I must go back to the lonely cottage. How long will he leave me here alone? Yet not alone, since I have two friends to guard me, and to give me sympathy. No one will rob my house while I have my deep-mouthed Toby, who would hear every step, were it as light as that of Jenny the cat on the sly in my dairy. Ah, Toby! have you forgotten how you rushed out on my own brother, and tore his coat? See how ashamed he looks when



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I speak of it! Never mind, Toby; it was a little stupid, to be sure, but next time you will not be in such a hurry as not to know your friends. We are apt to be more zealous than discreet, in behalf of those we love,—hey, Toby? Good Toby! You shall not be blamed, and threatened with a collar and chain for your imprudent friendship. People must beware how they come round the house in the dark, that is all; they may not always come off with only a coat torn. Yet Toby is kind; he lets the saucy kitten steal some of his dinner from under his very nose, and the chickens get under his long hair when he is stretched on his mat for a nap. The children pull his ears and tail, and ride on his back; and when they make a rope harness for him, and tackle him to a cart or a sled, he shows he does not like it by being obstinate and sulky, but never growls or bites. And such an honest fellow, too! Did he not watch all night by a trout his master chanced to drop on his way home from the brook? And when at last he was released, did he not come home almost starved? Would you have starved to death, faithful one, sooner than eat your master's trout before he gave it to you? And when I told the story to my little Norman, and said, "Now should you not be ashamed if Toby had seen you put your hand into the sugar-basin?" he said, "Yes, don't tell Toby," and ran away to eat the lump in a corner, with his back to the dog. Strange that a dog should be more to be trusted than a little boy with a soul! But my little boy *likes* Toby for being honest; he *likes* honesty. He is a very small boy now,—only three years old,

— but he knows he *ought* to ask for a thing which is not his own. He is ashamed when he takes it without leave. I think he will not do so even once more. His father is an honest man. Everybody esteems him. He has a great deal of other people's money to take care of. They know that he would sooner have his hand cut off than take any of it for his own use. He would never take it without leave, even to use, and put it back. He has no right to use it one moment as his own, he says; therefore I do not fear for him. If he used what was not his, he might lose it. And the use of a thing, besides, belongs to the owner as much as the thing itself; it is *his* property, and should be asked for, and paid for, of course. My husband will teach his boy to be faithful and honest like himself. Ha, Toby! what now? And Trim, why do you set your ears up, and throw back your head to listen? O, I see; there they come from behind the clump of willows! Let us go and meet your master.

A. W. A.

OUR NATION'S BIRTHDAY.

THE Fourth of July! The birthday of a nation! A young nation still, though the men who were alive at the Declaration of Independence are nearly all in their graves. The fate of our nation was in their bosoms, but not more so than it is now in yours, children of the present time. You are the

nation to come. What you are, Christian or irreligious, good or wicked, our nation shall be. Each one of you has as necessarily a part to act, as a Revolutionary soldier. You fight your country's battles when you strive against wrong in yourselves and others; for bad boys make bad men, and bad men are the ruin of a nation. You conquer your country's enemies when you gain the victory over temptation. You will do your part towards making your country the happiest on earth, by being temperate, just, and benevolent men when you grow up. It is not enough to try to *be* good; try to *do* good. Always do what you are able in every good cause. Even as children, you can do a great deal of good, if you seek to do it. The children of Boston, with some help from children in other towns, have for years been befriending neglected children, placing them in homes where they can grow up to be good citizens. This is doing something important to society. It will be well when men shall do the same thing for neglected and forlorn men and women. Many might be rescued, just as those children have been, from being vagrants and criminals, or at least from becoming so. Each one saved is worth infinitely more than the small sacrifice made to save him, were it only for the good he can do in the world, as a useful member of society.

But, children, you who have been well taught can do quite as much good in a private way, besides. You influence those of your own age. Show yourselves conscientious, and your playfellows feel that they must be so too. Show yourselves kind, and they will be ashamed to be otherwise. Each one of

you ought to be a little missionary for Christ, in the world. How? When you *see* a wrong, lift up your voice against it. Not angrily; that does no good. When you have *done* a wrong, be not ashamed to acknowledge it. Is it not right and manly to condemn in yourselves whatever you condemn in another? Yes; no one can despise you, if you are thus noble, however you may sometimes fall into a wrong thing. Be strict with yourself, as well as with others, in judging actions. Don't say, "Is this *excusable*?" but, "Is this *right*?" There is a divine pleasure in denying yourself on principle. If it comes hard at first, the habit will reward you. God's law is not intended to make men *less* happy, but *more* so. It is God who makes the pure heart light, the clear conscience blessed.

In regard to principle, you are never endangered by too particular a rule. All your peril lies on the other side. Take honesty, for instance; where is the harm of asking for what you cannot claim, in the smallest matter? No one is offended by having his *least* right respected. It is very little trouble to grant a small favor, even when you would not be much damaged by its being taken for granted. There was once a little girl who broke off a branch of lilacs from a bush overhanging a public path, and carried it home. Soon after, the owner, who had not missed the flowers, found the little girl at her door, with tears on her cheeks. "Here, take your *lilacs*, Mrs. R.; I did not mind what I was doing when I broke it off. I am sure I did not want to *steal*!" The lady took her in and comforted her,

telling her she had done just right to come and let her know she had taken it, and that she was perfectly willing the branch should be broken off, and would give it to her. I believe she added a bunch of tulips and daffies to the lilacs she could now enjoy as fairly her own. Though I have never heard anything about the child in her growing up, I feel assured she is a trustworthy, upright woman, since she did not soothe her uneasy conscience by saying, "If I had not taken it, some one else would, and Mrs. R. would never miss one bunch, or care if she did." It did not signify much to Mrs. R., but a great deal to one who meant to follow a *perfect* rule.

I will tell you another true story. A little boy brought to his mother a pin he had picked up. She thanked him, saying she supposed he had found it in the street. "No, I did not, mamma; I found it on Mrs. French's floor." "Carry it back, my little man; for since we know it must be *her* pin, you ought not to give it to *me*." And he went back to deposit it where he found it, and always remembered it; for he told me of it when I was a little child, and he was my father, and bade me try to be as honest as my grandmother taught him to be, and never take so much as a *pin* without leave. I wish I had adopted the rule in all its strictness, for I remember all these long years with pain the smart of conscience I suffered afterwards from being betrayed into *greater* deviations than I could justify in my own judgment.

Boys, do not play marbles "for keeps," as the children call it; it is opening the door to gambling,

one of the chief curses of society. Set your foot down, and never draw it back, that you will play no game of skill or hazard for stakes or a bet, and that you will never be concerned in a lottery. Have it to say that you never have been enriched or impoverished in any such way.

In nothing is it of more consequence to have a rule and abide by it than in *temperance*. Boys, beware of training your palate to any unhealthy craving. I do not love to see a boy when he is thirsty hankering for beer or ale, or any of the meads, sirups, and other pernicious sweet mixtures, to say nothing of wine. I love to see a boy all in a glow with exercise rush to the well, or pump, and, after dashing water over his hands and wrists, drink a deep draught of the pure element with a relish. It is the boy's *first* glass of wine, and the *first* cigar, that opens the door to an enemy the man is not strong enough to turn out of doors again. Alcohol and tobacco! how much more are your ravages to be feared than those of hostile armies, in this our land! Be true patriots, boys, and fight them bravely, instead of letting them insidiously win you over to their side. What a strange mistake it is for a boy to make, that it is manliness to imitate what lessens a man in his own eyes, and in the respect of others! The Revolutionary war against worse enemies than your forefathers withstood, began with the first "Society for the Promotion of Temperance," as long ago as I can remember. The struggle is not over. It is for you to carry it on, and success depends on your *true* manliness.

A. W. A.

THE ORPHANS.

(Concluded.)

THE Count would not allow Billy to be carried home. He feared the jar of the carriage upon the pavement might harm him.

"We must take great care of that head of yours, Billy," said he; "we want to see what will come out of your brain, when you begin to model in clay."

"I don't know, Sir, about modelling," said Billy; "perhaps it is not much of a brain for that. But such as it is, it is all I've got, and I am glad you saved my pate from hitting the ground first. I don't remember a thing about my fall, but Maggie told me. The last I remember is rolling the box down to you. Please tell me, Sir, what you found in it."

"Come with me, then," said the Count, and he put his arm round the boy to support him as he walked into the next room.

Billy looked up in his face with a smile, and said, "My knees make me think of an old jackknife I have that has lost its spring, and keeps wanting to shut up while I use it. Thank you for holding me up, Sir."

"It was easier, you see, to carry you to the box, than to bring the heavy box to you," said the Count, depositing his load in a deep arm-chair. After trying for some time to open the box, he was going to ring for a servant to unscrew the lid, when Billy, who had been watching him, said, "If you would not

screw the wrong way, Sir, I am pretty certain the cover would come off in a minute."

"How should you know the right way better than I, I wonder," said the Count, when the lid turned obediently under his slim white fingers, and at last came off.

"O my!" cried Billy, as he saw gold pieces on the top. "Is it all full of them, I wonder?"

"I presume so. I have not doubted it."

"How many think you it holds, Sir?"

"It is not worth while to guess. I will count them. It will be a good job done. But first let me tip back your chair. You must promise not to look on and get tired. There; stretch out your feet upon this tabouret. How is that? Easy?"

"You are very good," said Billy, closing his eyes.

As he lay listening to the slow clink of the gold, he thought what he would do with it, were it all his own. "First, I would buy that silk dress I have always promised Maggie. Then I would surprise old Babet with a nice brindled cow, with gilt balls on her horns. I would myself drive her to the door. Out would come old Babet; she would say, 'Pray, whose cow have you there, Guillot?' Then I should reply, 'Your own, Maman Babet, which I have bought for you with some of my money.'"

The Count gave a sudden shout of surprise which broke off Billy's day-dream. He raised his head with a "Qu'est ce que c'est?" *

"O, nothing!" said the Count, with an odd smile.

* What is the matter?

At the same time he put his hand over some object he was examining, and looked round at the boy with sparkling eyes. "Lie down again, Billy Denton. Is that your whole name?"

"No, Sir; I was named for my father."

"Were you called William Louis François Le-fevre Denton?"

"Maggie told you, did she?" said Billy, languidly, and, shutting his eyes once more, went on with his dream of the future. "Old Babet will be sorry, but we must, Maggie and I and Bertrand together, go to Italy next. Then why should we not sail for America? I want to go to the States, and see where Maggie and I were living once, and where my mother lies buried. And what will I do next? I will find a good lawyer, and pay him to come back with us to France, with papers, and go to law with our wicked cousins that would not give Maggie my mother's inheritance, when we had come all the way from America. And when we have got our own, why, we will buy a great house, as big as the one which was burnt. We will live there, and make it a home for orphans, who are without money. They shall wear pretty blue blouses, with white edgings; the trousers shall have two large pockets, and every boy a good knife. Not one there shall be without, and all shall be taught to speak truth, and be honest. They shall learn to read, whether they want to learn or not, just as I was made to learn, when I did not know what was good for me. O my! should n't I be ashamed now, if I could not read and write!"

Billy was confused when the Count suddenly asked him if he should like to be rich.

"That minute I was thinking of that very thing," said he. "It seems as if you read my thoughts."

"I wish to do so. Are you willing I should?"

"Yes, Sir; why not?"

"Well, then, Billy; do you wish for a great deal of money? Think, for people are not always the happier for riches."

After he had thought awhile, Billy said, "Maggie told me once not to pray to be rich; God gives us what is good for us, as he gives the dew to the flowers."

"Perhaps God might send you riches suddenly, to try you," said the Count, smiling.

"When I am a little older, see if we are not rich *enough*! I shall have better wages than Bertrand. He cannot work without a pattern. I can *make* patterns. If I had money I did not earn, I should hardly call it mine. I should think all of it I did not need was sent to me for those who did. Maggie would say so. And so—yes, I *should* like being rich."

"Sudden riches will not turn your head, if this is your way of thinking," said the Count. "But should you not be proud to have fine clothes, fine horses, and a great house?"

"If I had earned them," said Billy.

"Your eyes are too bright, my lad, and there is a bright spot in your cheek. Go to sleep, if you can; I am going away. If Madame Bertrand comes in, be sure and detain her. I want particularly to see her."

Billy remembered that he had not asked how

many gold pieces there were, when he heard the Count lock the doors of the room after he had carried Billy back to his own. He went to sleep, and did not know for many days what the Count told Maggie that morning. The coffer had been hidden in the chimney by her father. The Count had easily found out by inquiry that the former owner of the estate his sister had bought after the Revolution had escaped to St. Domingo during the Reign of Terror, having been proscribed. On the rising of the slaves, he had fled on board an American vessel bound for Boston. He intended to go from Boston to France. But the vessel was seized and sunk by pirates. Maggie and Billy, with their mother, were safe at New Orleans, where they had been sent at the first alarm. The tidings of her husband's fate, and her poverty, broke the heart of the poor lady, and when at last she died, Maggie took the little boy to France to find an uncle, who she hoped would provide for them. When she arrived, she found her uncle had died childless, and his heirs refused to acknowledge her claim on his property. She was too poor to contend with them.

At first she was terrified at the idea of depending on herself alone, with a little child to take care of, for she was very young. But she found poverty a good friend, though a rough one. It taught her a firm trust in God; it brought out Billy's talents and energies; it gave her a good-natured and sensible husband, and perhaps saved her from some loveless match made by interested relatives.

"Billy, I have something to show you," said Mar-

garet, one day; and she laid before him an impression in wax, made by a huge old family seal which she held in her hand. Billy was carving a tiny knife and fork, and, being yet weak, was nervously impatient at the interruption.

"Pray don't speak to me, Maggie," said he. "It is just like waking me out of a pleasant dream. Go away, please."

Maggie waited.

"My! You might as well speak, as stand there; I cannot help thinking of you waiting." Then he got up and came to his sister, who put the old seal into his hand, with the wax impression.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" said Maggie, watching his eye.

He rubbed his forehead. "I remember a garden, — a gentleman — I think it was my father — holding a watch to me. I was astride his knee. A gold watch it was, set all round with brilliants, and in the middle this was engraved. I could almost carve this stag's head with my eyes shut, I remember it so perfectly."

"Here is a ring, with the same arms on the seal. My father's ring, Billy."

"Why did you never let me see it before?"

"It was found in the iron box."

"Had I known it was a thief's treasure I was saving, I would not have risked my life for it," said Billy, indignantly; and he took up his work, adding, "I suppose it was stolen from you long ago."

"It was not a thief, but the *owner*, who put the ring there!" said Margaret.

"Was all that money my father's, then?"

"Yes, so says a copper plate at the bottom, with his name, and the date. It is yours now, and mine, for your good friend lays no claim to it from having bought the house."

"Why should she? I wish she could see this fork; it will be prettier than the spoon."

"Here is the copper plate. How black it is!"

"Now I know what the Count cried out for, when he was counting, and hid something from me. My own name, put there when I was not born! Funny! Ha, ha! But, O my! I have cut a notch where I did not mean to; I wanted it smooth! O dear! I know a way, though, to make an ornament of my blunder. Wait now. There! should you ever suspect that was not done on purpose? Maggie,—should you?"

"That row of little notches on the edge is very neat. I am glad you are more interested in your work than in your riches, Billy dear."

"Why, what did you expect I would do, or say? Throw away my knife and my beautiful carving?" said Billy, frowning.

"I was thinking you might think too much of money, not having been used to riches."

"Why, Maggie!" cried Billy, throwing back his head and standing erect. "What made you think I should care more than *you*? I can earn my living, I hope, and more. Have I shown myself greedy?"

"Never, never! I only thought —"

"Why, I thought *you* knew that God has given me a pleasure money can never buy, nor poverty

take away. All the gold pieces in Paris would be too small a price for my joy in the beauty of the things which God has made, and those I see in my dreams. I know we can never be happier than we have been in each other. What more do we want? Only let me give a cow to Maman Babet. O, it is you, — you, Maggie, who think much of money, or you would not expect me to go crazy about it. Did Bertrand think so meanly of me, I wonder?"

Bertrand answered for himself. He had come in for his dinner, and stood there quite unobserved by the brother and sister in their earnest talk.

"It is as I told you, Maggie. Bring a young man up with a pure taste and a religious spirit, and low indulgences will have no charms for him. We shall never see our Billy a selfish spendthrift."

A. W. A.

BLESSINGS IN SLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

It was the season of Palm Sunday. The earth had taken again her green robe, like an old and gray-haired fairy becoming suddenly beautiful and decked with jewels.

"Go to the fields, Manette," said a poor woman, to her daughter; "go, gather grass for your goats; and be sure not to stay long."

Ever since morning Manette had been in the

fields. She was ten years old, and had a pretty face and figure. Though almost constantly exposed to the heat of the sun or the inclemencies of the weather, yet her complexion was fresh and fair. With fine clothes, she would have been graceful and charming; but being poor, very poor, her soiled and torn garments gave her a sad and neglected appearance. The only fortune her mother and herself possessed was a cow and two goats. It was for these that Manette went to the fields to gather grass.

After having worked nearly all day, worn out with fatigue, Manette fell asleep. She slept a long while. Night came on, and her mother, becoming anxious, went out to seek her. What was her surprise when she found her lying upon the green grass in the shade of a thick-leaved beech-tree, and near her two young and beautiful ladies! The ladies were hidden by a thicket of thorn; still she saw them well enough to know they were gazing very attentively at Manette. They were but little older than Manette, but as they were both so beautiful, they seemed like two angels.

The more the mother looked at them, the more she was enraptured. One of the maidens was taller and more slender than the other; she wore a white dress and a wreath of flowers.

The mother imagined that the young ladies were from the chateau near by. With this thought, she approached them. But perceiving that they were talking together in a low tone, she hid herself behind a tree, and listened.

"I declare," said the smaller one, a sprightly bru-

nette, "this little girl is very beautiful. What pretty hair! What a lovely face! But she looks sad! It is a pity that so sweet a child should be obliged to work in the fields, and to stay out all day in the hot sun. Let us leave with her all the money we have in our purses. Put it in her hand and then we will go. When she awakes, she will be surprised; she will not know who gave her the money; it will be a gift coming in sleep."

"She is not so lonely as you think, young ladies," said the mother, who could no longer keep silent. The girls were at first startled, not knowing whence the voice came, but they were soon reassured on seeing the countrywoman.

"I see clearly," said she, "that you are curious to know the name of the little girl. She is called Manette." As Manette at this moment arose and opened her eyes, she was surprised to see near her her mother and the two young ladies.

"Manette, my daughter," continued her mother, "speak to these ladies, and ask them to come to the house and eat some cheese and drink some milk."

"You have goats, then, which give you cheese?"

"Yes, miss."

"And Manette goes to sell it, does she?"

"Yes."

"And can she get much for it?"

"O no; such things are not worth much now; besides, we have but little more than we need to eat."

"The fields in which you gather grass are not your own, I suppose?"

"No, miss; they belong to the owner of the farm

yonder. He allows us to gather the grass, because it chokes up the wheat-sprouts. But soon they can defend themselves."

"Where will you go then?"

"We shall go by the roadsides, and into the ditches, and get all we can."

"Listen to me," said the elder of the young ladies. "I have heard my father say that he owned the land in this valley. Let Manette go with us, and we will ask him if he is willing to allow you to pasture your goats and cow there."

The poor woman cheerfully consented that Manette should go with them. Then the three girls followed the road leading to the chateau. In half an hour they reached it. The father seemed surprised when he saw the poor little girl with his daughters.

"Where did you find the child?" said he. "Why did you bring her here?"

"Father, we found her gathering grass for her goats, and we brought her to you to ask a favor. She has no field of her own. Our lands extend to the valley near her house. Please grant her the right of pasturing there."

While saying this, both the daughters caressed their father fondly, patting his cheeks, stroking his beard with their white hands, and presenting themselves for a kiss.

How could the father resist. "Yes, my children; yes, I grant it. There is a fine meadow near her cottage. She may have the yearly harvest; it will be enough for her goats and cow. I give it to her."

"Thank you, father," said both the girls at once.

"Will you not be happy now, Manette?"

"O yes, ladies!"

"Run and tell your mother this good news. Tomorrow we will go and see your cow and goats feeding in the meadow our father has given you."

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BIDDY.

"WHAT has become of your trusty Bridget?" asked my visitor.

"Married," said I.

"And lives in some dirty neighborhood, with a shiftless, drinking husband, and a troop of half-clad, mischievous children, I suppose."

"What, my neat, self-respecting, sensible Biddy?"

"O, girls soon get discouraged, grow sluttish, and lose self-respect and energy when they are married. I know many a tidy, capable girl transformed to a slattern by the pressure of poverty, and popular prejudice against the Irish."

"Because they are so foolish as to settle down where their labor is almost valueless, and where it is impossible to rise in the social scale, for want of room and scope. Bridget's home is more than a thousand miles from here."

"In the West?"

"Yes, and if I ever travel in that direction, I will go to visit her. They have a well-stocked farm, and stout boys are growing up, each of whom will more

than support himself from the time when he begins to hollow after the oxen, as Biddy expresses it. There is a letter I have lately received from her."

"O what spelling!"

"Very well; children in Ireland did not have district schools, you know. Bridget and Michael know the value of learning, and their children will spell better than they. And I think they will be taught what is of more importance still, the worth of a good character."

"Bridget had a good opinion of herself."

"Which is a good thing, when well founded. She was an honest, independent, noble-hearted girl, and truly respectable. At one place where she lived before she came to me, the lady thoughtlessly said, when she missed a wrought cuff from her drawer, 'I wonder if Biddy did not take it.' How it came to Bridget's ears, I do not know. But she went immediately to the lady, and made her an address that I think must have been eloquent. I can imagine the manner and tone very well, though I never stirred up such indignation myself. She reminded her that she was a great lady, having everything her heart could wish, — wealth, friends, reputation, kind husband, devoted children, servants to wait on her. 'An' I am a shtranger an' alone in a forrun land, wid no fortune but my charáckter. God gave me a shtrong back to labor, an' I bless him, an' ask no more, if ye lave me my charáckter. An' will ye rob me of my all? For my two hands, an' my shtrong back, they're no good widout my charáckter. *Two* hands; an' what would I be the better of *one* cuff, and me a tief? I'd

better lose one arm indade, than ye sh'd take my charáckter. It's ye that 's a robber, for I done nothing to deserve to lose my charáckter. I labored faithful for yees all, and wasted not a crust o' bread, — for have n' I seen men die for want of a crust? — an' I'll serve ye still, till this cuff is foun' and the spot gone ye have laid on my charáckter for it. God pardon ye, as I do.' ”

“ And then she walked into her kitchen with straight back, and head up, I imagine,” said my friend, who remembered her well.

“ Every day she asked the lady if her cuff was found. No, and the lady began to feel very uncomfortable, no doubt, and as anxious to find it to get rid of the inquiry as on any other account. She told Biddy again and again it was no matter, she did not think it was she that took it. But she certainly put both cuffs into the drawer, and it *was* strange how one should have got out.

“ The cuff was found at last, fallen in between the drawer and the side of the bureau. Bridget was told, but said nothing. When the gentleman had come home, and tea was over, she walked into the parlor, and requested to be paid off. The lady made every apology she could for her suspicion. Bridget excused her amiably, but said she owed it to her character not to stay a day in a house where it had been under suspicion, now that it was cleared. She could not feel safe there even for an hour. The lady might lose something else, and not find it at all. Or, she might be robbed, and the blame fall on her.

“ The gentleman offered to raise her wages, and

the lady complained of being left helpless without warning. Good Biddy agreed to stay one week. She would remain as a friend, not a servant. When she left, they gave her a handsome present, which she accepted as a testimony of their regard."

P. & S.

THE RAG-PICKER.

PART I.

THERE was a young and quiet child,
Her face was fair to view,
Though wan; its look was peaceful, mild,
And there was that about the child
Which said the heart was true.

She sat upon a coal-heap, where
A row of houses vie,
One with another, which shall rear
Their freestone copings, chimneys fair,
The closest to the sky.

She sat, and pondered: she was young
To lift her thoughts afar,
But children, when thus early flung
Out in life's battle, do grow strong
And equal to the war.

"How tall they are, and proud, and great!
Their tops divide the sky!
These people are of *high estate*,—
So father says. Well, were I great,
I'd climb those tops so high.

" But I am poor. I cannot know
The joys of high estate !
Perchance, the dwellers in that row
Do feel on earth the kindly glow
Of heaven, — O blessed state !

" Why was dear father made so poor,
I cannot understand,
To dwell on squalid cellar floor
With broken window, crazy door,
While these are rich and grand ?

" And then, within this thick-laid wall,
The children " — here she sighed —
" Grow strong in health, and very tall,
While I am weak and slim and small,
With withered arm and dried.

" Yet God is good and just, for so
My father says, and begs
That I will keep a strong heart, though
My arm may never stronger grow,
And cheerful pick my rags."

Then did the child, though tears did choke,
Work on a weary while ;
In withered hand she held her hook,
And with a patient, peering look
Searched through the ashy pile.

Close at a window, bright and fair,
A lady stood to see,
All richly clad, with jewels rare
Flashing amid her wavy hair,
Like sunlight on the sea.

Why stands that lady musing there,
With look of settled calm,
Turning from splendor rich and rare ?

Her heart is with the *chiffonière*,* —
 She sees that withered arm.

And now the lady bright and fair
 Flings 'broidered curtain free :
 " My child, set down your basket there,
 And climb my winding, oaken stair, —
 I 'd have a word with thee."

Quick did the simple child obey
 That voice with feeling deep, —
 (Some tones have music, well they say,) —
 She left her treasures of decay
 Upon the rubbish heap.

The porter flung the massy door
 Wide for the lowly child ;
 She stood — within, as angel pure,
 Without, begrimed with soot — before
 The lady fair, and smiled.

" My child, while sitting on that heap,
 I watched you close and long ;
 You seemed to think, and then to weep,
 Yet ever in your heart to keep
 Some hope which made you strong.

" 'T is from the needy and the low
 My lesson must be won.
 Who did that precious strength bestow ?
 O, teach me how to smile in woe,
 And hopefully live on."

Awhile, as one bewildered made,
 Struck by a sudden blow,
 She stood. Earth slowly seemed to fade, —
 'T was heaven all, that roseate shade,
 Like summer's sunset glow.

* The French word for one who makes a living by collecting from rubbish rags, bits of metal, glass, or any other material which can be used again.

She stood, that child, in wonder mute ;
That crimson curtain's flow,
Those frescoed walls of golden fruit, —
What contrast to her grime and soot!
How poor she seemed, and low !

The dais like a throne did rear
Its front, with cushions piled ;
And, more than all, that lady fair,
Clasping a form of beauty rare, —
It was her only child.

" O lady, I a worm appear,
Amid these fruits of gold ;
I should not trail this soot-slime here ! "
" Stay : ' In king's palaces,' we hear,
' The spider taketh hold.'

" And here, you see, a queen I reign, —
My throne is rich and rare ;
But, trust me, in this fair domain
Dark sorrow lurketh," — and her strain
Seemed bitter, like despair.

" Hast thou, my child, a mother dear,
Who tends thee, as I tend
My stricken flower ? Come, do not fear :
Speak out thy story, and an ear
Attentive will I lend."

E. W.

IN the idea that those we once loved and honored are invisible witnesses of all our actions, there is a strong motive to virtuous effort, rendering us circumspect even in our most secret moments.

SNAKE WORSHIP.

AN old and scarce book,* written originally in Dutch, gives a curious account of the coast of Guinea, in 1705. It says the natives had a belief in the one true God, and ascribed to him the creation of the universe. But they did not pray to him or sacrifice to him, because they deemed him too great and too exalted to listen to mankind: they thought that he had committed the government of the world to inferior gods, and Fetish priests. The sacred snakes possessed the chief and most generally acknowledged power of all their deities. They had a house or temple where they were invoked, and received offerings of European and African commodities, cattle, eatables, &c.

"A long time past," he says, "when the English first began to trade here, there happened a very remarkable and tragical event. An English captain having landed some of his men and part of his cargo, they found a snake in their house, which they immediately killed without the least scruple, and, not doubting but they had done a good work, threw the dead snake out at their door; where, being found by the natives in the morning, the English, preventing the question who had done the fact, ascribed the honor to themselves; which so incensed the natives, that they furiously fell on the English, killed them all, and burned their house and goods.

"This struck such a terror into that nation, that for a long time they refrained coming thither, and traded at other

* Description of the Coast of Guinea, by William Bosman, Chief Factor for the Dutch at the Castle of St. George d'Elmina.

places; but at last, coming again, the negroes were accustomed to show all Europeans that came thither some snakes, desiring that they would not hurt them, by reason that they were their gods. And this hath prevented all such accidents ever since; so that few Europeans come thither who are not advertised of this Snake Worship. If an European should happen at this time to kill a snake, I should very much doubt whether he would escape better than the English, except he could possibly fly to the king immediately, and satisfy him that it happened by accident, not design, upon which perhaps he might atone his crime by a fine to the priests, though I should not be very willing to run such a hazard; for on such occasions, the rabble, instigated by the priests, grow very outrageous; so that it is safest carefully to avoid all things of this nature."

He goes on to say that they were frequently molested by these idolized serpents (fortunately, perfectly harmless), and had them in a sunny day crawling about over chairs, benches, and even their tables, and bearing them company at night in their beds. The natives could be induced to remove them, reverentially, if they had not ascended to any high place. Once a snake went to sleep over the place where the table was daily spread, and sluggishly lay there day after day, no native venturing to disturb him.

"I was very well paid for his staying afterwards. For some of the great men of Fida (Whydah) dining at my table one day, we happened to talk concerning the snakes, and my eye glancing towards that which was over our heads, I told them, that, since that snake had not eaten anything in fourteen days, he must at last certainly die with hunger, if he did not speedily remove his quarters. But one of my guests answered me (and the rest confirmed what he said)

that, though I was not aware of it, the snake knew how to come at his part out of the dishes.

"I so well remembered this that the next day, coming to the king, I told him in presence of the same persons, that one of his gods had made bold, though uninvited, to eat at my table for fourteen days; wherefore it was but reasonable that I should be paid for his board, otherwise I should be obliged to discharge this bold intruder from my house. The king, who was always diverted by such sort of discourse, told me that I should let the snake alone in his place, for he would take care to provide for me as well as the snake; and, indeed, not long after I got home, a very fine fat ox was brought me from the king, in order to satisfy for what the snake had eaten. At the same rate, I would willingly have boarded all the gods of the land."

How little men improve in the lapse of years without the light of the Gospel, appears from the following incident, which took place a century and a quarter after the date of the old book. A young supercargo from an American vessel, with one of the sailors, was sleeping on shore in the Factory, a place of deposit for goods used in barter with the negroes. They had, as was customary, hired the priests to put their property under the protection of the Fetish, so that the superstitious natives might be afraid to pilfer by night or day. But this was no safeguard against the cunning and unscrupulous priests themselves; so a watch was kept every night. Both the young men had fallen asleep; a loud noise awakened them suddenly, and when they started up to look about them, they perceived that a heavy bale had fallen upon an enormous white snake, and crushed him to death. They had been somewhat startled by

the noise ; but when they saw one of the gods of the barbarians lying dead in their premises, they were terrified in good earnest. They knew that the priests would demand a human life in atonement ; for, not long before, a thoughtless sailor, having struck a snake dead by a sudden impulse, only escaped by the ship making all sail as soon as he had fled on board, and a negro boy, a captive of another nation, had been put to death in his stead, by permission of the king. They looked at the monster for some time in trembling horror, listening for sounds abroad. All remained quiet ; if the noise had been heard, it had not raised an alarm. There was yet an hour before day. But how to hide a creature of such bulk, for he was almost as thick as a man's arm, and of proportionate length ! There was but one way, — to dig a trench and bury him. There was no floor, and the soil was light and easily turned up ; but the work was very slow, because they dared not make any noise. The day began to dawn before they had been able to make all smooth again, and each moment increased their fear and their danger. At last the earth was trampled down so as to hide the whole length of the glistening body. The traces of the burial were still so plain that they were obliged to pile goods hastily upon the spot. As they were doing this, one of the priests came to the door, pulled it open, and glided in. The extreme affright of the sailor at the sight of him would have betrayed them, but for the presence of mind of the supercargo, who pretended to be in a rage, so that his agitation seemed no more than natural. " Why are you

prowling round our goods at this time of day?" demanded he. "Are you looking to see what you can lay your hands on, when we are busy, arranging our stores against the proper time for purchasers? I will complain to the king, and if he will not see to it, we will break off our trade, and go elsewhere for our palm-oil and ivory." The priest withdrew, the imperfect light, or the consciousness of his thievish designs, preventing any suspicion from arising in his mind. And so nothing came of it, and the supercargo came home in safety to tell the thrilling tale to

A. W. A.

A TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

No. II.

THE next day, as we were staggering along before a *wholesale* breeze, at the rate of ten knots an hour, a blue headland rose dimly above the water's edge, on the very verge of the horizon. It grew larger and more distinct as we rapidly drew towards it, and as we came nearer, we could see the tall column of a lighthouse, and a few cottages around it. This was Cape Clear, the southern extremity of Ireland. All on board were in high spirits at the cheering sight of land, and the prospect of a speedy arrival in port. Before night we had passed the "Old Head of Kinsale," running far out into the Channel; then the good breeze died away, the moon rose in a cloudless sky, illuminating, on our left

hand, the fair hills of Ireland, and shedding a calm lustre upon the waters of the Channel. Slowly and lazily the Pontchartrain floated along all through the night, and when the sun rose in the morning we could still see the Old Head of Kinsale far away astern. The wind returned with the sun, and we passed rapidly onward by Tuskar Rock; and the green hills of Wexford and Wicklow. Then the weather changed. The wind swept down the Channel, beating us back, and bringing with it a fog, which hid everything from our sight. We were suddenly checked in our too prosperous career, and compelled to beat about the Channel, without gaining a mile toward our destination. We passed a dreary night. The rain swept slanting across our deck; the ship pitched violently on a short, uneasy sea; the topsails were reefed; the captain was cross; and the men, equally unreasonable, grumbled at the weather. The storm fortunately proved a short one, and the next morning was bright and pleasant. We were no longer in sight of Ireland, however; the wind had driven us across the Channel, and when morning dawned we were lying becalmed off the mouth of Bristol Channel. A breeze from the south soon sprung up; we passed St. David's Head, Cardigan Bay, Bardsey Island, and the Bay of Caernarvon, and when night again settled down upon us, clear and beautiful, the bold promontory of Holyhead loomed up high on our starboard beam, while a broad stream of light from the Holyhead Pharos flooded the water.

At midnight we passed the Skerries. All was

fair. A New York packet-ship, with royals set, glided noiselessly past us, like a majestic shadow; a Canadian barque, her decks loaded with deals, followed in our wake; on our larboard quarter a Scotch ship, bound from the Brazils to Glasgow, was heading northward, her tall pile of snowy canvas glistening in the moonlight; a little vessel from Aberystwith hugged the rocky shore, and stole along rapidly and silently; the rough mountains of Wales, their edges touched with silver, frowned down upon the peaceful Channel; the queenly moon rode high in the heavens above. The charming silence which reigned over all the scene was broken by the booming of a cannon, which was fired by our captain's order, to summon a pilot; then from our ship's deck a fiery-tailed rocket leaped upward into the air; then another report, and another rocket, and soon after, from behind Point Linas, a pilot-boat came sweeping out, and a shaggy-coated Welshman mounted the side-ladder and took command of the Pontchartrain.

The wind was now directly aft; the order was given to square the yards and set the studding-sails, and under this additional canvas we pressed forward briskly toward the mouth of the Mersey.

Several miles outside the mouth of the Mersey a floating platform, above which a deep-toned bell is suspended, is moored in the open sea; it is placed there to warn mariners of a dangerous bank, which rises nearly to the surface of the water. All day and all night the bell tolls unceasingly; when the weather is moderate, the waves rock the buoy gen-

tly, and the monotonous tolling is heard for miles over the water; but when the wind rises to a gale, and the sea rolls in upon the coast in huge breakers, the sailor hears the wild music of the "Bell-buoy" ringing out above the clamor of the tempest, and the sound guides him in safety among the shoals and sand-banks which beset the passage. We sailed by the Bell-buoy just at sunrise on the morning of the 12th of August, while the unwearied monitor was slowly rocking backward and forward, and its warning voice was speaking in its softest tones. The hills of Cheshire rose on our starboard bow; the rock-bound coast of Wales, retreating in a deep bay on our right, loomed up blue in the distance; before us, and stretching away towards the north were the low shores of Lancashire. The Manx steamer, bound for the Isle of Man, which we could just see far off on our quarter, came dashing past us, with a curious device of three bent legs on her paddle-box; the packets for Cork, Dublin, and Greenock came following after, all thronged with passengers; sailing vessels of every size and variety of rig, from the little Welsh coaster, with her one red sail, to the stately American liner, with her huge pile of snow-white canvas towering to the sky, were moving steadily over the water toward the entrance of the Mersey. We passed between the low sand-banks at the river's mouth, and saw Liverpool before us. The good ship sped bravely on, that bright summer day, in all her finery;—the American flag at the peak; her name "PONTCHARTRAIN" in red letters upon white bunting at the main-royal-

masthead; and a long starry pennant at the fore; the decks clean as the floor of a parlor; the ropes hanging in neat coils from the pins; the brass-work upon the rail, the capstan, and the cabin glittering like burnished gold. We passed rapidly the Castle, the village of New Brighton, the long line of ships at anchor in the stream, the Northern Docks of Liverpool, then new, and at last, just at noon, dropped our anchor, and furled our sails, at the water-gate of the Prince's Dock. The dock-gates are opened twice a day, at each high tide, for ships to enter and depart; the hour for closing the gates had passed before we reached them, and we were obliged to lie at anchor until the evening. When evening came, and it was time to open the gates again, a little black, dirty-looking steam-tug, misnamed the "Victoria," came alongside and took us in tow; two or three vessels hauled out into the river, and then the Victoria moved us toward the gates. We passed quickly through, and having assisted in making the ship fast, outside another vessel, I leaped on shore, and for the second time in my life trod the streets of Liverpool.

C. C. H.

THE STORMY PETREL.

IMAGINE yourselves at sea, and nothing but waves to be seen, though you can see twelve — perhaps in clear weather twenty — miles in every direction. Should you not feel lonely? You would have friends

with you, you say. Yes, but the solitude of the scene would be felt, nevertheless. The vessel seems *so* small, such a mere speck in the vast, heaving ocean! Now imagine how your heart would bound with delight to see a flock of beautiful birds come round the ship! "*Wheet! wheet! wheet!*" says the little petrel, as, half flying, half running on the slope of the swelling wave, he follows in the wake.

"O give us some crumbs of bread! let us feed them," said May and I to the captain of the Azor, as we leaned over the railing of the quarter-deck, joyfully welcoming a flock of these lively little visitors. The captain showed his white teeth, and the dimple came into his brown cheek, at our request. He knew that the apparently delicate little creatures were not very nice in their appetites, like canaries and sparrows. Crumbs of bread were not at all their affair. So he brought a large piece of salt pork, which he cut in slices with his jack-knife, and threw the pieces among them. A great screaming and fluttering was the consequence; two or three little fellows at once aiming at one bit, while they let several others float off into the distance. We thought these portions would be overlooked and wasted. But somehow they knew where they were all the while, and the little white specks were one by one gobbled up before they were quite beyond our sight. Though the Azor was ploughing the water with her sharp beak at a rapid rate, so that we shot far ahead while they went back to gather up all the fragments, they overtook us with no apparent effort. The rapidity of their flight seemed to us perfectly

wonderful. When they came, they always appeared all at once, as if they had dropped from the sky, and when they left us, they were out of sight in a twinkling. The sailors are sometimes superstitious about this sudden appearance and disappearance. They call them "Mother Cary's chickens," and I suppose this famous Mother Cary to have been some old witch, who was supposed to be spitefully busy in storms and squalls; for they think a visit from these birds a sign of bad weather, and have a great prejudice against them. They thought them for ever whirling and whisking about in the gale, with no nest, and without rest except on the bosom of the waves. But naturalists have discovered their nests in cliffs that overhang the ocean, and have observed that they fly sometimes by night, and sometimes by day, like swallows. They feed their young with the oil of their food, which they reject from their stomachs. Their bodies are very light and small, in proportion to their wings, which gives them great power of contending with the sea-breezes, and of rising quickly from the water into the air. But the broad, long wing also presents much surface to the blast, and in the most violent gales they often take refuge from the wind under the lee of a vessel, and even on the rigging and deck. Their disgusting habit of rejecting the oily matter from their crops, as if the motion of the vessel made them sea-sick, makes their presence on board anything but desirable. The sailors toss them overboard as fast as they alight, if they can. One squally night the Azor was covered with them, and we begged our obliging friend, the

captain, to save one for us to examine in the morning, because their constant and rapid motions had not allowed us to see them perfectly on the water, even when very near the vessel. He agreed to keep one for us; but when we early went on deck, or rather peeped out from the companion-way upon the dark sky, and the white-crested, slate-colored waves, we found that he had released his prisoner, for some reason or other; probably that the pleasant impressions which the graceful, bright-eyed, sociable little birds had made upon us might not be destroyed by a closer acquaintance.

A. W. A.

ALICE AND THE VIOLETS.

BY MIRIAM GRAY.

IN a low, dark room, almost under ground, little Alice sat weeping bitterly. An old bedstead in one corner, from which the mattress and coverings had been removed, two chairs, and an unpainted table of rough wood, on which a coffin had rested only two hours before, were the only articles of furniture in the room. Poor Alice! Her mother, her only earthly friend, had just died, and she was alone in the world. She had no home, no one to speak kind, comforting words to her, and she longed to die, that she might go to her mother.

Poor old Judy, who lived in the next room, brought milk and rye-cake for Alice's supper, and tried to

persuade the child to go with her to her own more comfortable room. But she could not be won to eat anything, nor to change her position, and every attempt to comfort her only increased her sobs.

In the gray twilight, Alice climbed into the high window-seat, and watched the little children passing to and fro. She wondered whether they all had homes; whether their mothers would open the door, and take the little ones in their arms, kiss them, give them nice suppers, and put them in soft beds to sleep. Then the tears blinded her eyes, as she thought of her own mother, and she could see no more.

A blessing was coming even then to the little orphan.

"This way, please, ma'am. It's so dark ye can't see much. The dead woman's child's in here. She's jest done nothin' but take on and sob since the coffin was taken away, she's so lonesome after the mother, poor little thing!"

"Poor little child!" said a kind voice in reply; "but where is she?"

"Alice, child," said old Judy, "come down, won't ye? Here's a good lady askin' for ye. She's come a mile to fetch ye. Will ye go wid her to a nice, clane place, where the sun shines and the flowers grow?—ye mind how the mother liked the flowers?"

As Alice came slowly down from the window-seat, she felt a kind, gentle touch on her head, and a tender voice said, "Will you come with me, Alice? You have no home, and I have no little girl. I knew your mother once, and I shall be glad to take care of her little Alice."

"Did you know my mother?" said the child, looking timidly up. And when she saw the pleasant face and the kind eyes, without waiting for a reply to her question, she put her hand into that of the lady, and said, "Yes, I will go, if you will take me." Then, taking a kindly leave of old Judy, whom she promised to visit sometimes, she went away to her new home.

The next morning, when she awoke, everything had a strange look. The low bed, with its snowy covering, the muslin curtain that shaded the window through which the morning sun was looking in, the little chest of drawers, with an embroidered toilet-cushion and a few books on the top, the chairs, with their pretty coverings of blue chintz, all had an air of comfort, such as she had never seen before. All her life she had lived in old rooms, where the sunlight scarcely entered, and where the furniture was scanty and very old. She hastily arose, and was soon dressed. Then she put aside the curtain and looked into the quiet street, with the tall waving elms on each side, at the green fields beyond, and the beautiful river, sparkling in the morning light.

"O how pretty everything is! I am glad I'm here. I wish mother could be here." The fast-coming tears were forced back as she heard a step at the door.

"I was just coming to awaken my little Alice," said the kind woman, whom she was now to call mother. "Breakfast is waiting, and I am glad to find you ready. Come, this way, dear." She led the way down the narrow stairway, into the neat

and pleasant kitchen, where a tempting breakfast was waiting for them.

"Here is my little girl, John," she said, addressing her husband, who was sitting at the table. "I see by the morning light that her eyes are like the blue eyes of our little lost one."

"Not lost, Mary!"

"O no! I did not quite mean that!" Then, after a pause, she continued, "She has no friends, no home but with us. I think God sent me to her, yesterday."

"He is always sending Mary Crosby on errands of mercy, and she never forgets to do her Father's work. Let us thank Him for all."

There was something in the bright morning, the cheerful room, the tempting breakfast, the kindly tones in which both addressed her, and the simple, earnest words of the morning thanksgiving, that filled the child's heart with sweet contentment. For a time tears were forgotten.

When the morning meal was finished, Mary Crosby led the little girl into the garden, saying, "Come, Alice, let us see the flowers with the morning dew upon them."

In one corner, apart from the vegetable garden, there were roses blossoming in beauty and fragrance, pansies, tulips, hyacinths, daffodils, and many others she had never seen before. With a cry of delight, the little girl sprang towards them. In all her life, she had never seen so many flowers. She looked at them, touched them, inhaled their sweet fragrance, and asked their names, while her kind friend stood

watching her, her heart swelling with compassion for the little children who live in this beautiful earth, but are kept from the enjoyment of its brightest things, — poor little children, in dark, miserable city homes, where sunlight, and flowers, and birds, and the pure, clear air, are almost unknown! Suddenly she was startled by a loud exclamation from Alice. She had found a bed of blue violets.

“O my violets! my violets!” she exclaimed. “I had some once. When I had the fever, and did n’t like anything, mother brought me some, one day. She bought them at the market. O, they were so nice! I kept them a good many days, and I cried when they withered. I could n’t throw them away, and so I rolled them up in a paper. They are in my little box now.”

“Poor little child! Did you love them so much? Take some of these fresh ones. I will give you a little vase, and you may keep some in your room. You may help me take care of the flowers, if you like.”

“O yes! I shall be so glad if I can help you. I will try to learn.”

Alice was very happy in her new home. She learned to assist Mrs. Crosby in the simpler household duties, and when these were finished, she had her favorite work in the garden. In the quiet evenings, she sometimes read to her adopted parents, from the books she loved, or talked to them of the lessons she had learned at school. It was not a quiet, unchildlike life. She had many little friends, and many recreations. There was Mary Wood, who lived just

across the way, and who often went to play "keep house" with Alice; and there was Jenny Davis and her little sister, who, with their dolls as large as themselves, would take tea with Alice in her baby-house. It was a happy life for the little girl. Is it not strange that she should ever grow discontented?

(To be continued.)

MOANING among the tree-tops,
Rattling the casement pane,
O what fearful stories
Mutter the wind and rain!

They tell of the stately vessel,
Ploughing the angry main,
Down to the sea-caves driven
By the howling wind and rain.

They whisper of homeless orphans,
Who have sought for rest in vain,
Weary and sick and dying
'Neath the driving wind and rain.

O ye who have homes and plenty,
List not to those voices in vain,
But gather them round your hearthstones,
Safe from the wind and rain.

UNKNOWN.

To be always complaining is not the way to be pitied.

To be contented with little takes from our pain more than
from our pleasure.

THE FINE LADY IN THE KITCHEN.

No. II.

Lady. What are you doing, cook, to make such a noise? I cannot hear myself speak.

Cook. Frying and broiling, ma'am.

Lady. Don't fry so loud! I have come out to oversee a little; but this is enough to drive one crazy. And what a smoke! What are you spoiling here?

Cook. O, them's the sassenges, ma'am!

Lady. Dear me! What could make you put them so near the fire? They are scorching. You have ruined my dinner.

Cook (staring). Ma'am!

Lady. Poh! Stop this smother and this noise; where is the use? They're spoiled enough already.

Cook. Spiled!

Lady. No matter. We can have the turkey to-day.

Cook. But, ma'am, what shall I do with the wegitable? and the fried apples? and the rice?

Lady. Are they spoiled too?

Cook. They will be spiled and good for nothing, a waiting.

Lady. Waiting for what? It is dinner-time nearly by my watch.

Cook. A waiting for the turkey, ma'am. We can't have dinner this three hours, if the turkey's to cook.

Lady. And what'll my husband say! You must do as you can.

Cook (relieved). Yes, ma'am. All right, — you'll see dinner on the table when the clock strikes, same as usual.

Lady. We'll see. But, cook, what is this?

Cook. Molasses, ma'am; sarce for the rice pud-din'.

Lady. You should take off this scum, Betty.

Cook (in trepidation). What ails it, ma'am? I don't see nothing?

Lady. Give me the spoon. There! there!

Cook. O that's the froth; it's a beginning to bile, that's all.

Lady. Oh!

Cook. Please to stir it on top, ma'am; it's a goin' over.

Lady. I'll stir; you may go about your work; I'll see to it. How nice it smells! (*Cook goes out.*) How hot it is here! I shall burn my face, and look like a fright. But it is in a good cause; I feel quite notable, cooking. I wish I had a hand-screen to cook with. I do not believe Betty has even a fan handy. I must provide her with one, for this is terrible. I must lessen the fire, or leave off stirring. It is intolerable, certainly! I must retreat. O dear! I forgot to stir! What shall I do! Betty — Betty — Bet — (*The bubbling liquid leaps out of the stewpan, and runs hissing over the iron.*) Where can that girl have gone! I'll try to spoon it up. Worse and worse! O my dress! my nice silk! I have ruined it! Ah, cook! you may rule the roast in future.

E. E. A.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

PREJUDICES. — “What! Do you read *Milton* in America?” asked a young lady — one of a family recently come over from the Emerald Isle — of a fair Yankee maiden, who chanced to allude to *Paradise Lost*, when she went to call on her. “I confess I am surprised. I expected when I came here to find you all copper-colored, and only half tamed.”

Whether she was in earnest, or in joke, her visitor could not well determine. But a hundred years ago there would have been no doubt about the matter. The captain of an English packet between Bristol and Boston fell in love with a beautiful American girl, and announced to his friends, in England, the intention of making her his wife. “If you do, we will never acknowledge our Indian daughter-in-law,” cried his mother. He could not convince his friends that the lady in question was as fair as any of his countrywomen, and as well educated a woman as any he had ever known. He came back to Boston, and the lady became engaged to him, quite unaware of the opposition of his relatives. There was a great clamor when he announced the fact on his return to Bristol. It so happened that he received a letter from his fair betrothed, with an eloquent account of a remarkable earthquake that took place at that time. He showed the well-written epistle to his mother, and it was enough to set her heart at rest upon her son's fate, that the Indian lady could express herself in such admirable English. The next Sunday, the preacher took for his subject the awful earthquake, which he had heard of, and ended by reading aloud the letter, of which he had somehow got possession. The captain was in the audience. What must have been his mirth and consternation to hear him conclude by announcing, as the most remarkable thing of all, that this wonderful letter was written by a *little Indian girl!*

A.

SIZE.—Once in a while you see a man of such an unusual size that everything is inconvenient to him. He knocks off his hat in entering carriages or low rooms. He lies in the shape of a Z in ordinary beds. He sits like a grasshopper on ordinary seats. His feet, and even his knees and elbows, are always projecting where passers-by do not calculate for them. He has the advantage in reaching and in speed. But people of ordinary size have means at hand to accommodate themselves in these respects without being encumbered by *permanent* stilts.

On the other hand, a man under the common size has his inconveniences, though he is not made so uncomfortable by the adaptation of everybody's furniture, carriages, &c. to the medium height.

If homes made by man's ingenuity are not made for Goliaths, how is it with the world, the habitation God has provided for the race? Would a giant or pigmy race be better accommodated here than man is? How does he find wood to use? Not in monster trunks usually; they are curious exceptions, like overgrown or over-corpulent human bodies. No, in convenient size; the hard and heavy woods grow in short and thick masses, the loftier trunks being those of the lighter and softer fibre, easy to work and to manage. The tree stands on end to take up the less room; it spreads out above his head, to afford him shade; it is rounded, that he may the better pass between; and he has but to plant an acorn when he wants an oak, no giant's work being required to raise the largest timber, or to set a saw-mill going.

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there's none;
If there is one, try and find it,
If there is none, never mind it.

From "A Woman's Thoughts."

MOSES AND CHRIST. — The law of Moses says, "Thou shalt do no evil"; but the Son of God has added, "Thou shalt do good." Ought children, then, to learn *only* the religion of restraint?

A PUN. — "Here is your Shakespeare, with half a leaf gone! He ought to have been *bound over to keep the piece!*"

C.

"I SAY," said an overbearing fellow in a dispute at a tavern-table, — "and I don't keer who has anything to say to the contrary, — the house is *hizen*." "Whosen?" inquired a traveller at the other end of the board.

A COUNTRY gentleman, disgusted by the "new-fangled" pronunciation of a young visitor, sneeringly exclaimed, as he opened the door for him one night, "A *tempes-chu-ous* night, Mr. H." "Soorly, deacon," was the reply.

THE STARS.

Who on these beautiful fires can gaze,
And turn unmoved from their heaven-lit blaze?
And who that loves those orbs to view,
But loves to think on their Author too?
O Father of all, Creator, and Giver,
Beyond this sky
Enthroned on high
Grant me to dwell in thy presence for ever.

A. E. G.

UNJUST aspersions die by neglect. When Fame scolds, she is soon out of breath with blowing her trumpet.

THE smaller the matter, the less reason for postponing it; for important things will best find their time.

TO SUBSCRIBERS. — We entered on this year with a list which seemed to promise security from loss, and a small overplus for the Children's Mission. But in a time of panic, like last winter, the first measure of economy, with many, is to cut off papers and periodicals. They fell like dead leaves, and the Child's Friend suffered in common with those who could better afford it. By the publisher's account for the half-year, it appears that our resources, when all called in, will not last beyond October, with the most careful management. So it was necessary for the Editor to decide whether to go on, and pay for November and December, or to sell the list of subscribers to some other Magazine. Far be it from us, this customary resort in such cases, (sending to those who have paid punctually something which they did not bargain for, or prefer,) though it is often a means of making money, instead of losing it. Our best subscribers, who have sustained the Magazine to a good old age, shall not have occasion to consider themselves *sold*. The respectable old Juvenile shall die honorably with the year, deserving the regret of its friends.

M. B. will see that we have put a final conclusion to "The Orphans," that her little pupil may no longer "look in vain" for Billy's career. If any of our little readers would like the numbers that began the story in 1857, they can have them gratis by applying to the publisher.

Any new subscribers can have the numbers for 1857 (mostly without plates), in addition to those of 1858, for two dollars and a half. We shall be glad to sell them, and also to put the Magazine at the club price in future to those who desire it, for 1858.

SUNDAY MORNING.

DAUGHTER.

MOTHER, there is no one day
I love so well as Sunday :
The leaves are rustling in the soft warm breeze,
The Sabbath bell is ringing,
The birds are sweetly singing,
And the bees are humming through the vine-bound trees.

MOTHER.

I cannot hear the bees,
Nor the rustling in the trees,
Nor come to me the tones that fill the air ;
And yet I am not sad
While you and all are glad,
Nor sigh for the pleasures that I cannot share.

DAUGHTER.

I love you all the more,
And bless you o'er and o'er,
Whene'er I meet your loving, trusting gaze ;
I'll ever cheerful be,
And try to smile like thee,
Should trial come to cloud my future days.

MOTHER.

When I was young, like you
My step was light and true ;
No young thing ever frisked with greater zest ;
But I have had my day,
And evening o'er my way
Has come to shed its quietness and rest.

DAUGHTER.

I'll keep you from all harm.
Lean harder on my arm, —
While I am strong, you ne'er shall need another.

When *I* come to use a cane,
 I never will complain ;
 For I shall say, " How patient was my mother ! "

MOTHER.

Seldom I walk abroad,
 Save to the house of God.
 'T is little I can hear when I am there ;
 But deep within my heart
 In worship I take part
 While others listen to the voice of prayer.

DAUGHTER.

To preaching I 'll give heed,
 So in my time of need
 I also may have store of thoughts within.
 Always my voice I 'll raise
 In cheerful hymns of praise,
 Nor let a stormy Sunday keep me in.

A.

ALICE AND THE VIOLETS.

(*Concluded.*)

WHEN Alice was thirteen years, some one — I think it must have been Judy — told her of her mother's early life, passed in a home of luxury far away, and thinking of it often the little girl became unhappy, and wished that she, too, had such a home.

One day when such thoughts filled her mind, the door of her chamber opened, and one of those spirits who go through the world trying to make all whom they meet unhappy, entered and sat in the vacant chair by her side. The restless gray eyes wandered around the room, then rested upon Alice.

"Ah, a fine room for a little girl like you, is n't it? I have been in rooms to-day that a fairy might envy. Such carpets, so soft and handsome! such curtains and mirrors and lounges! Julia Stephens has such a one. She has servants to run continually and wait upon her; and her dresses — well, they are not much like this," said she, touching Alice's dress of pink calico, which was very plainly made; "baréges, tissues, muslins of every variety; and then such elegant silks! Would n't you like to wear such dresses?"

"But I never shall," said the child, sorrowfully; and when her visitor had gone, she opened the door of the little closet, and looked at its contents. She took the dresses down from the nails on which they were hanging, and looked at them. There were two calico dresses, one of gingham, and one of plain white cambric. Her winter garments had been folded carefully away. Alice looked at the dresses, then, throwing them down on the floor, she cried with vexation.

Her visitor came often, and described the gayly dressed girls whom she had seen at school and at church, with their bright silks, their costly embroideries. She mentioned their rings, chains, and bracelets, — things which the beauty and freshness of childhood do not need, for they are brighter than all jewels. Then, pointing to Alice's simple garments, without embroideries or ornaments, she would say, "Simple child, to live here so long with this humdrum old couple, who know nothing of the gay world, and who give you only coarse garments to

wear, and a servant's work to do! Leave them, and many will give you a home like the one you have dreamed of sometimes. Your beauty will never be seen, disguised in these unbecoming garments."

Thus for more than a year the evil spirit talked to her. Then she brought another spirit with her, who came with dancing step, her face beaming with smiles. She was attired in strict accordance with Queen Fashion's latest command. While the spirit whom she accompanied repeated the old story to Alice, the new-comer put her snowy arm, shaded with richest lace and clasped by rare jewels, around the girl's form, and held two mirrors before her face. In one of them, Alice saw herself, in her accustomed garments of cheap material, plainly made, her abundant hair plainly braided, her face and hands brown from exposure to the sun. In the other, she saw herself fair as the spirit who was holding the glass; long curls fell around her neck and shoulders, rings sparkled on her hands, and lace and silk fell in graceful folds around her form.

"Come with me," said the sweet-voiced spirit, "and you shall wear garments like mine. Your beauty shall dazzle all beholders, and many shall offer you homage."

"Where shall I find all these?" asked the consenting girl.

"We will show you the way to the Queen's castle. She lives at the top of a high mountain. Seek her, do her bidding, and you shall be like me."

Then Alice left her peaceful, happy home, — alas! happy for her no longer, — and took the road to the

lofty mountain where the Queen held her court. The way was very rough, and multitudes were crowding before her. She lost her foothold, and many times was nearly crushed in the crowd. No one looked kindly towards her; no one offered to help her. All were rushing forward, and it seemed as if they were trying to crush each other, and to place obstacles in the way of the weak. Some there were, loud-voiced and strong, in fine clothes, bearing rich offerings to the Queen. They went forward exultingly, needing no help; yet many rushed forward to help those who were so strong, removing obstacles that lay in their path, fanning them, and refreshing them with iced drinks, when the heat was very great; or, if the sun withdrew his beams, and the cold winds came, they took their own garments, and entreatingly offered them to these favored ones, before whom all bowed; and while shivering in the cold blasts, they loudly protested that they had offered to others only the things they did not need.

Alice was sadly troubled by all this. She could not tell why those were so much blessed who needed no assistance, while the weak and suffering, to whom the way was so rough, and who in their weakness almost fainted by the wayside, were passed coldly by.

Many times, heart-sick and discouraged, she would have turned back, but her old visitor, who had first tempted her from the right way, was continually by her side, and just before her floated the fair vision of the other spirit, saying, "Keep on! come this way; soon you will be like me."

There was no rest, no peace. Every day, the toilsome march and the envy of the successful one, every night, the restless sleep, the troubled dreams; and every morning the sad awakening to a new day that brought only the thought, "One day nearer the end, — O, how many more must there be?"

One day, Alice, now no longer little Alice, weary and ill, stopped by the roadside to rest. Now there was a little fountain there, which the good angel, Truth, had caused to spring up, for the help of those who should grow weary and who should stop there to rest. Looking into its clear waters, Alice saw her own face. Was it hers? She put her hand to her forehead, eyes, and cheeks to assure herself that there was no delusion. Yes, it was hers, but how changed! Her eyes were dim and sad, her cheeks hollow and faded, and deep lines were furrowed in the face that had been so fair. In sad surprise, she still looked at her changed self in the water, when suddenly a hideous face—a face all frowns and wrinkles, with a malignant smile distorting its ugly features—looked over her shoulder, and was reflected beside her own in the water. On the forehead, as if branded with an iron, was written "Envy." Over the other shoulder, and clearly reflected in the calm water, Alice saw another form,—a painted, gilded image, whose forced smile was full of bitterness, and on her forehead was written, "Vanity." Alice turned hastily. The two tempters, who had led her from her quiet home and her innocent pleasures, were turning with a sneering, bitter laugh into the noisy way. They could not rest by that fountain.

Then Alice knew how she had been deceived. All this time she had wasted in bitter striving, and had gained nothing. Where should she go? Still she sat there, lost in troubled thought, when through the parted vines she saw a cluster of blue violets. She sprang towards them, hastily seized them, pressed them to her lips and bosom, and wept bitterly over them.

They led her back in thought to the low, dark room where she lay burning with fever, and her mother brought them with the freshness of the green woods upon them, and, with a tender kiss, placed them in the little fevered hand. Did the violets blossom still where she had planted them on the dear mother's grave? They led her back, too, to the lovely June morning, and the garden by the cottage side, where the kind second mother had given them to her. They recalled the pleasant chamber, with the window looking upon the green fields, the waving trees, and the bright river; the days of quiet usefulness; the morning and evening prayers; the life of peace and love she had lived there; and, pressing the violets again to her lips, she said, "I will go home."

Then a mourning one, who had been standing near, with sad, tearful eyes, turned away, and sent her bright-eyed daughter, Hope, to help Alice in the homeward way. With a new strength, the girl walked onward. There was no weariness now, for her new friend, Hope, made the way smooth before her, and painted continually the sweet rest at the journey's end. There were few travellers in the homeward way, but they met many climbing the mountain. To many Alice spoke earnestly. She

told them of the perilous journey and of the deceitful guides; but no one would listen to her. They looked with contempt on one who was going "the other way." Alice and her guide went onward.

The little cottage was easily found, the door quietly opened, and Alice knelt before her second mother, saying, "Forgive me, and love me, and let me be your child again." The mother folded her in her arms, and wept tears of joy over her; and the old father joined his voice with the mother's in saying, "Welcome, welcome home." There was joy in the little cottage that night, and the voice trembled and faltered that read the evening psalm, and thanked the Heavenly Father for the return of the dear wanderer.

The roses have bloomed again in Alice's cheeks, and the old light beams in her eye. Sometimes, in the first days after her return, the spirits who led her away came and knocked at the door; but Alice looked at the violets, and thought of the beautiful fountain where she had rested, and the door was never opened. So they went their way to find others who would listen to them and bid them welcome; for their work is never done. They go from home to home, from heart to heart, carrying misery with them. Do not open the doors unto them. Let them go their way.

Blue violets still blossom on the mother's grave, and still blossom in beauty in the cottage garden. Alice often tells her own little girls the story of the tempters, and of her weary wandering, while the good grandmother, who is now very old, is never tired of hearing how the violets spoke to her, and led her home.

MIRIAM GRAY.

A LETTER

FROM A PASSENGER ON BOARD THE EASTERN QUEEN TO
HIS LITTLE SON.

Boston, August, 1857.

MY DEAR LITTLE WILLIE:—

After parting from you on the wharf, our good steamer went quietly on her way in the rain, and it was so calm I little anticipated we were to have a rough-and-tumble night of it. But very soon after our giving the parting salute to Pond Island Light, it became very evident that old Æolus, the monarch of the winds, had been letting some of his unruly spirits out of their bags, and that they were bent on having a *spree* with old Ocean. By eight or nine o'clock King Neptune began to pound and thump his new "Queen" in a very indecorous manner, considering the honey-moon was scarcely past. But she paid him back in kind, with the blows of her powerful paddle-wheels, with which she made a path for herself through the rough waters.

When I was young, I read of a little gentleman upon "two sticks," who would fly away with a friend over a city, and, by opening the roofs of the houses, display to his companion the secrets of the inhabitants. If you could only have mounted upon the back of our late visitor, the tall crane, and have persuaded him to hover with you over the boat, and open with his sharp bill a peep-hole in the top of the saloon, you would have witnessed some funny scenes. Had you been really in the saloon, I fear

you would have laughed "on the wrong side of your mouth."

It is now about nine, and all who have berths are gone below. But the boat is overflowing with people, so the saloon is still full of passengers. They begin to look very forlorn and unhappy. The great, tall, rough-looking, but kind-hearted captain appears, with his assistants, loaded with bedding, and in a few minutes, in the broad part of the saloon there is a row, on each side, of prostrate ladies, with their feet towards the side of the vessel; along the centre, towards the stern, a double row, and here and there a gentleman's mattress among those of the ladies. There is a great deal of rolling and pitching, and the kind captain is seen assisting the ladies to disrobe, and hanging their shawls, bonnets, collars, &c. to the "earlines" as handily as if educated for a dressing-maid. For a little while all is still. But soon sad moans are heard. "Oh! oh!" cries the shrill voice of a little boy, lying beside his mother. A moment's silence. Then, "O dear! Oh! My stomach! my stomach! What shall I do?" "Hush, Jamie! don't make such a noise." "O mother, I can't help it. My stomach! my stomach! what shall I do?"

Poor little fellow, he felt very ill, but he soon obtained relief, and subsided into a quiet state. "Have you no state-room?" said George, the second clerk, addressing me. "No? You shall have mine, — No. 24." "No, thank you; I will take this mattress near the door." One of the boys — blessings on his carelessness — had broken a pane

of glass in this door, and I was sure of getting a breath of fresh air, without which I knew I could not live in such a combination of villanous perfumes. So stretching myself out with two ladies at my head, and gentlemen on my right and left, I strove to lose myself in sleep. It was not till near midnight that I sunk into a dreamy unconsciousness, from which I was roused by the screams and sobs of some of my fair neighbors. "O, what has happened! O, what 'll become of us! What *shall* we do?" they cried. And springing up, and looking around, I saw that the saloon was full of smoke. The alarm was spreading, and the sick and helpless women were beginning to rush about wild with terror, when a strong, cheerful voice rang out with a "No! no! no!" and a young man came running, to explain that the smoke was only blown from the furnace by the blower, in consequence of the fireman's opening the door. The alarmed passengers dropped upon their pillows again, with expressions of heartfelt thankfulness.

But there is no more sleep for me; so we will go forward and take a look. I station myself near the engineer's room, with my back against the bulkhead, with the eaves of the "house" projecting over my head, so as to protect me in some measure from the rain, and there for an hour I balance myself, and look out on the wild and stormy waters. Not a human being is to be seen about the deck. The engineer sits watching the machinery, now and then taking a little nap. The engine works on, knowing no fatigue, and our steamer rushes on through the

storm, groaning, creaking, and rolling, never faltering or swerving from her course, though *apparently* without guide or master. Yonder, inside the little wheel-house, stands, silent and watchful, the experienced pilot, who, with skilful hand upon the helm, keeps the vessel true to her course, in spite of rough seas and boisterous wind.

But the rain falls fast, and I am getting wet; so again I look into the saloon, but cannot stay. I pass out upon the after deck for a few moments. What pale, ghostly figure, with bare head, and hair streaming in the wind, comes rushing out, the very personification of Despair? I move aside, and he "brings up" all standing against a stanchion, to which he clings in desperation. I leave him alone in his agony. Presently the same figure appears in the saloon, reeling and tottering, and drops upon his mattress, like — like nothing but a "wet rag."

But the Queen "kicks up too much behind," and I make my way down to the main-deck, and find on the guard an arm-chair, in which I sit for an hour or two, enjoying the fresh but soft southeast wind. About three in the morning there is a sudden change, and it blows from the northeast, harder than ever, giving the boat a heavy list to "port," and leaving one wheel beating the air, while the other is buried in the waves. In a few moments she begins to right, and I guess the chain-box has been rolled up to windward. Presently the giant mate and his crew appear, (a fresh proof that the guardians of the boat are wakeful, though mostly invisible,) and with great speed some eighty or

a hundred heavy trunks and chests are moved to starboard to trim the boat. We are once more upon an even keel.

6 A. M. No land in sight yet. But soon I see through the mist a dark object looming above the sea, and in a moment a flash from Boston Light appears for an instant, and is gone. In another moment we are in Broad Sound. But not until we are nearly up to the Castle can the poor passengers in the saloon begin to come to life and lift their heads. "Catch me in a steamer again!" says a young lady. "I will bet you will go home in her, next trip," said her companion. I was greatly tempted to ask them to favor me with "A life on the ocean wave."

I may truly say I have spent a night upon the "Hallig," or "Sheepfold amid the waters," for the forward deck was crowded with sheep and cattle, and the stench was intolerable. Ugh! Our stable is *otto of roses* compared to it. King David's life as a shepherd on the mountains of Judæa must have been very pleasant; but it is a far different thing to keep sheep on the green hills of old Ocean. I think I shall forsake the boat in her upward trips, if she continues to carry so many passengers of the kind.

Thus, my dear little boy, I have endeavored to give you a little insight into one of the short passages in the voyage of Life. There was no little enjoyment in it, despite its annoyances, and we have much to be thankful for in its safe termination. In vain would the watchman wake, unless our kind Father in heaven watched over and guard-

ed us, in our pleasant homes, and on the wild and stormy waters.

I have received your letter of the 23d, and will endeavor to fill the order for confectionery in due season. Give my love to all the dear folks, and heaps of great kisses to Mamma and "Iwy" from

PAPA.

THE LITTLE GEOLOGERS.

'T WAS a rain-driving evening, when all are so glad
To shut out a sky that looks troubled and sad.
Said Mary, my sister, (who loves me indeed,)
"We'll sit at the table together, and read";
And I (ah, what happy, long evenings I've known!)
And Mary were left in the parlor alone.

How well I remember the book we read there!
We read from one book, and we sat in one chair.
It told what this globe was, long ages before,
How fire raged within it, and surges rolled o'er;
And that *now*, where the cities and houses are spread,
The great earth, deep beneath, is still glowing and red.

Then there came, as we sat, o'er the parlor a change,
And a lull in the storm, — and the lamplight seemed strange.
Below or beside us, we cast not a look;
We saw not the words, though we gazed on the book;
For we heard the red ocean down long caverns surge,
And we felt the mad vapor our slender crust urge.

While I listened in fear, little Mary did speak,
With her arm round my neck, and her kiss on my cheek:
"God gave us this house, with the great trees around,
He laid the wild wonders beneath the dark ground;
And surely, dear brother, whatever may come,
He will love us and save us our own little home."

W. C. B.

THE FAIRY CIENCIA.

COME hither, my little friends, and hear a fairy story. A great many years ago there lived a huge giant named Oro.* His head was as lofty as the highest church-spire. He was as strong as twenty men, and he roamed about the forests and mountains tearing up the trees, and shaking gold and jewels from their roots. He piled up the gold into mountains, and the jewels till they sparkled like icebergs in the sun.

Oro could only sit and stare at these things with his great dull eyes, for he had no more sense than a little boy. Of what use to him were his clumsy treasures? With all his riches, he had not power to build himself a castle, and he and his wife, Alevo-sia,† lived in a great cave near a dark forest. They had two sons. The elder was called Pereza.‡ If his mother would only let him lie in bed and sleep, he was quite contented. He thought it very strange that his father could care about heaping together so much wealth. The greatest use he made of his white fingers was to rub open his eyes.

The younger son was no giant, but a very handsome boy, with fair curling hair and blue eyes. He loved to wander about the forest and go with his father in some of his journeys. Of course he could not walk so fast as his father; so Oro used often to carry him about on his arm. Little Tiron § might have been very happy with such a tender giant for

* Wealth. † Unfaithfulness. ‡ Indolence. § The Learner.

his father, but there was one sad hinderance ; he was entirely blind.

" Alas ! were it only our stupid Pereza," said Oro, " I should care but little. He might as well be blind, for he never uses his eyes."

Tiron would often wander alone by the sea-shore, and feel the waves as they broke along the beach, and listen to the sound of their music. One day as he sat there, thinking how the world seemed to his father, who told him what he could about it, a magnificent boat floated towards him.

He could not see the fairy it contained, but wondered very much at the music, the sweetest he had ever heard, which seemed to come from over the waters. The beautiful being moored her boat, stepped on shore, and glided towards Tiron just as lightly as if a breeze had borne her along. As she gazed at him, she saw tears falling from his pretty blue eyes ; for Tiron was very sad. Then she laid her hand on his little aching head, and he felt that the touch was very soft.

" My dear boy," said she, " why are you weeping?"

The tears flowed faster as he answered, " I am blind."

" Would you like to see ?" said the fairy. " May I carry you away to live with me in countries beyond the sea ?"

" If you will give me sight," said the boy, " I will go with you to the ends of the earth."

" Where do you live, dear child ?"

" In a cave by the forest, with my father and mother, and Pereza."

"Let us go to them; and if they consent, I will carry you where a new and powerful light will steal into your eyes; and you shall see more beautiful things than the sweetest notes of birds."

"Can you truly show me the colors of the flowers? May I look at that place, a million miles away, where my father says the sky drops down upon the earth? Let us make haste then. Do you see that orange-tree yonder? We must follow the path at the right of that."

They walked on together till they reached the cave. As they entered, they heard the heavy breathing of Perezza, who was sleeping soundly. Alevosia was sitting near, with her face buried in her hands.

"Mother," cried Tiron, trying to arouse her, "this lady promises to make me see!"

"That can never be!" said Alevosia, sweeping back the long raven hair that fell over her face like a veil. "There is no power in any land that can give him light."

Just then the sonorous voice of old Oro was heard, who came muttering towards them from the darkest corner of the cave. The words poured out of his throat like low peals of thunder. One who had never met him before might naturally be frightened by the voice and manners of this stupid, amiable giant. But the queenly stranger gathered her gossamer robes about her, and stepped forward to meet him with a calm and majestic air. At the instant Oro saw her, he stopped with surprise, and a smile lighted up his rough face.

"What angel art thou?" said he.

"I am the fairy Ciencia.* I can give sight to your young Tiron, if I may carry him away."

"Wilt thou go, little Tiron?" roared the giant; "wilt thou leave the piles of jewels I am heaping up for thee?"

The fairy looked up with a bright smile. "I will bring him back again," said she, with a silvery voice. "I only want to show him where men live, and let him see all the beautiful things this world contains. Believe me, I will bring him back to you."

Oro gazed at her a few moments; he always needed some time to collect his ideas, of which he had very few. They were much like stray sheep, which must be hunted after and put into the fold. "Ah, well," said he, at last, "if the boy can be made to see, thou mayest carry him even to the country where the sun sets. — She can take him no farther," thought he; "for that is the very end of the world."

Alevosia only shook her long hair hopelessly, and repeated, "There is no power in any land that can give him light." Yet she could not say nay to the fairy empress; thus Ciencia was allowed to carry away our little Tiron.

They passed down to the sea-shore, and entered the frail boat which was waiting for them. How its gauzy sails fluttered in the wind, like the wings of a bird skimming through the air! The same breeze that lifted Tiron's curls so gently, also wakened rich music from the bow of the boat, which was

* Knowledge.

formed into an elegant *Æolian* harp. Soon the voices of nightingales blended sweetly with zephyr notes; for the daylight had faded from the sky. Still sight had not been given to Tiron; and if these sounds had not filled his little heart with delight, he might have been sad and despairing.

By degrees the melody seemed to grow fainter and more distant, till it was no louder than the beating of the waves; and his head sank down upon his breast. When Ciencia saw that the long eyelashes lay quite still upon his cheeks, and that he was really asleep, she placed him upon a downy couch, and beckoned the fairies, *Fuerza** and *Esmero*,† to bring him pleasant dreams. So while the boat was floating over the water, these little sprites whispered beautiful stories in the ears of Tiron.

The wise Ciencia had no thought of sleeping. About daybreak she stole to the side of her little charge and chanted a song. Afterwards she touched his eyes with her light wand. He had been dreaming about a beautiful woman who rode in a golden car. He thought she held a sparkling sceptre tipped with a large ruby. With this ruby she was lighting the sky, and tinging the clouds and sea with rose-color.

He opened his eyes. Was he dreaming still? O yes, he was dreaming, for the sky and sea looked just so in his sleep; but who was the glorious being before him, as soft and brilliant as a white cloud on which the sun shines? Ciencia smiled to see him so bewildered.

* Resolution.

† Patient labor and care.

"What is this? where am I?" cried he, wild with joy. "What a strange, happy feeling in my eyes!"

"It is sight," said Ciencia.

Happy Tiron could say no more. He clung fast to his good fairy all day.

Ciencia would call up the fishes from the water, that he might see their silver scales, and learn their names and ways. She let him thrust his rod down into the sea, where the mermaids fastened corals and pearls to it, and the fairy told him all about them.

Finally they touched the shore of a country gay with trees and flowers. She gave him little seeds to scatter about; and they buried themselves in the dark earth. Then as quick as a thought they sprang up into flowers with all the tints of the rainbow.

Ciencia told him their names, which Tiron called over after her. They rambled through groves of green trees, finding here and there bubbling fountains and grape-vines.

Soon Tiron spied a spacious palace glittering in the sun. He had never seen anything like it. The golden dome and crystal windows dazzled his eyes. They entered, and the little empress showed him rich ornaments, and living pictures. While descending the grand staircase he looked out upon the plain, and saw rising before him lofty castles and cathedrals, through which Ciencia invited him to wander.

"O, if I could always live here with you!" exclaimed the happy boy.

"I have much more to show you," said she, smiling. Then she told him that there were precious gems hidden in the earth, waiting to be brought to

the light of day ; and she taught him to call them up with her magical wand. Their uses, too, she told him, and how to polish the rough diamond, and refine the crude gold. He learned to make caskets, and splendid ornaments. He sat one day thinking over these wonderful things, and wishing his father knew what to do with his untold gold.

"He is old and needs me," said he to himself. "I can go and show him what to do with his wealth."

All the things I have told you about Tiron had not come to pass in a day or two, as you may have thought ; but he and Ciencia had been travelling together for years. She, too, believed Tiron ought to go home and found a kingdom.

"How shall we go?" said Tiron. "We will fly," answered she.

So saying she was borne aloft by a wind blowing from the south. Tiron gazed at her in amazement, but before he knew it, he was following her in her airy flight. The two fairies, who first brought him dreams, and had never left him since, were bearing him upward, as lightly as if he had been a puff of air.

When they descended, Ciencia told him they were now on the very spot whence she had taken him. There was the path by the orange-tree, just as they had left it, and the birds singing merrily in its branches. But Tiron had grown a noble gentleman ; he wore fine clothes, and princely jewels.

They went to the cave ; neither Oro nor his wife knew their son. Pereza had now gone to his last sleep. "Whence come you?" said Oro, with a pleasant growl.

"Father, I am your son Tiron."

"Not our Tiron," said Alevosia, mournfully; "he is blind. There is no power in any land that can give him light."

Without once raising her eyes, she shrouded her face with her hair, and fell lifeless upon the ground.

Tiron began to use his wealth in many ways. What wonders he and his attendant fairies performed I could never tell you. They made a great kingdom, which extended far and wide, and Tiron became king over all.

Ciencia gave him a wife of wonderful loveliness. Her name was Pia, and the crown upon her head was composed of pure white pearls. The palace they inhabited was made of emerald, topaz, and amethyst, so closely fitted together that they seemed to be one vast jewel, with veins of many tints coursing through it. The good fairy Ciencia conferred the gift of immortality upon Tiron and Pia, and to this day they are king and queen, beloved and admired by the world.

M. S.

THE RAG-PICKER.

PART II.

O LADY, we from Italy
Did come, — a weary way:
There were of us just one, two, three,
My father, mother dear, and me,
And we were blithe and gay,

Till father heard a goodly land
Lay open far and wide,
Where wealth was gained by grasp of hand ;
And we were poor, you understand,
With health, but naught beside.

My mother could not bear to leave ;
She never loved to roam,
In goodlier land she 'd not believe,
And sorely on the ship did grieve
For the sunny skies of home.

She pined and pined, in fever sore
Wasting from day to day.
The air was foul, for many more
Lay thick upon the steerage floor,
Gasping their lives away.

My father watched her well and long,
And cheered her tenderly ;
In sorrow he was ever strong.
She died ; we saw her body flung
Out on a stormy sea !

I saw my father's look of grief.
His heart was strong, I said,
But now his anguish sought relief
In broken sobs. Yet were they brief, —
The poor weep not their dead.

Now soon my father sickened there,
Within that loathsome bound :
Aloud we cried for light, for air, —
For death and darkness and despair
Sat brooding all around.

And each new sun that God did give
I cried to father dear,
" My father, art thou still alive ? " —
" I am, my child : O do not grieve !
Remember, God is near."

And now, as if our trust to mock,
A fearful storm there came.
How groaned the ship at every shock !
We lay in heaps, a fevered flock.
And yet we were the same, —

The same in flesh, the same in blood,
As were the rich above ;
And so I never understood
How God could thus divide his brood,
Yet give them equal love.

Now, soon there came a fearful crash,
The hatchways strong were broke ;
We listened, — 't was the loud waves' lash ;
And now there came a lightning flash, —
'T was then my *arm* was *struck*.

The gentlest, frailest thing, within
That giant ship and strong,
Seemed marked for vengeance ; had it been
That I was steeped in foulest sin
Of all that living throng,

Or had I murmured on that sea,
Or sunk in hopeless woe,
I could have better borne to be
The signal mark for misery :
But no, this was not so.

I took our family death-blow,
Like father, bearing up ;
I strove my very best to show
A patient strength throughout our woe :
This was a bitter cup.

" Father, my father," loud I cried,
" Say, am I all alone ?"
No answer came from any side.
" O, had I with dear father died ! " —
I caught a stifled groan.

'T was father's voice, and when it came,
That bitter groan gave hope.
I prayed to live, though I were lame ;
I think that it would be the same
Did I in blindness grope.

And now the stormy waves went down,
As children go to rest ;
The angry skies soon ceased to frown ;
God's beauteous sun shone sweetly down,
It fell on father's breast.

And from that time I learned to know
That father would not die.
The storm which broke the hatchways so
Had let in *light* to heal our woe,
And *air* to cool each fevered brow.
And so the storm went by.

But father drags a weary life ;
His fever hurt him sore.
And now it is my daily strife
To earn his bread, for his good wife
He misses more and more.

And when I lifted up my eyes
Far, to your chimneys tall,
They seemed to reach unto the skies,
And much do I my home despise
Beside this frescoed wall.

O, this is life, sweet life, within
A palace undefiled ;
No sorrow lurketh here, no sin ;
God hath to thee most gracious been, —
Loving to this fair child.

"Hold," said the lady, and her tone
Told that the rich could mourn.
"Thou 'rt not in grief of heart alone,
Or bitterness; each knows its own, —
My child was *idiot born* !

"How poor, though in this rich abode!
 Thou must not talk of need;
From the black coal-heaps thou hast trod,
Thou hast looked up to heaven, — to God!
 This child is poor indeed!

"O for one spark of thy clear mind,
 Her leaden eye to light!
Leave thou thy coal-heaps far behind,
Come here, and strive my wound to bind.
 O, give her lessons bright, —

"For thou, e'en in thy need, art strong
 By working out thy road.
The poor rise o'er the wealthy throng, —
By striving patiently and long,
 They sooner reach to God.

"Poor child! thou hast a broken arm, —
 It was a heavy stroke, —
By lightning shivered in the storm:
What think you, when a heart all warm —
 A mother's — hath been struck!

"O, had I but thy patient strength!
 I look, — I fondle still, —
I drag away the day's dull length;
I pray to God to give me strength
 Meekly to bear his will.

"I'd throw my wealth out to the wind,
 I'd go a beggar by,
To search, and search, at last to find
One spark of God's best gift, — the *mind*, —
 To light with love her eye.

"Go, child, and tell thy father dear
 The rich do pity know,
When they are struck. Give him good cheer.
Here 's gold, — a better home is near.
 'T is blessed to bestow!

“And, child, when thou art sitting low,
With thoughts beyond thy birth,
Remember wealth is but a show.
Unbroken peace is not below :
None find their heaven on earth.”

E. W.

FULGENTIUS AND THE WICKED STEWARD.

FROM THE GESTA ROMANORUM.*

WHEN Martin was emperor of Rome, his uncle Malitius was steward of his household, and his nephew Fulgentius, his only sister's son, an orphan, was his constant attendant, his cupbearer at meals, and his page of his chamber. For Martin loved his nephew, and was kind to him ; and he regarded him as his own child, for he was not a father. Malitius hated this Fulgentius ; seeing that, if he should succeed to the kingdom, his own son would lose that crown which he had so long regarded as his by right of inheritance. Day and night he thought how he might cause Martin to discard Fulgentius.

“My lord,” said he, with a face of assumed distress, to the emperor, “it is with great pain, my lord, that I speak unto you ; but in that I am thy true servant, it is my duty to warn my sovereign of anything that lessens his honor and repute.”

“Speak on,” said the emperor.

* Probably the original story of Fridolin, a popular ballad by Schiller.

"Will my lord," rejoined the steward, with apparent anxiety, "keep what I shall tell him a secret between him and me?"

"If thou wishest it, Malitius," said the emperor.

"O my dear lord, how ungrateful is the world!" began the steward.

"Well, well, that is as it may be," rejoined the emperor; "but to your secret. The sun is rising high in the heavens, and my horses wait me."

"Your nephew Fulgentius —"

"Ha!" said Martin. "Fulgentius; what of him?"

"I grieve to say, my lord, he most ungratefully defames you among his companions, speaking of your habits, and of your breath, and saying that it is death to him to wait on you."

"If I could but prove this," muttered the emperor.

"Remark him, my lord, when he next serves you with the cup; and if he turns his head away when he gives you the goblet, be sure that he so accuses you, and thus endeavors to make the bystanders believe that his accusation is true."

"It is well," replied the emperor; "go, good Malitius; we will remember your advice."

Then went the steward unto Fulgentius, and spoke kindly to him, and professed, as a friend and a near relative, to warn him how nearly he was about to lose the good wishes of Martin, and perhaps forfeit his succession to the throne.

"Fulgentius, my dear relative," said he with a fawning smile, "thy breath is sadly displeasing to the emperor, and he talks of removing you from near attendance on his person."

"O good sir!" replied the youth, "can this be true?"

"Alas! I fear it is so. I have experienced it myself; but be sure it is merely temporary ill-health; it will soon pass off."

"And before then, I shall have lost my uncle's good-will. What shall I do, Malitius?"

"There is but one thing," replied the steward; "when you hand the cup to the emperor, turn away your head from him; then he will not be incommoded by your breath, and will see that you do your best to please him."

"Thanks, good Malitius. Your advice has made me feel happy."

"Thy happiness be thy ruin," muttered Malitius to himself, as he turned away.

That day Fulgentius attended on his uncle at dinner; and as he handed to him the cup, he held it far off, and turned away his face, lest he should distress the emperor.

"Wretch!" cried the emperor, at the same time striking Fulgentius on the breast, "now know I that it is true, what I have heard of thee; go, go from my sight, thou varlet! I thought to have made thee a king; but now see my face no more."

Sorely wept Fulgentius as he passed from the hall, amid the jeers and scoffs of his former companions; for he was now disgraced, and they cared not for him.

"Malitius," said the emperor, "let thy son supply the place of this ingrate. Come, my good lord, counsel me how I may rid myself of this varlet, that disgraces me before the world."

"Sire, this would I propose. Some miles from this city your workmen burn lime in a vast forge in the forest; send to them this night, and bid them cast into their furnace whoever first comes to them to-morrow morning, and asks of them, 'Have you performed the emperor's will?' Call also Fulgentius to thee, and bid him early on the morrow go to the lime-burners, and ask them whether they have fulfilled your commands; then will they cast him into the fire, and his evil words will perish with him."

And the emperor did so. He bade Fulgentius be at the kilns before sunrise; and that night sent a horseman to the lime-burners, bidding them burn the first man that on the morrow should inquire of them whether they had performed the emperor's will.

Long before sunrise, Fulgentius rose from his sleepless couch, and hastened to perform his uncle's commands hoping by this means, to regain the good-will of the emperor. As he went on his way, with a heavy heart, and drew near to the woods within the depths of which the lime-burners dwelt, the sound of the matin-bell of a neighboring chapel arrested his steps. The tones of the bell seemed to bring peace to his troubled mind, and he turned from the path towards the wayside chapel, and offered up his prayers and thanksgivings to his God. But, as the service was ending, the fatigue he had undergone disposed him to rest himself; so he sat himself down in the porch of the chapel, and fell asleep.

"Poor child!" said the good priest as he passed

through the porch ; " thou lookest wearied and care-worn ; sleep on, no one shall disturb thee." When he awoke, the sun was going down in the heaven.

Malitius was as sleepless during the night as the poor youth, and his anxiety drove him early from his bed, and suffered him not to be at peace all the day. Now when it was noon, the steward could no longer remain in the palace, but he hastened to the lime-kilns, and demanded of the lime-burners, whether they had performed the emperor's will.

" Not yet," cried they, with hoarse voices ; " but no fear, master, it shall be done forthwith."

With these words, one of the men seized Malitius, and hurried with him in his arms to the mouth of the kiln.

" Mercy ! mercy, good sirs !" cried the steward ; " it is Fulgentius you should burn, not me."

" Ha ! ha !" laughed the lime-burners ; " we know neither thee nor Fulgentius ; thou art the first man that has come here this day and asked us whether we have done the emperor's will. So peace, man, peace ! Ha, ha ! his will is done !"

So Malitius died in the fire.

It was past noon when Fulgentius awoke, and the sun was going down in its course. " Alas ! alas !" he said, " I have delayed to perform my lord's will." And he hastened through the wood, and came to the lime-kilns.

" What wantest thou, boy," asked the chief of the lime-burners.

" Tell me, tell me, sirs," asked Fulgentius, anxiously, " hast thou performed the command of the emperor ?"

"Ay, my lad, right well; come, look into the furnace, and see his bones yet burn."

"His bones! whose bones, sir?" asked Fulgentius, aghast with fear.

Then they told him all that had been commanded them, and how Malitius, coming first to the lime-kilns, had been cast into the fire and burnt.

"Thanks be to God!" said the youth, devoutly kneeling, "who hath saved me from this terrible death." With these words, he bade the burners farewell, and returned to his uncle's palace.

"Ha!" said the emperor, when Fulgentius bowed himself before his uncle's throne, "thou here, sir varlet; hast thou not been to my lime-burners?"

"Verily, my lord, I have been there, and performed thy commandment; but before I came, your will had been performed."

"Performed!" rejoined the emperor, "how performed? Malitius, — is he not here?"

"No, my lord, he is burnt in the lime-kiln," replied the youth; "he came first to the kiln; the burners obeyed your command, and he is dead and I have escaped. But O my dear uncle! how couldst thou contrive such a death for thy poor nephew?" And he wept bitterly.

Then did they each declare to the other the deceits of the wicked steward; and the emperor raised up the youth, and acknowledged him before all his people as his very true and good nephew, his heir and successor to the throne; rendering thanks to God, who had preserved the uncle from so deadly a sin against his relative, and the nephew from so horrible a death.

TOM'S BEST SPORT.

LITTLE TOM went out to play in the lane. He saw a girl walking slowly, and looking on the ground. "What have you lost?" he asked. "A cuff-pin," said she. And Tom began to look for it too. It had hid itself nicely in thick grass, but the sun shone on it, and made it shine. "I spy!" cried Tom. "Here it is!" "I thank you very much," said the girl; and Tom ran on, very much pleased. A small boy was carrying home to his pig a bucket of swill. He looked hot, tired, and cross. Swish, swash, swish, swash, it went, as he walked, and spilled over the side. "O dear!" cried the boy; "I wish I could carry it on my head!" Tom wished to help him. But he was afraid he should soil his clean clothes. "Stop a minute," said he, "I know a way I can fix it." He ran home, and got a long, narrow piece of board. He took one end and the boy the other, and the pail hung in the middle without spilling a drop as they walked along. "I thank you," said the boy, as he emptied the pail into the trough. The pig had been squealing for his dinner, and he grunted "Thank you," too. Tom ran on very glad, and he saw a man driving little pigs, which did not like to go along the road. They ran under bars, and into yards, all the time. The man looked tired, and hot, and cross, as the boy had done. Tom took a stick, and kept the pigs from running away on his side, while the man kept them from running away on the other, and pretty soon

they came to a farm-yard, and put them in a pen. "Thank you, little man," said the driver. "Shall I pay you anything?" "O no," said Tom. "I have money, a plenty, in my savings' box at home." The man laughed, and Tom ran along, very happy. He saw a cat just ready to spring upon a young bird. He drove puss away, and put the little robin on a branch. The old bird came with something in her beak, and fed it, while Tom stood very still on the fence. "Chip, chip," said the little bird, as if to say, "Thank you, kind boy." Tom ran on, whistling, and singing. He saw an old man at a window, counting some money. He could not see very well, so he stopped to wipe his glasses. The roguish wind took a bank-note to play with, and blew it away down the street. Tom ran after it. Just as he was going to put his hand on it, the wind whisked it over the fence. He got over, and saw it fluttering in at a barn-door. He ran after, and saw it go flying out at the other side. "O dear!" he said, all out of breath. But he ran on, to see where it would go. There came a great puff, and up it went, on top of a corn-barn. Tom was tired and warm, and he threw himself down on the grass to watch it. The wind did not find its plaything again for a good while. At last it stirred, and fell slowly down almost at Tom's feet. "Now I'll have you!" cried he, crawling on hands and knees to get it. "Whew! No, you don't," said the wind, blowing it along on the ground, just a little faster than the boy could creep after it. "It will come against the house; then I shall catch it," said Tom, but in it popped at

the cellar window. Tom went and knocked at the door. "Please, ma'am, may I go down into your cellar a minute?" "What for?" said the girl who opened the door. "To get something that went in at the window." The girl thought it was a ball. She showed him the cellar stairs. "I can't find it," cried he, "it is so dark down here." She brought down a lighted lamp, and the roguish wind blew it out. There was a pail of sour milk at the door of the dairy, ready for the pigs. Tom helped the girl carry it up the stairs. When they came to the light, in it he found the note with one end wet, so it could fly no farther. So he carried it to the old man, who had just got his cane, and his hat, and come out, with very little hope that he should find his money. He did not know which way it went. He was very glad to see Tom coming to give it to him, and began to praise him for being honest. Tom pouted, "Did you think I wanted what was n't mine?" said he. "I don't want your old bank-bill," — which was saucy in Tom. But it did not offend the old man; he only laughed, when he saw the boy was angry at what he had said. Tom was ashamed then, and told him what a run he had had, and where he had caught the *flyaway*. "I thank you, and here are some cents to pay you for your hard scamper." Tom said it was only good fun, and ran off without looking behind. A man wanted to know the way to the post-office. Tom pointed it out. "Thank you," said he, smiling. "I'm a stranger in the place. I have been robbed by a man I was along with, and I have written home to get some money." "O,

I know who has got some to spare," said Tom. "He offered it to me. But I did not want it. Come," and he led him smiling to the window where sat the old man again in his arm-chair. "Why, Cap'm Black, how are ye?" "Jack, where did you turn up from? Come in, come in!" said the old sea-captain. It was a man that had sailed with him before he left off going to sea. The man went in, and Tom ran along, full of joy. "What is the reason I have had such a nice time this afternoon? — I have not played any at all! O, it is because I have been helping everybody, I suppose. That always makes me feel good *here*," said he, striking his breast with both hands.

A.

UNEIKA, A TALE OF GEORGIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

My story opens in Cedar Valley, in the heart of the Cherokee country, within the boundary of the State of Georgia, where, but a few brief years since, was situated a beautiful Indian settlement. It was the year 1837, an eventful period in the history of the Cherokee tribe.

Ross, the great chief of this interesting people, had at length signed, after repeated solicitations from the United States government, the solemn "Treaty Stipulations." The Cherokees were now

pledged to remove beyond the border, giving up their smiling farms in exchange for wild hunting-grounds beyond the Mississippi River. With one stroke of the pen the difficult question had at length been put to rest. The Moon of Leaves in the following year had been fixed as the period for the ultimate removal of the Cherokees, and Ross, their chief, had returned with a heavy heart to his home on the banks of the swift Etowa, to till, for the last time, the broad lands of his rich alluvial farm.

The rains were over and gone. Spring with its fair promises had brought again the seed-time of the earth. It had been a weary winter in the Valley of Cedars. The mountain-belt which spans it as a girdle, and seems to lock it from the outside world, had long remained shrouded in sheets of frozen snow; the spring rains had fallen almost hopelessly upon the deep snows of the mountain hollows. But the sun, in its clear shining, had at length triumphed. The earth wakened from its long, rigid sleep. The plough was seen at work at intervals in the wide fields which specked the fair valley; the rich soil, turned up, lay in long, dark ridges. Green, sunny slopes of winter grain appeared, lengthening slowly up the hill-sides. The old trees put out young, green leaves; "the dogwood hung its white sheet in the woods," the maple its scarlet pendants; the tulip-tree held up golden cups to the sunshine. Earth from her slow awakening seemed clad in fresh beauty, like a long-sleeping child, rosy from healthful rest.

The fair promises of the beautiful spring brought,

however, no cheering thoughts to the hearts of the poor Cherokees. In sullen silence they came forth from their several cabins to prepare for the cultivation of their home-patches; in sickness of heart they put the hand to the plough, the shoulder to the wheel. It was the last time they should plant and gather in the increase. *The last time!* The thought fell with the seed into the earth, to spring with the blade, to grow with the ear, to ripen with the full corn in the ear.

There was much of deep interest in the character of the Cherokees. Unlike most wild tribes, they were agricultural in their tastes. For more than thirty years now they had cultivated the soil upon which they dwelt. They raised with great success, within their field-patches, wheat, rye, maize, and even small crops of cotton. They were now found gathered into small hamlets, dwelling in neat cabins built of the straight pine or knotty cedar of the surrounding forest. Honest, industrious, and peaceable in their habits, living within the jurisdiction of the United States, had they now adopted its laws, the Cherokees might have dwelt among us as brethren to this day. But even at this epoch the Indian was true to his wild instincts. "Give us far-off hunting-grounds with liberty," said the great chief.

The Cherokees, although living in strict harmony at this period among themselves, as well as with surrounding petty tribes, had of late been stirred into warfare by the daring incursions of robbers infesting the caves and recesses of their mountains. This bold gang was composed principally of white

men, fugitives from justice, — men who had fled at different times across the border, in order to elude the laws of their respective States. Now, gathered into one strong band, they numbered fifty, and, though constant inhabitants of the Cherokee forest, were seen but at rare intervals, their travels being performed on fleet horses, and in the dead of night.

This mode of travel had caused the gang to assume for themselves the name of Pony Club, but the Indian had given them a far more expressive epithet, — *Utsawnati*, “Rattlesnakes.”

These outlaws, hardened by a long career of vice, had grown to be thorns in the sides of the red men. They committed midnight depredations upon their poultry, they fired their stacks of corn; and more than once they had pushed their way to the very hearth-stone of the Indian, enticing children from their homes, in order to train them to the life which they had learned to love.

At this period, however, four years had elapsed since any of the robber gang had been seen among the tribe of Georgia. The dread of the *Utsawnati* had in some measure passed away, and now, except in the anticipation of their removal to far-off hunting-grounds, the Cherokees might be regarded as a peaceful and happy people.

A few years before the opening of my story, white settlers had begun to cross the border, taking possession of the farm-patches as they became vacated from time to time by Indian owners. These movements, premature on the part of the whites, might well have occasioned some excitement among

the remaining Indians, but it was not so. The whites came peaceably, dwelt among them as brethren, showed them new modes of planting and of ingathering. The Indians, rapidly assimilating with their new neighbors in habits and manners, were advancing day by day to a higher state of civilization. But to what purpose? To unlearn all again, — to exchange well-tilled farms for far-off hunting-grounds, — to give up home life for rude life, — to pass from the shadow of the roof-tree, which they had learned to love, — to go forth like wild men into wild lands, there to hunt and to be hunted again!

Within the heart of the Cherokee forest, near the settlement of Cedar Valley, there stood a cabin rudely built of logs. A large cedar-tree extended its thick branches far over its lowly roof. At the foot of the mountain near which the cottage stood, a clear spring burst from a gold-colored rock, sending its generous waters over sharp stones and silvery sands quite through the Indian village.

In this rustic home, called by the new settlers Roof-Tree, there lived a white woman with her only child. Little or nothing of this woman's history was known to the Indians. A pale-face had brought her into their country, and placed her in the cabin which she now inhabited. One negro man and a negro woman had accompanied her thither. The pale-face had lived but one year with his young wife, when he on a sudden disappeared, leaving her the mother of an infant boy. Whither the husband had gone, the gentle wife knew not. But the chief of the Cedar Valley tribe, who had ordered the

trails scoured, had discovered this woman's husband to be no other than the desperate leader of the outlaw gang.

Five years had now elapsed since the arrival of the white woman, to whom the Indians had given the name of *Utsilungi*, "Flower." It was now the opening of the beautiful spring which we have already spoken of. The sun, just risen above the cedar-crowned hills of the Indian valley, tinged the thread of smoke which rose from the tall chimney of the Roof-Tree with a pale-red hue. The inhabitants of the solitary cottage were already astir; some had gone abroad to meet the sunshine beyond the threshold.

Utsilungi soon appeared in the open doorway, but stopped on the sill to listen to a tale of wonder from her negro man, Mingo. The story, told in whispers, was listened to by the white woman with parted lips and blanched cheek.

As soon as the old servant paused in his relation, the woman passed quickly to the gable end of the cottage, where in primeval grandeur stood the old cedar-tree. A Cherokee rose-vine, which had climbed up its gnarled trunk, clasped the thick branches, forming a dark canopy of polished leaves. A few pendant branches swayed to and fro in the morning wind, gemmed with fresh flowers. Utsilungi broke quickly a branch which hid under its long leaves one full-blown rose of spotless white, and one delicate bud, just opening into rosy beauty.

"Here, Uneika," said the white woman to a tall Indian girl, who sat beneath the tree with little

Robin, the robber's orphaned child. "Take this branch; go quickly, — place it in the hand of your chief, Ekowa."

The girl, Indian-like, evinced no curiosity when she received the rose-branch, and prepared to obey immediately. She arose and swung her pretty charge up to her shoulder, in the manner in which she often carried him to the Indian settlement. Carefully sustaining him in his position with one sinewy arm, she descended the slope to the Spring Branch. She crossed it quickly by means of a rude log bridge, making no false step, though portions of the rough bark scaled off under her moccasined foot, and fell into the swift stream beneath. Strong-headed as sure-footed, she reached the opposite bank in safety, and struck into the trail leading straight to her father's settlement.

"Stop, Uneika," exclaimed little Robin, as they came into the thick wood which bordered upon the village; "pull me a white feather from that bush yonder; I want to play robber to-day."

"I must not go out of the trail, Robin," answered the Indian girl; "I am on an errand. And who dares speak to you of the robber?"

"Nick-a-jack," answered the child; "he says that brave robbers live in these very woods, that they ride swift ponies, and wear tall white feathers in their caps."

"Nick-a-jack does evil when he speaks to the white child of the robber. The robbers are bold, bad men; they steal corn and cattle from the red men."

"Yet get me a feather flower, — there, that long one. I *must* play robber to-day in the village," pleaded the boy.

"No, I must not go out of the trail to get you a feather from the white-ash; but I can reach this branch of holly overhead. There," added Uneika, as she broke it, — "twist that in your scarlet ribbon, — it is the Indian's emblem of endurance. See! The winter winds have blown upon it, — the snows have beat upon it; still it bears its berries bravely! Wear it, Robin; it will teach you to endure like the red man."

"I do not want to be like the red man," answered the boy; "I want to be a robber, and a pale-face."

"Know you not, Robin, how the pale-faces fight the poor red men? Soon there will be no more red men. What good has endurance done us?" continued the girl, rather thinking aloud, than addressing the child. "Look at the pale-faces, — they are like the sands of the sea-shore, which a wave of prosperity has lifted to bury the red men from sight! Let the pale-faces take heed, — another, and yet another wave rolls in, — they also may be wiped away! Think of our people's weary march from this land of peace and plenty!"

"Shall you also go away, Uneika?" asked the child, understanding only the latter part of her sentence.

"Yes, — every child of Indian blood, though white blood be flowing at the heart. Will Robin forget Uneika, the chief's daughter?"

"Never!" exclaimed the child. "Uneika shall not go away! Robin will kill the pale-faces!"

As Robin uttered these words, they reached the edge of the wood ; leaving its broad shade, Uneika gained by means of a sharp ascent the main street of the Indian village. Neat log-cabins, ranged in a semicircle, crowned the village height, which fell off on the opposite side, in gentle slopes of varied green, to the Spring Branch.

(To be continued.)

THE CRYSTAL HILLS.

IN the early days of American history, certain adventurous hunters of New Hampshire, having penetrated far into the interior in search of game, reached at length the region of the White Mountains. They were filled with admiration at the scenes which there greeted their eyes ; the cloud-capt mountains, the dark ravines, the wild valleys, the headlong cataracts tumbling white with foam down the granite rocks, the impenetrable forests, homes of the wild beasts, all inspired them with feelings of wonder and admiration. Never before had they beheld any scenery which could at all compare with this in grandeur and magnificence. The accounts which they gave on their return to the settlements below, caused others to visit this majestic region, and soon the whole mountain range was explored in every direction, and received from those early visitors the poetic name of "the Crystal Hills."

In the summer of 1855 I set out from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to visit "the Crystal Hills." It was a very rainy morning when the Concord train bore me forth from that ancient town, and as we sped swiftly onward, while the rain-drops pattered musically on the car-roof, ponds covered with bubbles, green fields drenched with water, and trees dripping with the wet, rushed rapidly past us; the clouds seemed to be doing their utmost to bring about a second deluge. The passengers, comfortably disposed in the warm car, felt very little inconvenience from the storm; but when we reached the New-Market Junction, where I was to wait two hours for the Dover train, it seemed rather dreary and dismal. The station-house at the New-Market Junction was a lonely building in the woods; the two railroad tracks, crossing each other at right angles, extended toward four points of the compass, until lost in the rainy distance. Huge piles of cord wood, soaked with water, lay alongside the tracks; a large building used for the storage of goods stood a few hundred feet distant, the eaves dropping a continuous sheet of water, which splashed and spattered upon the wet platform below; the pine woods at a little distance waved their branches heavily in the chill northeast wind; a solitary and forlorn-looking tavern, "The Railroad House," stood on the Dover side of the station, and in front of it there was a tall pole bearing a swinging sign which creaked dismally in the breeze; and this was about all which could be seen. I went into the "Ladies' Room"; there were no ladies there; there was no

fire there ; the doors were wide open ; the windows rattled vigorously ; the floor was pretty thoroughly wet. Altogether it did not seem to me a very cheerful place. It was the best to be had, however, unless I chose to go to the Railroad House. But the Railroad House did not look sufficiently inviting. So I buttoned up my great coat, shut the doors, drew up a pine chair to a little pine table, and began to write a letter with a lead pencil. I had got about half through, when a steam whistle set up its shrill scream, and presently came the rumbling of wheels upon the track ; so, jumping up hastily, I ran out to take a seat in the car. But it was only a merchandise train. I returned to the Ladies' Room, and finished my letter, intending to drop it into a post-office at the first convenient opportunity. At length the two hours expired, the train for Dover arrived, and in a short time we reached that busy town. The cars of the Cochecho Railroad were awaiting our arrival, and were soon on their way towards Alton Bay, the southern extremity of Lake Winnipiseogee. I intended to take the steamer from that place to Centre Harbor, at the opposite end of the lake, and to proceed thence by stage-coach to the mountains.

(To be continued.)

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE CAMERA OBSCURA. — "Don't, pray don't tell me how it is done," said an imaginative little girl, as she looked at the picture made without pencil or brush; "I had rather not know." Perhaps she liked to fancy it the work of fairies, or a bright day-dream. She saw the waving of the long sprays of the elm-trees in the breeze, the robin who had a nest near, now and then taking his flight across the paper, the white, soft clouds sailing along the blue sky; very far off, in a road beyond the field, the faint ghost of a carriage, with its flashing wheels and trotting horses, met and passed a white-topped cart that moved in the other direction, and came round a corner to vanish. It did seem magical, — a live picture!

"*Why* don't you want to know?" asked bright-eyed Dickie, the little girl's brother. "I should like to know all I can about it. Could *I* make one?" Yes. To make the arrangement that produces the picture is a very simple thing, though a child might ask questions about it that a philosopher could not answer. Darken a room so that not a ray of light shall find its way in anywhere but through a lens or spectacle-glass, — not a strong magnifier, — fixed in the *open* window. A sheet of white paper, or a looking-glass, is all that is necessary to complete the apparatus. In order that the lines may be distinct, and the colors lively, the window should be near the ground, and have some objects in view that are near. An easy way to fix the glass is to put it between two thicknesses of black cloth, and stitch round it, cutting out a hole in the centre to let the light through.

It is not what we possess that makes us happy, but what we are.

A HOME IN THE WEST. — Our readers will not have forgotten the little fellow who "went to seek his fortune" last April, by the help of a little "Club" of his own age. He was the youngest who was sent out, a slender child of eleven or twelve; but having no evil habits to unlearn, he readily found a good place. His master, a farmer in Fillmore, Illinois, wrote by his request to let his young friends know that he was happy, and remembered them gratefully. He added, that the boy was learning to ride the horses and mules, and milk the cows, was active and obliging, and had already made himself beloved in the family. The letter was answered immediately by two of the club, and their Sunday-school teacher. Some time after, Mr. Barry was in Hillsboro, and a lad ran up and seized his hand, crying out, "How do you do, Sir?" Mr. Barry did not know him at first, he had gained so much flesh. "Come and see *my* horses!" he said, and led the way to a market-wagon which he had driven in from Fillmore, six miles, alone. "I call 'em *my* horses, because Mr. S. trusts me to drive 'em."

"The Rat's Grave," and "White Camellia," are received, and the editor thanks both known and unknown friends who sent them for their assistance. The articles will soon appear.

A POLITE HINT. — "When I am at home, I go to bed early. But when I find myself in agreeable company, I like to sit late." "I beg, Mr. C., that you will always make yourself perfectly *at home* in my house."

NOTICE. — Having twice essayed to forward to subscribers the proper picture for "Scenes in Oregon," and failed through some misunderstanding, the Editor concludes to reserve it till the last number, as it will be then more likely to be put in its right place in the binding.

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THE PRISONER OF GISORS.

"WHERE is the use of my learning to draw?" said a lad whose intention it was to be a sailor. "What good will it do me?" His teacher, a lady, had put a simple drawing-lesson before him, and was sharpening a pencil for his use. She smiled, and some of the other boys looked up and smiled too. But nothing was said, as it was not the proper time to discuss what was best to be done in school. He was a boy of some droll humor, and he took up his pencil as if it had been a club, and flourished it about his head before he made his first stroke. It had to be rubbed out, because it was not a perpendicular line, — that is, straight up and down without leaning either way.

"If you learn no more in your first lesson than to train your eye, to see the difference between a perpendicular and a slanting line, you will have learnt something that will always be of use to you," said the teacher, going off to another desk.

"Poh, that is easy enough!" thought the lad, and drew the first line of his cottage wall again.

"It leans!" said his companion, looking over.

"I say it does not," said Roger.

"It leans *so* much, at least," persisted Ralph, whose eye had been made almost certain in its judgment, by practice. "I'll rub it out for you."

"I shall not have it rubbed out again," said Roger; "and if you say any more, sir, I'll give your nice castle there a lick with my rubber."

So Roger went on, and drew his cottage wall, all aslant. When he put on the roof, he began to see that the house would be a little like the leaning tower of Pisa, but he thought it would not be observed; it was but a slight defect, he said to Ralph, and would not show.

"Poor old house,—it seems about to tumble down," said the teacher, when she came to look at it.

"O dear, I thought it would not be minded!" whined Roger. "There, I can't learn. I have not any talent."

"Ralph began just so," said the teacher. "Now he draws more accurately than I can."

"Only copying," said Ralph. "I can't do a thing out of my own head; I have not a bit of *original* design in my whole portfolio."

"Have you ever tried?" said the teacher, with a smile.

"No; I *know* I have not any talent. I never *could* do anything."

"There, Roger, Ralph is just like you, you see."

"If he can copy what he sees on paper, I should think he could draw what he sees off of it," said Roger. "But I never shall do either."

"Do you expect to be a finished sailor, or a green hand, on your first voyage?"

"Of course, I don't begin with knowing every rope in the ship," said Roger. "I could not tell by a glance, like the mate, whether everything is *ship-shape*, before the captain comes round."

Rub, rub,—the roof remains, with no wall to rest upon.

"Try again," said the teacher, "and let your *mate* tell you whether your work is going to be all *ship-shape* when *I* come round."

"There, look, Ralph; is that upright?" said Roger, after drawing one line very carefully and lightly. "'Cause, if 't is n't, I can't do it."

"Pretty nearly; it is only about *so* much o' one side this time. Don't I know?"

"Poh! so little is not worth minding!"

"It is, if you don't want to get your paper all dirty, rubbing out. She'll see it in a minute."

Roger measured with the edge of the pattern, and found his upright line *was* somewhat farther from the side of his paper at the top than at the bottom. He set it right, and drew the other lines, at first lightly, and when he was quite sure they were upright, with a bold, firm stroke. He had conquered his first difficulty.

As he went home from school, his eye was busy with all the posts to see if they leaned, and he noticed that a house on the river-bank inclined towards the water, and some of the trees also.

"Mr. M. better look to it, — his house is undermined, I see," said he to Ralph.

"Did you never mind it before?" said Ralph.

"No. I am just learning how to *see* straight, I guess," said Roger.

The next lesson Roger took gave him his first ideas about perspective. He had observed the fact that the lights on the bridge in the evening seemed to run nearly to a point at the farther end, and he had noticed the same thing in the wide street where

he lived. He was very much entertained by the discovery that even his pencil-box had its perspective; and his task was to draw it in various positions. There was one point of view where he found the lines did not slant at all; he could only draw the front side then, without a glimpse of the top and the sides.

Going home from school, his eye was busy studying perspective. He particularly admired a block of stores four stories high. He sat down to gaze at it. Then he went to the other end, and looked back. Then he crossed the street, and looked at it exactly in front.

"Yes, just like my box," said he, "only more so."

The teacher found her pupil ready enough to learn after that. He soon went beyond Ralph, who was afraid to attempt anything that was not put before him on paper; and the blank leaves of his school-books were full of rude, scratchy attempts at dogs, horses, and the phizzes of his schoolmates, or even that of his respected, though not venerably old, preceptress. She figured as Minerva, with something upon her head much resembling a coal-hod.

When Roger went to sea, his portfolio was taken possession of by his mother. Not one of his drawings was finished with sufficient neatness to allow of its being framed and hung up; but there was a freedom and fun in some of the merest scratches that made them treasures to her, and worthy of being shown to a partial friend now and then as a proof of what Roger *might* do if he only had time and patience. She loved their very imperfection.

The pleasure every touch of his pencil gave her was a pleasure also to him, and he thought that alone would have repaid him for the little trouble he had taken in learning to draw. And when he wrote to her from abroad, a few hasty dashes of the pencil, the profile of a mountain, the outline of a building, tree, flower, fruit, or any other object, an odd figure or two in strange costume, or a group in comic or picturesque attitudes, saved him the trouble of minute description, besides giving her a more true and lively idea of things than words alone would afford. When an accident happened to him, which consigned him to a hospital, he amused himself sometimes by sketching. His case, though it seemed trifling at first, proved a tedious one, and he was obliged to let the vessel go home without him. He was very impatient at this, which only made him feverish, and retarded his recovery. But his interest in drawing increased as he found out what he could do, and it caused many an hour to glide swiftly away, as in a pleasant dream. There is always a lively satisfaction in the development and exercise of the talents we possess by nature.

I do not know the history of the "Prisoner of Gisors," but the picture tells its own story. He is not alone, for he loves One who is with his disciples "to the end of the world." In the fervor of his pious art he has forgotten his chains.

A. W. A.

LITTLE THINGS.

"I do not see what *I* can do,"
A little snow-flake said,
"Upon this meadow large and wide
A covering to spread."

But quietly it kept its place,
Till, slowly falling round,
The other flakes came gently down,
And white was all the ground.

O freely give! though little sums
Are all you can bestow;
Remember that of little flakes
Is formed the bed of snow.

We are all willing to do *great* deeds, those for which there is seldom an opportunity in the quiet tenor of our lives. It is the trifling self-denial, the prompt act of kindness, the little thoughtful word, that we forget until it is too late, and then regret. Somebody opens the gate for an old lady, places a chair for an invalid, stops the baby's tears with a new plaything. Then we say, "That is well,—why did not *I* think of it?" The other day, as I stopped at a house to make a call, a little boy ran up the steps and rang the bell for me, in such a pleasant, gentlemanly way, that it took away all the sense of weariness after a long walk, and spread a sunshine over the whole visit. It was a sudden *bubbling up* of kindness, which he forgot sooner than I did, but it gave pleasure to both.

To many children this readiness to serve others is

natural and easy. Others can only acquire it as a habit, but habit is second nature. We can all learn it; the way is open to any one whose heart is filled with kindness, — *thoughtful* kindness. A very disagreeable child grew up a delightful woman. "What has caused such a change?" I once asked. She answered: "I watched a young girl who was delightful to every one; I saw a terrible contrast between her and me. She was the smiling sunshine, and I the cold cloud-shadow. She had such a pretty, graceful way of rendering little services, and saying little kind things, that everybody was charmed. As for me, — O fie! You remember, and I should be ashamed to draw my picture. I had not been unkind, however, — only thoughtless. I turned my heart to canvas, and drew her portrait upon it for a pattern. The result is, I now never omit a kind service if I can seize the opportunity." And the truth is, that the disagreeable child has become far the finest woman of the two.

Not long since, I was very ill. The room was darkened, the doors were softly opened and shut, the bell was muffled, and everybody moved about on tiptoe and spoke in a whisper. I was heavy and stupid with fever, and wretched with pain.

By and by the doctor said I was better. *Better!* I wondered what *worse* could have been! But it was only wondering; I could not shake the fever off enough to think. If better, why was I not more comfortable? I only knew I was not so.

But just then a little girl brought me a bunch of the brightest flowers! The curtain was raised, and

I half opened one eye to see them. They looked cheering, so both eyes opened. They closed again, but that look was comforting.

The next morning the blind was thrown open, the precious daylight streamed over my beautiful flowers, and a gleam of joy and gladness cheered my dull senses. My eyes closed, and yet I *felt* the bright influence. Another and a steadier look cleared away the film from my faculties. I drank in light and joy and loveliness, gazing long at the beauteous blossoms, with a feeling of wonder at their power. They ceased to be to me a bunch of mere earthly flowers; they were a token of divine love. I thought of Him whose face did shine as the sun, and whose raiment was white as the light; I heard a voice speaking "as never man spake," and it was a life-giving tone that spread energy and happiness through my whole being.

Flowers are the only bright messengers that can safely visit the very sick. The gentle, unobtrusive beauty of the gayest speak only love, joy, and peace to the faintest heart. They are the gift of our Heavenly Father, formed and painted by his hand, scattered in rich luxuriance in every path, to cheer us on, and give us a foretaste of our bright home above.

Children, when you are at a loss what to do, when your hearts are overflowing with kind feelings, I advise you to gather the brightest, or the sweetest, or the most delicate flowers you can find, in field or garden. Carry them to the door of any one, high or low, who is confined to the chamber or house. You will not always know how your little missionaries

are welcomed ; but, be assured, they often act the part of angels, bearers of love and gladness into darkened rooms where other messengers are excluded.

M. H. F.

THE CRYSTAL HILLS.

No. II.

ALTON is about twenty-eight miles by railroad from Dover. The rain continued till we arrived. We found the steamboat ready to start; and as soon as the passengers and their baggage could be got on board, the fasts were cast off, the steamer's head pointed northward, and away she skimmed like a white sea-bird over the quiet waters. The rain now subsided into a mist. When we reached Wolfboro, which is ten miles from Alton Bay, there was every appearance that the afternoon would be clear, and before we arrived at Centre Harbor the sun came out, the scattered clouds and fog slowly curling up the hill-sides, and vanishing from sight. During the passage, I engaged in nautical conversation with the pilot, and was allowed to steer the little steamer for about an hour, an occupation which recalled many an hour similarly spent upon the blue ocean when I was a boy before the mast. Instead of steering by the compass, as is done on board a ship, the pilot kept the steamer's head directed toward some point of land, and, when that was passed, to another be-

yond, and so on till the little white village of Centre Harbor hove in sight, and the course was plain enough. There were people standing upon the wharf, and one or two wagons and coaches were there, waiting for passengers. The hotel stands on the hillside a short distance from the landing-place, and commands a view of the lake. Its blue waters and numerous islets, seen from the piazza of the hotel, look very pretty indeed.

At half past two, two coaches, laden with passengers and baggage, set out for Conway. I had secured a seat on the top, where I could have a good view of the country as we journeyed on. Our first halt was at the post-office, where I took the opportunity to mail my letter while the postmaster was getting out his mail-bags. Our road lay through three long New Hampshire towns, Sandwich, Tamworth, and Ossipee, all abounding in natural beauty. Sometimes lofty wood-covered hills overhung the road for miles; then it would wind through a forest; then beside a broad pond embosomed among the hills; then it kept along the banks of the Bear Camp River, which foamed and fretted over its pebbly bed, now near, and now hidden by the intervening trees. In Ossipee there are many fine farms along the basin of this river, which were looking fresh and beautiful after the rains. During the afternoon we rode for five miles through the Ossipee woods, which were quite thin, and afforded a view through the trees of blue hills and bright ponds on every hand. On one side we could see in the distance the cloud-capt Conway mountains, and on the other the hills

of Ossipee, their base washed by the waters of Ossipee Pond, which reflected from its mirror-like surface the heights towering above it. The sun set while we were still upon the road, and then we rode along in the darkness, the thickets on both sides increasing the gloom, the fireflies twinkling in the fields, the stars shining brilliantly in the deep heavens; and now and then we saw the light from some farmer's window dimly glimmering through the bushes. Finally the lights of Conway came in sight, and at nine o'clock we alighted at the door of the Conway House, hungry and weary enough.

After breakfast the next morning, I went out upon the piazza of the hotel, where all were assembled to witness the departure of the stage-coaches, which in this quiet village is the great event of the day. First the coaches for Centre Harbor drove up to the steps of the piazza. Piles of trunks lying upon the platform were quickly stowed and securely strapped upon the strong racks behind; then the carpet-bags, valises, coats, shawls, and umbrellas were deposited promiscuously on the roof; then the passengers took their seats, inside and out; the drivers cracked their long whips around the ears of the leaders, and away they started, in gallant style, amid the good-byes, and bows, and waving of handkerchiefs of those who tarried behind. Then came the coaches for the Mountains, and in the same manner prepared for the journey. Upon the roof of one of these coaches I took my seat, resolved to see everything, in despite of the threatening weather. Great droves of clouds were trooping up over the

northern hills, the wind blew fresh from the northwest, and there seemed a fair prospect of encountering at least *one* shower before the close of the day. However, being pretty well prepared with old clothes and overcoats for whatever might happen, I did not feel much concern, but enjoyed as we rode along the noble scenery which was everywhere spread out before us. Our first halt was at North Conway, six miles from Conway. Here in fair weather is obtained the first good view of Mount Washington; the clouds did not permit us to see it. Mount Kearsarge rises from the northern end of the town, bold and lofty, and, as you ride along the road at its base, you see perched upon the summit of the mountain a little square box, which those who know say is a hotel. Beyond this place the hills grow into young mountains, and as you advance they rise higher and higher before you. The road passes up the *interval* of the Saco River, a broad expanse of level land hemmed in on both sides by lofty hills, and becoming continually narrowed as you proceed toward the north, until at last it ceases among the mountains. For several miles this interval is as smooth as a lake, and one might easily fancy it a lake, were it not for the beautiful vegetation, the rich farms and orchards, the comfortable farm-houses, and the groups of graceful elms, waving their leafy branches here and there over its surface.

The Saco River is the most irregular, wild, and disorderly stream imaginable. In this part of its course it twists itself up, and curls itself round, into the most crooked and abruptly turned shapes that the

nature of rivers will permit. Sometimes it is running along quietly and soberly by the roadside, very demure; then you see it gleaming and dashing madly over the rocks a mile away; occasionally turning round, it accompanies the coach a little way toward its source among the mountains; then it suddenly scampers down over some break-neck pile of rocks, nobody knows where, and is lost to sight for the space of half a mile.

At length we reached the end of the interval, and fairly entered the mountain region, where signs of cultivation were scanty indeed. The road now winds through the forest for a mile or two, and anon runs through an open space, where the fire has swept away the trees, or where the young growth offers no obstruction to the view. At half past twelve we reached the Crawford House, well prepared by our rough ride of twenty-three miles to do full justice to our dinners. Two o'clock found us again *en route*. The ride through these wild New Hampshire woods is beautiful indeed. The branches of the birch-trees arch over the road, their white trunks rising like tall columns all around. The sun, shining down through the leaves, diffuses a pale-green light around. The road is rough and winding, but whenever it runs for any considerable distance in one direction, there before you stands a tall mountain, clouds playing around its hoary head, itself a gigantic sentinel seeming to forbid any farther progress. While travelling slowly through this enchanting scenery, one feels like repeating the words of Longfellow:—

“ This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.”

Only there is no “ deep-voiced neighboring ocean ” here to “ answer the wail of the forest ” ; and indeed the scene is far more exhilarating than “ disconsolate.”

After an hour's ride, we reached a region less thickly wooded, but more closely hemmed in by the mountains, down whose shaggy sides we saw frequently long seams, showing where at some former time huge avalanches of rock and earth had been precipitated a thousand feet from the brow of the mountain to the valley beneath. It is fearful to reflect with what mighty power those granite avalanches descend. The sturdy old trees, which for a hundred years have clung to the mountain-side, and resisted the fury of a thousand tempests, are swept away like rushes ; the air is thick with flying stones and earth, and the broken fragments of the forest, and the valley is filled with wreck and ruin. Woe to the unfortunate hunter whose hut stands in the pathway of the avalanche ! He is overwhelmed with a swift and certain destruction.

Soon we reached the Willey House, which stands close by the roadside. Behind it a fissure forty feet deep extends up nearly to the top of the mountain. It is the track of the avalanche which destroyed that unfortunate family. Above and below the old

house the terrible stream of rocks crosses the road. The spot was pointed out to me where the old man's body was found, — his head in another place, and his arm in still another. Seven bodies of the family were found; two were never recovered, having been buried probably twenty feet beneath the ruins. Had they remained in the house, they would have escaped harm; but rushing forth to seek safety in flight, they were overwhelmed by the granite torrent.

After stopping at the Willey House about a quarter of an hour, we set forward again on our journey. The road is quite steep in many places, and the mountains draw together. Just below the Notch the Silver Cascade tumbles down from the very crest of the mountain, all white with foam, and glittering in the sunlight, like a shower of diamonds. I got off the coach, and climbed a hundred feet or more up the course of the cataract. It leaped and sparkled from rock to rock all around me, the fall of the waters producing a continual musical murmur. It is but half a mile from the "Silver Cascade" to the Crawford House, so I decided to let the coach go on without me, and walk up through the Notch at my leisure.

The Notch is a truly wonderful pass. On the right for a distance of many rods a wall of rock rises perpendicularly to the height of a hundred feet, above which the mountain ascends at quite a steep angle. On the left another mountain rises, rough and precipitous, to the height of two thousand feet. At the narrowest part of the passage, there is for a considerable space just room for a brawling brook,

upon which you look down over the balustrade of the road, and for the road itself, which has been formed by building a rough wall up from the side of the stream, and filling the space within with rocks and earth; the road is so narrow, that I do not think two carriages meeting there would be able to pass each other.

(To be continued.)

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL IN FAYAL.

"If you cannot think of a story, just read me some of your journal," said Willie, as we sat at my pleasant chamber-window together, while the sun was setting.

"I will, if you will stop me when it does not amuse you. To me, the driest page in it is interesting from the pleasant recollections that it calls up."

"I like to hear *any* of it," said my young crony. "I can imagine lots of things, while you read."

"Your imagination will make pictures for it, as fast as my memory can. I'll shut the blinds, while you light the gas, and then we'll dip in wherever the ink looks brightest."

April 4, '56. And *such* a day! I feel as if I could crow and scream with delight, like Mrs. W. D.'s merry baby, whom I carried the length of a street in my lap to-day, on the donkey. I rose early enough to enjoy the morning sky, before the sun came up over the shoulder of the mountain, to dazzle my eyes.

And it was warm enough to have my window wide open, while I was braiding my hair. Before that somewhat tedious process was completed, Georgie came to my door. He was to draw a copy of my sketch of the Hotel * for Marianne. (She was going to England, you must know, in the Gibson Craig, under the care of the captain's wife. Her mother was an Englishwoman, and she had relatives in England to receive her, but none whom she had ever seen. She is at a boarding-school there now.) And presently came the sister (that is, Marianne), with her sparkling black eyes and carnation cheeks, and we enjoyed the delicious morning air and the lessons together. 'We do have such nice times in No. 20!' observed the little damsel, and I very heartily responded to the sentiment. Georgie wanted to know if my sisters were in good health, all of them. I answered in some surprise, 'Yes, I hope so, I am sure!' 'Because, if they were not very well, I thought perhaps you would come out next winter, and bring them, — could n't you?' (O, should not I like it Willie? I could almost wish some one to be half sick, to give me the chance!) Such an extraordinary animal as stood for a donkey at the door of the Casa do Pasto (Silva's Hotel), in Georgie's drawing, never trotted or hopped upon this earth. He was a real 'Punch' of a jackass, — all head! I was truly sorry to rub him out, and put in another. In comes Mrs. E. to invite us to go on board the Gibson Craig. Delightful! I went down dressed in pimlico. I found R. below, and F., who

* See note in the Editor's Drawer.

sent me up to don my sea-bonnet and blanket shawl. 'The spray will be all over us, my father says,—the wind blows so!' I went in and made Emmeline wrap,—she would not have thought of it, after sitting the whole morning at the open window! As we proceeded to the quay, Georgie came and got hold of my hand. 'Do you think, Miss A., the boat will upset, and let every one of us into the water?' As if I should be making the best speed I could to the boat with such a charming little anticipation! Though really the water did look inviting! I assured him I quite as confidently hoped to fall down and break my bones on the flagstones, as to pitch into the sea on my way to the ship. We went in two boats, which danced over the water like a couple of sea-birds, and the spray chased without reaching to sprinkle us. O no, not so,—we chased the spray, which blew from us. The view was perfectly enchanting! (O that you could have an idea of it, Willie! Imagine with all your might!) The quaint, ancient city, with its odd-looking Moorish buildings among the others,—the venerable time-stained walls and fort, built I believe by the Philip who invaded England with the Armada (I suppose,—do not you?—he thought Sir Walter Raleigh would be for seizing the island, if it was not well defended). The whole shore walled, from the Esplamarca, to Monte Queimada, except across the mouth of the Morante.

"What's the Morante? It is the bed of a torrent, that after heavy rains comes down from the Caldeira in leaps, and rushes out under an arched stone bridge to the sea. And the Esplamarca? O,

that you may imagine as a noble high ridge, or promontory, stretching out to sea like an arm, or wing, to protect the vessels in the bay. The Monte Queimada, or Burnt Mountain, at the other end of the city, is a very singular hill, shaped something like a huge plumb-pudding or cake, with slices cut off next the sea. It is of a dark color, a rich mixture of shades of black, red, and brown. A white wall and building crowns it, like a sugar ornament. The view from it is beautiful. Ah, true, I am forgetting my journal. I may as well skip the description of the forts, frowning doughtily on the crowd of storm-mauled vessels that had taken shelter under Nature's more majestic fortifications, — Pillar, a ruin on a giant mound, the stone churches now in shade, now out, as cloud-shadows fly over, so that they appear to advance and recede, all massive, and peculiar, and strangely exciting to the fancy. There, now I am come to the boat again."

We passed near the poor Camden (an American vessel); — a very large ship I found she was, but a dismal-looking tub at present, without any masts. And now we found ourselves looking up the lofty ship's side (the Gibson Craig's), as if it were the wall of a house. A great wine-cask, cut into a sort of chair, was suspended over the boat from a crane. One by one we were dizzily hoisted, swung over the bulwarks and deposited, except the sailors, who climbed on board as easily as so many monkeys. The traces of the storm (in which the vessel came near being lost) were seen in patches of unpainted wood here and there, and the captain pointed out

the place where the sea swept him down from the top of the 'house,' or upper cabin, and whirled him about on the unfenced deck, so that only a rope he chanced to seize saved him from going overboard. So, now I was on board a real English ship! Solid oak and enough of it, but plain and unornamented as a fishing-schooner, almost. There was one luxury not common at sea, — space for airy sleeping accommodations. Marianne had come on board with us to see her 'home on the rolling deep.' She looked a little depressed at first. We went to see her berth; no door to divide it from that of Mrs. Ellis at its head, — room enough to stand upright upon her bed, if she chose. The berths looked like broad, unpainted, oak-plank sinks, with a cupboard below, like that usually devoted to pots and kettles; but everything was as neat as a Dutch kitchen. All were exclaiming what a convenient, comfortable place it was, and how they would fain go to England if they only could! Her bed was so near Mrs. Ellis's room that she could call to her, if frightened or sick. There was a doorway, but no door, in the partition, so she had a confidence she had not been able to feel before. I watched her face, and was glad; but I said nothing, for I thought her little heart was brimful. We strayed about the huge vessel, or squatted on deck, to see the view on the Pico, or the Fayal side, or reclined in luxurious cabin-chairs, an hour or two, entertained by the conversation of Captain E., who is a man of considerable cultivation, and a most erudite Mason. (Did anybody ever hear of a masonic order for women before?) The captain's wife

is a heroine of Jericho, and goes with her husband sometimes, if not always, to the Masonic meetings. We were invited to 'tiffin,' cake and ship-biscuits, marmalade and ginger and sweetmeats. The swinging waiters over the table kept just motion enough to catch my eye and make me dizzy. When I complained of being giddy, and talked of going on deck, there was a general laugh, because a decanter stood in front of me, filled with old cherry brandy. It was really hard politely to refuse the wine and cordials that were pressed upon us with a *naïve* unconsciousness of anything awkward or peculiar in it. Mr. H., being a 'Total Abstinence' man, was obliged to seem a silent rebuke. But it was not understood so at all. Kind Mrs. E. (she lisps like a little child) called to him from the head of the board: "My dear thir, it will not get into your head at all; it 'th pure, nothing but pure *liqueur*; thweet, you know, very thweet; jetht tathte, for the flavor, at leatht. A little water in it improveth it, you know, but it 'th not thtrong, not thtrong.' I tasted a few drops; it was mild as milk, and sweet as honey in the honeycomb, with a fine cherry and cherry-stone flavor. But I knew the sly ways of old cordials, though not by experience, and my staggering away from the table, which amused the steward excessively, was the fault of Neptune, not Bacchus. (Bacchus was the god of wine, you remember. All the other ladies just tasted the cordials, too. English people do not understand our notions of temperance, and to have spoken of abstaining from principle, rather than from choice, would have seemed very

odd to our entertainers, — a sort of rebuke for offering it.) I found Marianne playing about with Georgie on deck, in good spirits. I enjoyed the view much more than I did when I first looked at it from the Azor, though without the strong feeling of surprise that a first sight only can give. I thought that R. and F. (who are natives of the island, you know) enjoyed the view as much as we did, and probably they did *more*, having early associations of the past with every part of it. They said that the officers of a vessel from the Mediterranean (who were dining at Fredonia one day) agreed that they had never seen a finer view; and they said that when they came in, even the sailors on board ran together, and gazed with gestures of rapture. ‘There’s nothing like this down the Straits,’ they declared. (Meaning the Straits of Gibraltar, — the whole coast of the Mediterranean.) I was a little disappointed that the precipice of the Esplamarca did not look higher on a nearer view. ‘It is a mile and a half off, now!’ said the captain. Immediately it loomed up. My judgment had been deceived about the distance. A Pico boat looked like a white butterfly perched at its foot. We faced the wind coming back, and the spray sprinkled our faces now and then. The dancing of the boat from billow to billow was a most exhilarating motion, much like the pleasure of swimming, I imagine. Georgie was not scared at all.

7th. Mrs. E. and Marianne have just gone on board. We have waved a last farewell.

“Tell me if you heard of the little girl afterwards.”

"As soon as I returned to America, I received a letter from her, very bright and cheerful, and a postscript from the ladies of the school where she is. I cannot show it to you, as I sent it to her father and aunt, by the Azor, which was just going. It arrived there sooner than the letters she wrote home, and was their earliest news of her safe arrival."

"How I should feel, starting off to England to school where I did not know anybody!"

"The ladies wrote that their little Portuguese pupil was doing extremely well in English studies, was happy, and much beloved by her schoolmates."

A LITTLE BOY'S THOUGHTS.

Soft on the ivied casement lay
The rays of the setting sun;
A calm repose spread o'er the scene,
For the work of day was done.

A young and lovely mother sat
With sweetly pensive smile,
Holding with tender, close embrace
A wondering child the while.

"What makes the sun go down," said he,
"And leave me in the dark?
I can no more the flowerets see,
Nor run in lawn or park."

"And when the little stars come out
To hold their twinkling dance,
It seems to me the sun *might* like
To slyly catch a glance.

"O mother, now I wish you'd tell
Whence came the little flower,
And where were found the colors bright
With which 't is painted o'er !

"O why can't I fly in the air,
Just like a little bird ?
I 'm sure my voice in gladsome song
Would far and near be heard.

"Why can't I swim with tiny fin,
Like little goldfish here ?
I'd dart and chase, and run a race
Through the water sparkling clear."

The mother, fondly gazing, said,
"I do not know my child."
He nestled closer to her side,
But soon looked up and smiled.

"*Our God knows all things*, mother," he
In childish accents said ;
"*We don't know much*, but as his lambs
Each sunny day we're fed."

ARTHUR.

MA'AM WARDEN AND HER LITTLE
NEIGHBORS.

MA'AM WARDEN wore no cap over her gray hair. She had a loose calico gown, drawn in at the waist by the string of her checked apron, and it did not come to the bottom of her black woollen petticoat. She wore coarse knit stockings, very white, and loose cloth shoes that turned up at the toes, and

were laced very high on the instep. Her eyes were black, and twinkled with fun; but her mouth was pressed together in a thoughtful way, perhaps because she commonly had no one to talk to. She lived alone, and had nobody to love but her neighbors. And of course she thought of them a great deal.

"O dear sirs!" sighed she, one night, as she sat in her door-way hulling strawberries. "Pleasant living 'way out o' town; but then it's kind o' lonesome! Neighbors a'n't so nigh. Well, I wonder what's come o' them two boys, used to be so fond o' me! Should n't wonder if I heard from *one* of 'em pretty soon. Shall, I know, if he's doing well. Sha'n't, if he is n't. Thinks to' much o' me for that. And t' other, — he thinks too much of hisself now, I make no doubt, to remember an old woman that used to tell him stories, and *hover* him up when he got a bump or a barked shin among the boys."

Hop, skip, and jump, there came up to the house a tanned girl of ten or twelve, her cape-bonnet hanging on the back of her neck. She wore a pink gingham *slip*, short-waisted, and drawn in the neck by a string. Her little feet now peeped out, now hid beneath it, as she danced along the narrow path; and there were two or three rents in the hem, which came down to the tops of her shoes.

"Father's been looking at your peas. He says he don't expect to have any till the Fourth. He would like to have all you pick, city price, till his come on."

"Good neighbor, he is. He shall have 'em all

shelled, ready for the pot. Come, bend yourself; here's a block to *set* on. Here's a tow towel to put over ye; — strawberries stain! Now, eat."

No, the little lady chose rather to help prepare the fruit for market; and so eager was she that Ma'am Warden should "make out" a large number of quarts, that she would not put one berry into her rosy mouth, unless it was bruised or unripe.

"Mother'd as *lives* I should stay as not. For she said I might help you pick peas, if I had a mind to. I don't like work, unless you tell stories every bit of the time."

"Shall I tell about my husband, and what he fetched me home from over sea?"

"No; I've heard it a hundred times," said Mary.

"My tongue goes as fast as a fiddler's elbow, I know, on that. But did I ever tell you how he fell overboard, — and —"

"And *like* to have drowned? Yes, indeed; a thousand times! I'd rather hear about when you were so poor, and hired a room, and made sailors' shirts and things."

Ma'am sighed.

The little girl looked at her earnestly, and said, "No matter; don't, if you do not like to."

"If I was to tell you all I suffered in that little, *stived-up* room, it would grieve you. Young folks don't know what life is. I don't want to bring the shadow of my dark days over your gladsome sperits. But I was a thinking over to myself, when you come in, how two boys as different as day and night used to like to get up into my attic often, in those times; and I was musing what they're like now."

"I know what you mean by *mus*ing, — making up, and fancying it is true. You *mus*ed a long talk once, you know, between my father and you, and told me such nice things you made him say, I really began to think he said them."

"We'll empty this pan, — now, I'll begin. The first I ever saw of Henery Harbreck, — that is, to take notice, for I might have seen him any day, he was so much in our alley, — I went down with a bundle of red shirts I had done, and opened the outer door. In popped a boy, without his hat, his face covered with blood and tears, and his nice clothes all over dirt. The street boys were heaving stones, and raging behind him, — all but one boy, who was helping him along. 'What's all this?' said I, as he stood behind me, crying, and holding on to my shawl. No answer did I get. The angry little whelps turned and made off, and the other one put on such a stupid look, I thought he was wanting."

"Wanting what?"

"Lacking common sense; underwitted. I did not stop to mind him much, but I remember well how his under lip hung down, and what a forlorn droop there was to his eyelids. 'What's your name?' said I, looking back, as I was helping Henery up stairs. The child mumbled over something, and I began to think he was an idiot. 'It is only Gid Tyler,' blubbered Henery. 'I've kicked him round, always, and many a time knocked him over, just for fun. I sha'n't again.' Pretty soon I had my young chap washed clean, and laid on my bed. I had turned back my nice counterpane, — the same you

have seen, — and I laid a wet handkerchief on his bruised nose, and told him to go to sleep. He said he wished he was as strong as Goliath, he would kill every one of those boys. 'Better do good to them,' says I; 'give them good for evil, as Gid did to you.' He said nothing. I went down stairs again, and there was Gid, jest as I left him, standing motionless, jest like a boy of wood. He was a complete bundle of rags, and his hands and face very dirty; a peaked, slim child, who looked as if he never had enough to eat."

"Poor boy!"

"I thought I'd send him over to the slop-shop with my work. I offered him a biscuit to go. He looked at it, and made no answer. He seemed to be going to sleep, leaning against the door-post. I put the groat biscuit into his slender little fingers. They dropped it. I asked if he was not a hungry. He gave me one look that spoke hunger as plain as speech. At last I found out he was afraid the boys would take the bundle from him. 'Show them this,' said I, giving him a constable's card, which I kept for my own protection. 'Big Charley will be after them, if they dare lay a finger on you.' He suddenly came to life, caught up the bundle, and was back after the cracker before you could say 'Jack Roberson.' He asked me for a sup of water, — a thing not so easy come by as you may think, in such parts of the city as we had to live in. So I took him up to my room. Henery's water-bandage had soothed him off to sleep. Gid took the mug, and handed it back to me without a 'thankee.' He could not

undertake to have any manners. He did not think enough of himself for that. No care was taken of him, to make him think he was of any consequence. So he hardly felt like a boy,—a human being with a body that ought to be cared for, and a soul that put him above a dog or a mouse. I soon saw, when I had gone to my work, and he thought I had not my eye upon him, that he was far enough from a fool. His mouth shut, and his eyes opened wide, and took quick glances about my room, which was crammed full of things, you know, for all I had in the world was squeezed in there. Dear sirs! I had room enough at last, Mary, for I had to sell thing after thing, even the cur'osities my husband fetched home, to get along! I did not get one word out of the child, nyther by asking questions, nor by showing him anything. He did not even try to answer, any more than a bashful child of three years old. Why, you careless chicken! You threw in the hulls, and hove away the berries!"

Mary laughed.

"Just what you did by accident, I guess Harry Harbreck is doing by habit now; he is a gathering the chaff and heaving away the kernel; spending money in folly, and throwing away his time and his advantages."

"I wonder if I shall ever see him," said Mary. "Has not he got anybody to take care of him? I wonder his sisters don't tell him, or his mother."

"His mother,—well, she was a beauty, and a fashionable woman, and nothing else. His father was a man of business, and not much at home."

"Did not Harry go to school?"

"O, there was money enough paid for his schooling, and he went pretty regular, I guess. His father was not a man to pay money for nothing. But these boys that go year in and year out, why, they're like a horse in a mill. They have n't a grain of sperit about learning; they get along as cheap as they can; they don't dig like country boys that have but three months to study in the year."

"Four quarts, heaping! Tell on."

"As for Harry, he came in pretty often, and used to like a bit of my short-cake, or a handful of dried apples, as well as Gid. One day, he came in, very sober and down in the mouth. 'What ails ye?' says I. 'Have you got catched in any mischief?' His father had found out how he had been going on, he said, and thought it was time to take him away from his companions. These were street boys that flattered him on account of his having plenty of money, but would not always stand his sauce, as you know. They had led him into all their own bad tricks. I had given him good advice as well as I could, when I got a chance, and sometimes talked to him about religion. I don't know, — perhaps he may remember what I said, when a more thoughtful time comes. But it seemed then as if my words fell to the ground."

"With Gid too?"

"I never could tell whether Gid understood a word or not. He never said anything, then. Well; Harry went, and he left behind a book he had in his hand. He was going to school at the time. 'Now,'

thinks I, 'I'll have a treat; he won't come back till noon for 't, — I'll read.' ”

“ Well! Tell on.”

“ Soon as I have measured these. It's a pity 't won't take so long to eat 'em as to pick and hull 'em, — dear sirs! I put on my specs, and I drew my low chair — that one with the straw bottom — to the window, settled myself down, and opened my book. Could not read one word! Some outlandish lingo or other, — Latin, or else French! I laughed out, again and again, alone by myself, at my own disappointment, and he laughed too, when I gave him his book, and told him how it had sarved me. And then I bethought me of a pocket Bible, one that belonged to — him — ”

“ To your husband,” said Mary, as she saw tears spring into the merry black eyes, and observed that the widow's voice trembled.

“ Yes, I gave it to him, and charged him to carry it with him where he was going, and read it. He thanked me. I don't know how sincere it was, for he was a mannerly lad. Then he kissed me, and said I had been a good friend, always; and he should never forget me. How foolish I am to cry, jest thinking of it!”

“ No, I'm sure!”

(To be continued.)

UNEIKA, A TALE OF GEORGIA.

(Continued.)

It was, as I before mentioned, at the door of Mrs. Winn, or Utsilungi, that this spring escaped from the rock into sunlight. It sang its merry song all along the trail which Uneika had just travelled, until it met with obstructions at the edge of the wood,—sharp rocks, deeply imbedded in mid-stream. The water became here a deep, turbulent pool, fretting and chafing like an imprisoned child. Seeming to gain its freedom at last by mere force of will, it leaped into a dark rock chasm; thence it shot out again into bright sunlight, and ran talking along the foot of the green village-slope, telling its wrongs to every Indian child that played along its margin.

As Uneika passed along the main street of the gay Indian village, still bearing upon her shoulder her pretty burden, the sweet "Good morrow!" of the Cherokee children greeted her on every side. "Awsi sunahlae! Awsi sunahlae! Welcome, Uneika! We wait for you."

It was play-day at the settlement,—a day set apart by the chief Ekowa for the Indian children,—and they were allowed to pursue their games, races, and feats of strength, "without let or hindrance." Groups of Indian boys were already found gathered close upon the village height, surveying with knowing eye their fleet Indian ponies; which even now, gayly blanketed and bridled, pawed the green turf, "straining upon the start."

Those who were not yet of an age to ride, stood at a small distance, pointing and feathering old arrows, or trying with skilful hand newly made bows. A few, younger still than these young marksmen, were practising the Indian "Game of Stones," flinging with free arm, and hitting at each aim, with almost unerring accuracy, the pointed iron stake.

Bands of young girls were also seen at many points in the wide landscape, which lay stretched in sunny beauty around the Indian cabins. The sports were still at a stand. All had awaited the arrival of the chief's fair daughter, Uneika Ungeddo, White Sister. She had come, and they gathered fast, arrayed in bright holiday garbs, sprinkling the green slope with patches of red, blue, and yellow. A few only were missing from the bright, happy-looking scene; these were the sick, or perhaps the indolent of the tribe, who hid themselves from view, squatting like rabbits in the tufts of sedgy grass along the brook-side. Of these, some were freighting and launching tiny barks, and sat to watch the rich ventures of *cone-hane*, or ground corn, going through the rapids of the Spring Branch. There was many a guttural "Ugh! ugh!" as their crazy barks foundered in their passage down the rocky stream.

But few were the indolent found among the red children of Cedar Valley. Life was strong and earnest within them. They were of a healthy race, governed by a wise chief. Good order and wise regulations were established among them.

The laws of Ekowa were enacted in justice, and his Indian heart had learned to harbor *mercy*. For

the light of Christianity had found its way among these red children of the forest. Like the beautiful and fertilizing stream which watered their valley, it had overcome many obstacles, found its way through the rough places, and now it poured a silvery line of light along the once heathen village.

Uneika, returning with kind words the many greetings which met her on all sides, had measured her way without a pause to the very centre of the semicircle of Indian cabins. She stopped at a double lodge, built of the giant trunks of the red pine. It was a spacious and picturesque dwelling. Its low-browed roof sheltered it from the summer's heat and from the winter's wind. It was the home of Uneika's father, the wise chief Ekowa, and the chief himself now smoked his long pipe under the vine-covered porch. The Indian girl advanced towards her father, handed him the rose-branch which Utsilungi had given to her, and stood to await further orders. The chief, taking the branch hastily, looked with an inquiring eye into the face of his daughter. By symbols alone were messages of deep import sent among the Cherokee tribe. The white woman had lived long enough among them to learn and to adopt their customs. A symbolic message was one to require immediate attention.

"Know you aught of this matter?" asked the chief.

"Uneika cannot know what has not been revealed to her," answered his daughter.

"Let Uneika then join the village sports; her task is finished."

The Indian girl, at this prompt dismissal, turned away, swung her pretty burden from her shoulder, and placed him upon his feet.

"Now Robin shall have rare sport," she said; "he shall have a foot-race with Inake Woye, the Wood-Pigeon. Come hither, Woye; you are elder by one moon than Robin. Can the red boy run? Is he fleetier than the boy of the pale-face? Uneika shall see. Hold! Start! Away!"

"Where goes the chief?" asked Nickajack, a crooked Indian boy, of Uneika. "He carries a rose-branch in his belt; he leaves the street to enter the wood. Does he take the trail to the cottage of Utsilungi?"

"How knows Uneika what has not been revealed to her?" answered the girl.

Leaving the stirring village for a brief space, let us follow the chief Ekowa to the Roof-Tree cabin. By a symbol, he had learned from Utsilungi that she stood in danger, and was in need of immediate help from the wise chief of the settlement. As his foot struck the threshold stone of the humble forest cabin, Mrs. Winn arose from her seat before her ponderous loom. Flinging her shuttle upon the bright-dyed warp, a stout cotton fabric, she met the chief outside of her low doorway.

"You have come quickly," exclaimed the white woman. "Ekowa, I thank you for this promptitude."

"When the white rose is sent to the dwelling of the Indian, it is best that the Indian make speed; for by the symbol Ekowa has learned that the white flower is drooping."

"O chief, I have sad news!" returned the woman. "The outlaws are lurking near us. At the dawn of day, Mingo saw the footprints of their ponies in the soft ground about the spring, and also forked stakes and the ashes of late fires. Only last night they were encamped near us. Ekowa, I do fear this robber band; they have been known to add to their other crimes the theft of young children. I fear for my poor boy, now that I am alone."

"The wife of the pale-face is indeed alone," answered the chief.

"The Indian has befriended Utsilungi for four years. Her husband returns not. Will Ekowa shadow the white flower of the wilderness? Will he protect the young blossom from this band of outlaws?"

"The roses have bloomed thrice, and dropped their leaves in our trails, yet the pale-face comes not home to his squaw," answered the chief. "See yon vine,—it clings around the dark cedar-tree. So let the white flower cling around the red man. But, Utsilungi, there are sad news abroad. Gold has been found in our borders; the greedy hand of the pale-face would clutch it; he would occupy our lands; he would send us to wild hunting-grounds. What are hunting-grounds to the Cherokee? Look at his home-patches, his home-hearths. It was the pale-face who taught him to kindle the fire of domestic peace upon the hearth-stone; now, he would extinguish that fire,—he would scatter its ashes to the winds! When this sturdy tree shall lie uprooted, who shall protect the squaw of the pale-face? Utsi-

lungi fears the robber band. What if Ekowa tells her that her mate is its leader?"

The words of the chief fell like a thunder-stroke upon the heart of the deserted wife. She exclaimed, with earnestness, "O Ekowa, do not speak this in your settlement: he is my husband, — he is the father of my child!"

"Yet Ekowa speaks what is true, to comfort the stricken heart of the squaw of the pale-face. Even the robber would not harm what has been his own."

"Yet never again, Ekowa, speak what you have here declared. I will not believe it."

Moved by the impressive manner of the woman, the chief now turned to go. "Awsi sunahlae! Ekowa must mount and ride this night, — yes, for one moon. The Cherokee must not allow the Utsawnati in his trails."

"Ekowa," exclaimed the white woman, "if it is as you say, spare the pale-face: he is young, very young! Let him go free: he is not prepared to meet death!"

"Fear not," answered the kind chief; "the Cherokee is not merciless in his wrath, and why? Because Utsilungi has read to him, Utsilungi has taught him that to the Lord belongeth vengeance. No, — the robber has broken our stacks, and stolen our cattle, and even brought desolation to the hearth; but the prayer of the gentle squaw shall save the outlaw: he shall go free. Yet, Utsilungi, cling not to the pale-face; he is a bramble out of which fire shall come to consume thy heart. When the red men shall have passed away from this happy

land, they will remember the white flower, Utsilungi: she has toiled to prune the wild growth of our saplings. Could she but watch the fruit ripen in the fatherland! Could but Utsilungi see the harvest of the good seed which she has scattered! It may not be. Awsi sunahlae! Put the rifle in Mingo's hand to-night. Bid Chloe light the pine-torch. There will be hot work in our trails. Let Utsilungi sleep in peace beneath the roof-tree."

The Indian chief took his departure. Utsilungi followed his steps down to the Spring Branch. "Bid Uneika return before nightfall with little Robin, chief. They linger at the village to join in the sports. We shall have a storm, and the night will be dark. I see a speck-like cloud in the far west. And, Ekowa," added the woman, "let not the warfare with the robber be a bloody one. It is God who shall wound the hairy scalp of such a one as goeth on still in his trespasses. Have mercy, chief!"

With a quick step, the Indian retraced his way to the settlement. The news which Utsilungi had given to him seriously alarmed him. For many days he had suspected one of the Indian boys to be in league with some of the robber band. The startling intelligence that they were indeed close in the vicinity, served to confirm his worst suspicions. It was Nickajack, the crooked Indian boy, already made known to our young readers, who was suspected by Ekowa. The ways of this child had ever been as crooked as his form. Of late, he had absented himself much from the village, without being

able to give a satisfactory account of himself. The chief's eye was already upon him; he had marked the boy out for punishment. But as he had boldly presented himself this morning on the village slope as competitor in the race, he feared he had been too hasty in his judgment against him. "Might not Nickajack have been training his pony in the trails, or practising feats of strength? The boy was ever ambitious to excel in all manly sports."

With strong hope that this was all, the chief had concluded to let the *sports* of this day, at least, go on without interruption.

Now, however, his determination was changed. Immediately upon his arrival at the village, his keen eye sought out Uneika in a group of young girls. "Where is Robin, the opening flower of Utsilungi, my daughter?" asked the chief Ekowa, as she advanced. "And where is Nickajack? I see him not."

Uneika, who had also advanced to meet her father, replied that Nickajack and Yonung were trying the speed of their ponies on the north trail.

"And Utsilungi's child," asked the chief, — "why is Uneika parted from her charge?"

"Nickajack holds him on his pony to make weight," answered the girl.

"Does Utsilungi trust her child with Nickajack?" asked Ekowa. "He is a very thorn in our settlement."

"Utsilungi says that even the thorn may blossom, and bear fruit. She does not turn her face away from Nickajack. She says, if we still trust him, he will grow honest," answered Uneika.

The chief shook his head. "Ooyohee!" * he muttered. "He comes of a bad stock; his father's hand was stained with blood."

"Yet Utsilungi says we must not visit the sins of the father upon the child," said his daughter.

"How long has Nickajack been gone with the child Robin?" eagerly inquired the chief.

"Soon after Ekowa left the village height, they departed," answered Uneika.

"Did the Indian boy ask to carry the child, or did Uneika offer him to make weight?"

"Nickajack did ask, and Uneika put the child safe within his arm. The Indian boy promised soon to fetch him back to me. And Robin dearly loves a swift ride."

"Trust not Nickajack," answered Ekowa, as he made his way in haste towards the trail which led towards the north, and disappeared under the thick cedar-boughs. An hour or more elapsed before the old chief reappeared in the opening of the forest, and then he was observed to be in close conversation with a tall Indian boy. It was Yonung, the Bear. He had been beaten in his race with Nickajack. He now walked the trail by the head of his black pony, which appeared exhausted.

"It was a hot race," said Yonung, as he drew nearer; "we rode five miles, and for the last mile I lost sight of Nickajack."

"He outrode you!" replied the chief. "Yet the horse of Yonung is known to be fleetier than that of Nickajack."

* Bad.

"He had not his own horse, but one that he had borrowed."

"Of what color?" asked the chief.

"Milk-white," returned the boy.

"Had he one black ear!"

"Ungung,* and one black foot, and a black tail."

The chief frowned; it was as he feared. He well knew the pony. It was swift as the wind. It was Akaluga, the whirlwind,—the horse of the war-chief, Van, of the adjacent valley. It had been stolen away by the desperate leader of the robber gang, just four years before. Nickajack was plainly in league with the robber band. Certainly he had carried off the white child. The Indian chief lengthened his stride, and soon outstripped the weary Indian boy. He made quick progress towards the plantations of the valley, where the men of his tribe were then closely occupied in the cultivation of the last cotton and maize crops. He passed in and out among them. A tall athletic band of men they were,—red men all, but here peaceful cultivators of a warm, generous soil. He whispered but two words in their ears,—“The Utsawnati!” The hoes fell from their dark hands. The plough stood still in the furrow. They lingered but to loosen the horses and mules, and to drive them home from the fields. There was hard work before them. They must be fed and rested, and then blanketed and bridled, and made ready for a long journey in the trails. In stern silence the Indian men entered their several

* Yes.

cabins, ate of the *conehane* in haste, and packed the pemican and maize poanes necessary for their journey. In brief space of time all had come forth from their low-lintelled doors, equipped and ready to ride. A few hoped for a peaceful interview with the outlaw gang; many wished that it might prove a bloody encounter. Their belts held dirks, knives, and tomahawks; on their shoulders were slung their bows, with quivers full of poisoned arrows. The chief carried a rifle.

As Ekowa prepared to mount his tall brown horse, he called to the children of his tribe to break off their sports. Treachery had been discovered within their settlement. All must now disperse, and go into their several cabins. "Uneika," said the chief, in a low tone, as he broke a branch off a rose-tree which grew near his dwelling, and selected from the midst of its dark leaves one white bud, "take this flower, wrap it close in the dried skin of the Utsawnati, carry it to the brave chief Van; tell him to meet the chief Ekowa at the mouth of the river Etowa, just at the point where the swift river cuts the foot of Alatoona Hill. Go, speedily and secretly. Let not the white woman know that Robin is missing, until thy return; then speak it into her ear in soft tones; tell her that the chief's daughter did wrong; say that Ekowa shall bear on his arm the little Robin, and lay him warm on her breast." The chief turned away, and with a wave of his hand signified to his daughter that his message was ended. He slowly mounted his horse. Uneika lingered. "Why hesitates Uneika? It is the errand of her chief."

"Awsî sunahlae! my father, is there no word of forgiveness to thy daughter?" exclaimed the Indian girl.

"No word of forgiveness," answered the chief, "until the message has been carried to Van the brave. A chief's daughter has erred; let her purchase forgiveness by a prompt deed."

It was at a signal from their chief that the brave band of Indians mounted their ponies, and gathered themselves in a circle around him to listen to the war-message before they should take the trail in pursuit of the bold outlaws. "Listen, my braves!" said the old chief in a loud and firm voice. "The Cherokees, who have seen so many moons set in peace, are now arrayed for war. There is a time for everything, — a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; a time of peace, and a time of war. Now is the time to speak, — now is the time for war! Utsilungi, the flower of our wilderness, has been twice smitten. Was it not enough to leave the flower to fade and die? Must the daring outlaw cut it root and branch? Must the heart of the white rose bleed, and the Cherokee hold his peace? Utsilungi dwells with our tribe, — Utsilungi rests under our shadow. What has Utsilungi done for the Cherokee? Who laid bare the secrets of the Equa Nayehi, the Great Spirit? Who laid her small hand upon the heart of the red man, and held it in her grasp? Who spoke to him of the breaking of the law of God? Utsilungi! The Utsawnati have entrapped the child of Utsilungi. The Utsawnati dog the steps of the red men, the bloodhounds!

Is not this, then, the time for war? Let it be a war of mercy. Ekowa speaks it. Strike, but do not slay. Utsilungi has cried out for mercy on the chief robber."

Here Ekowa brought his speech to an abrupt conclusion, and held his hand in the air, as a signal to his braves to file off. They took their places in order and silence behind their commander. The Indian file now moved slowly through the main street of the village, and entered the north trail. Here they gradually increased their speed, from a walk to a slow trot, from a slow trot to a swift Indian gallop. It was not long before the sound of ringing hoofs upon the stony trail was lost in the distance.

The pretty Indian village, which had been but a few hours before all astir with sport and gayety, is on a sudden still as the grave. A black pall seems to be thrown over it. The sun has withdrawn behind a thick curtain. The "speck no bigger than a man's hand," discerned by the quick eye of Mrs. Winn even in the brightness of the early morning, has now overspread the heavens. One dark leaden cloud seems almost to rest upon the cedar-crowned hill; quick, vivid lightning is seen at intervals dividing the piled masses; now a rift of red light is closely followed by a peal of crackling thunder. Soon the cloud opens; big rain-drops fall, increasing fast to sheets of black, dazzling rain, which sweep the green slope, swelling in a few seconds the Spring Branch to a brawling stream.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILD OF JAMES MELVILLE.

THE following touching lines were written by the author of the "Lays of Kirk and Covenant," in commemoration of the death of James Melville's child, as narrated in his autobiography nearly three hundred years ago:—

One time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
Contending still with men untaught and wild,
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer gift my precious flower was given,
A very sunny fragrance was its life;
Its clear eye soothed me like the blue of heaven,
When home I turned, a weary man of strife!

With unformed laughter, musically sweet,
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss,
With outstretched arms its care-wrought father greet!
O, in the desert what a spring was this!

Alas! my pretty bud scarce formed was dying,
(The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night,)
And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
Took gently home the child of my delight.

Not rudely culled, not suddenly it perished,
But gradual faded from our love away;
As if still secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day!

My blessed Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly he sued me for his own,
So beautiful he made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done!

And daily to our board, at noon and even,
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,
Gazing the while on Death without its sting!

And of the ransom for that baby paid,
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made, —
Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeemed!

There were two milk-white doves my wife had nourished,
And I too loved, erewhile, at times to stand,
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand.

So tame they grew, that, to his cradle flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest,
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying
Crept gently in and nestled in his breast.

'T was a fair sight, the snow-pale infant sleeping
So fondly guarded by those creatures mild,
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping :
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child.

Still as he sickened, seemed the doves, too, dwining,
Forsook their food and loathed their pretty play,
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be prayed away.

His mother found it, when she rose sad-hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill,
And when at last the little spirit parted,
The dove died too, — as if of its heart chill.

The other flew to meet me sad home riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo, —
To my dead child and its dead mate then guiding,
Most pitifully plained, and parted too.

'T was my first "handsel" and "propine" to Heaven,
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,
Precious His comforts, — once an infant given
And offered with two turtle-doves to God!

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

NOTE TO PAGE 113. — Silva's Hotel, in the city of Horta, Fayal, is conveniently situated near the quay, and commands a view of the bay, and the island of Pico beyond it, with its magnificent mountain, 7,613 feet high. The house is neatly kept, and the table combines English cookery with the resources peculiar to the island. Invalids receive every needful attention in sickness. The writer has cause to remember this gratefully, as well as the fresh flowers and other ministrations of kindness from warm-hearted and hospitable friends resident in the island, which make a short illness one of the pleasantest chapters in her "Journal." She writes this, hoping it may chance to meet the eye of some persons wishing for a pleasant change of scene and climate; but she thinks it best to add, that a drier air and better appliances for artificial warmth might perhaps sometimes be wished for by a *consumptive* invalid.

A. W. A.

ECONOMY AND GENEROSITY. — Z. is ashamed to be economical. He is mortally afraid of being thought mean. He thinks a coarse or old-fashioned garment disgraces him. If he sees anybody better dressed or equipped than himself, he wishes he had an income that would stretch to the same point of extravagance. He is always feeling poor, especially when called upon to give. He cannot afford that luxury, he thinks, unless a subscription-paper demands his *name*; and then he privately grudges his gift, feeling that his many needs make him a poorer man than the object of his charity.

Q. dares to live for comfort, and to say now and then, "I cannot afford it," to a matter of mere show. He likes a rough coat; he independently wears out any comfortable article of clothing, even if his tailor ridicules it as out of

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fashion. He spends his money for *wants*, and, provided it is *well* spent, he cares not whether they are his own wants, or those of other people. He looks closely at a bargain, however, and will not allow any one to take him in. He is not afraid to say "No," when asked and expected to give, if he sees he can do something really better with his funds.

Z. is generally considered generous, and Q. close; but it is only the economical man who never feels stingy. o.

USE OF MONEY. — John Wesley lays down these three rules: "Make all you can; save all you can; give all you can." To make without saving is useless and absurd, and to save without giving is miserly; to make and then save is wise, and to save and then give is Christian.

No Pains, No Gains.

"PILGRIM, aged pilgrim, stay,
Nor wend thee on thy weary way;
The twilight fades, and night is nigh,
Her shades are stealing o'er the sky."

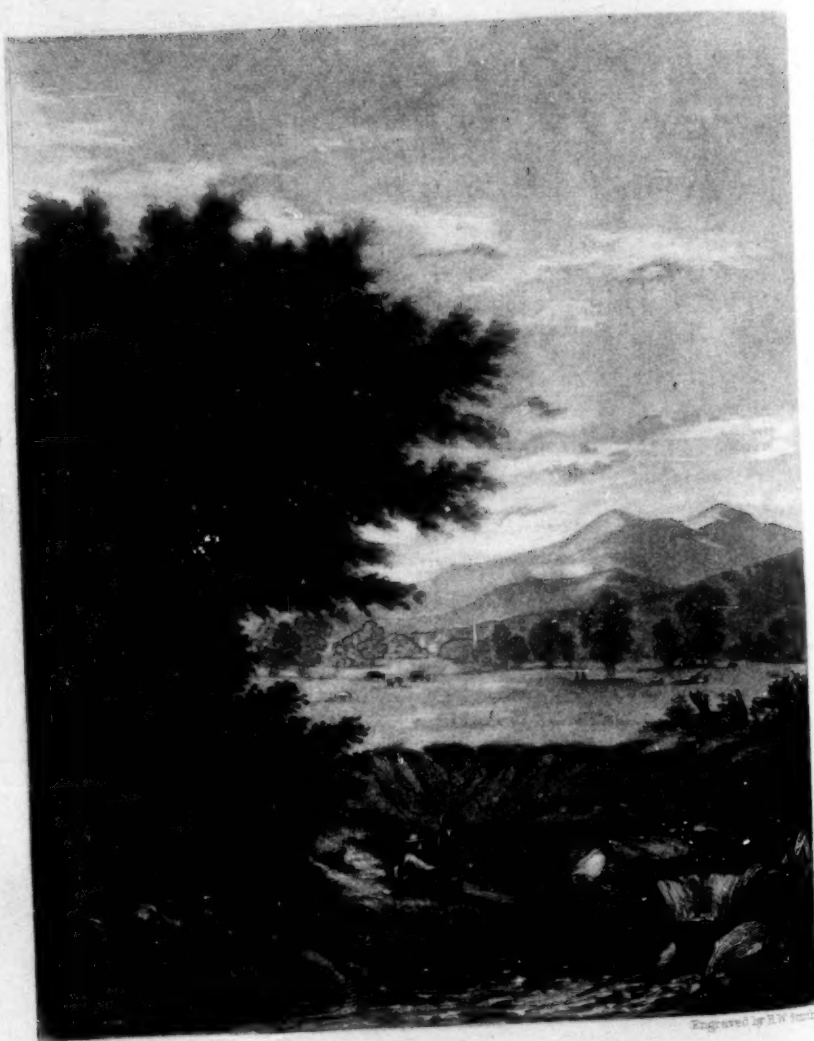
"O, stay me not, but urge me on;
My feeble life is almost done.
I haste my steps while breath is mine,
To bow me at St. Agnes' shrine."

"Aged, tottering pilgrim, stay,
Nor try again the darksome way;
Here mayst thou breathe thy fervent prayer:
The good man's God is everywhere."

"He sees the suppliant, marks his cry,
And listens to the softest sigh;
The humble soul his care shall be
Where'er he bends the suppliant knee."

A. E. G.





Painted by W. Morrison

Engraved by R.W. Smith

GOING A FISHING.

Adm. 5

BOAT SONG. —

O'er a bark let us launch
On the lakelet's swelling bosom ;
With merry song we'll float along :

O, sail, sail away !

Sail, sail where lies the sleeping wave,
Sail where the bright-eyed naiads lave ;
Where forest-nymphs have found a grave,

O, sail, sail away !

The sun's golden beams
Are dancing o'er the breeze ;
With yellow light the water gleams

O, sail, sail away !

Sail, sail where shadows haunt the deep ;
The rushing winds are hushed in sleep ;
A radiant mantle threads the deep :

O, sail, sail away !

As onward we glide,
We'll join in merry chorus,
With sport and song the hours prolong :

O, sail, sail away !

The listening zephyrs catch the song,
And answer from the shores beyond
As memories o'er the life-wave throng

O, sail, sail away !

On Time's rolling tide
O'er our lives thus joyous,
'Mid friendships warm, and life's merry charm,

We sail, sail away !

So o'er the dancing waves of Hope,
We'll buoy our home-bound life-boat up,
Nor let the flag of Courage droop :

O, sail, sail away !

M. S.



VIEW OF A MOUNTAIN

BOAT SONG.

Our bark let us launch
 On the lakelet's swelling bosom ;
 With merry song we 'll float along :
 O, sail, sail away !
 Sail, sail where lies the sleeping wave,
 Sail where the bright-eyed naiads lave ;
 Where forest-nymphs have found a grave,
 O, sail, sail away !

The sun's golden beams
 Are dancing o'er the billows ;
 With yellow light the lake is bright :
 O, sail, sail away !
 Sail, sail where zephyrs softly creep.
 The rushing winds are hushed in sleep ;
 A radiant mantle shrouds the deep :
 O, sail, sail away !

As onward we glide,
 We 'll join in merry chorus,
 With sport and song the hours prolong :
 O, sail, sail away !
 The listening zephyrs catch the note,
 And answer from the shore remote,
 As memories o'er the life-wave float :
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 O, sail, sail away !

M. S.

GOING TO BED.

HERE comes a tired little boy. He can hardly put one foot before the other, he has played so hard this long summer-day. His eyelids are heavy, and his head feels heavy too, and he feels heavy all over. He is not really any heavier, he knows, than when he went hopping and bounding and running about the house in the morning. He is only sleepy and weary.

Now what shall be done for this poor little boy, who has not power to play and enjoy himself any longer? Shall we take hold of his arms and legs, and help him to throw his ball, and run after it? That is not what he wants. Shall we show him pictures? Why, he cannot hold his eyes open! Shall we read to him? He cannot attend. He is too sleepy even to hear a funny story.

Come, we will carry him up to bed. Let us help him to take off his clothes. Where is his loose, cool night-suit? Help him, or he will get his foot into the sleeve, instead of the leg, or draw the leg upon his arm; for he is dizzy with coming sleep. Now we will lay him upon his little mattress; we will kiss him, shut his door softly, and leave him in peace. This is all his tender mother can do for him; and all his father who loves him so dearly can do is not to let anybody go and disturb him. They leave him there all alone.

But he has one Friend tenderer than his mother, a Father more able to keep him safe than his *earthly* father. What will He do for his tired child? He

has drawn the "soft darkness" round him like a curtain. He gives him sweet sleep to make him strong again for play or for work. Sleep! Think what a strange thing it is! How gently it descends upon the weary one who lies waiting for it! How still he lies, — as one dead, except that he breathes, and his heart goes on beating! Does he think now of the kind, kind Friend who keeps him in comfort when he can take no care for himself? Does he even think of the mother who laid him there, of the father who provides for his daily wants? O no; he is dreaming. Does he remember Him who keeps his heart beating the livelong night, sending the life-blood through all his veins? No; he is soundly sleeping. Does he know how he keeps on breathing without trying to do it? He does not know whether he breathes or not, nor whether his pulse keeps on throbbing, or stops. Even when he is awake, he does not listen to hear the gentle "pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat," going on like the ticking of the clock, but needing no winding up, all the hours, days, and years of his life. He never minds it, unless he has been running, making it thump hard and fast against his side. Then he says, "O how my heart beats!" and perhaps does not think who keeps it strong enough not to burst when it beats so heavily with the hurried tide of his blood.

There; let us go and look at the little boy! He does not hear us come near and talk as we lean over his pillow. He cannot open his eyes now; he cannot move foot or hand; he cannot call to father or mother, nor pray to his best Friend. Without fear

he fell into this deathlike state. Why? Because he trusts in the good God who made him alive to keep him.

And he will take care of him. He will keep his child safe, for He loves him. No harm can come to the sleeper, for his Father will never forget nor forsake him. Even if he should die before he wakes, it is all well; for the Father is with him still, and angels will bear him to his heavenly home.

Does this little boy love his parents? O yes, yes! Dearly! They are so kind! Does he reverence them? O yes! They are so wise, so good! Then he must surely love his Father and their Father, who is more kind and wise and good than he can think or understand, and who has sent his Son into the world to teach us how to be good and happy. And because he loves his Father in heaven, he will try to please him, and obey his commands.

Does this dear little fellow tell his mother all that he feels and thinks? and does she seem very, very near to him, because she knows all her little boy does, and hears him talk all day long, without being tired? Then God is very, very near to him,—nearer than a mother, for He knows every thought before it is spoken. When the child wishes to be good and to please God, He knows it. God knows, if no one else does, when his little heart aches because he has been doing or feeling wrong; and when it is swelling with joy, it is God who gives it to him, and will give him greater joy hereafter, if he strives to do well on the earth.

God is always near, both at home, and when the

busy world is about us, when we wake and when we sleep. Though, on going to bed, the little boy is sleepy and tired, he will not forget to say a short prayer. "I thank my Father in Heaven for this happy day. Forgive what I have done amiss, and help me to do right, O God! And wilt Thou take care of me this night."

THE CRYSTAL HILLS.

No. III.

Soon after passing through the Notch, I arrived at the Crawford House, which is situated in a comparatively extensive plain surrounded by lofty mountains. The weather was cold and cloudy. The promise of rain with which we left Conway in the morning had been but partially fulfilled. A few showers had descended, which had not much incommoded us, while they made the travelling more pleasant by wetting the dusty road and imparting a freshness to the green fields and woods. Travelling in the mountain region, though extremely interesting, is also extremely fatiguing; and after an entire day spent upon the road, one usually feels in a condition to sleep pretty soundly. My head had no sooner touched the pillow that night, than away I went to the land of dreams, and did not once return till the early rising sun, peeping in at my window, warned me of a new day.

Finding when I came down stairs that there was still an hour and a half before breakfast, I resolved to pay another visit to the Silver Cascade. I met a gentleman below the Notch who was returning to the house, but he turned and accompanied me down the road. Presently we reached a little knoll which swelled up a short distance back from the road. Standing upon this, we obtained a fine view of the whole valley; all around, the mountains rose like insurmountable barriers. It seemed as if there was no way to get through them in any direction. The only way of escape appeared to be over their cloud-capt summits. My companion told me that a party was to ascend Mount Washington after breakfast, and I resolved to join it.

Soon after eight o'clock the horses for the Mount Washington party were brought to the piazza. There were thirty-three beside the guides, — twenty-three gentlemen and ten ladies. The route is first to the summit of Mount Clinton, thence over Mounts Pleasant, Franklin, and Monroe, to the craggy side of Mount Washington. The distance, according to the guide-board, is as follows: — to Clinton, two and a half miles, — Pleasant, three and a half, — Franklin, four and a half, — Monroe, five and a half, — Washington, seven. We started from the house at half past eight. Just across the road, opposite the eastern end of the hotel, a narrow path enters the woods. In single file our party trotted in, and, after proceeding a few hundred feet, commenced the ascent of Clinton. This mountain is covered with trees to the top. The way is winding, and very steep and

rough. Up, up, up, we toiled and climbed, as though we were mounting a dilapidated stairway, for nearly an hour, sometimes in boggy places where the horses would sink up to their knees, sometimes for a long distance over rough logs laid close together across the path, and anon over piles of rocks as rough as if a dozen or twenty stone-walls had been promiscuously heaped together. Over all these difficulties the hardy little ponies scrambled steadily upward with perfect safety to their riders, and at length we all emerged from the woods and stood together upon the top of Clinton. Then we descended on the opposite side, to Mount Pleasant. For the remainder of the way there is nothing to shut out the view, the only growth being stunted evergreen trees, then low bushes, then grass, until the traveller arrives at the bare rocks. Over this surface the track winds with frequent turns. Sometimes the head of the party seems returning to those behind; sometimes those in the rear see the "advanced guard" climbing slowly up the crags five hundred or a thousand feet above their heads, then again picking their way cautiously downward as far below, or walking briskly over a short space of level and comparatively smooth ground, such as here and there occur like little oases in a vast desert.

After crossing Mount Pleasant, we wound round the rough side of Franklin. The track is perhaps five hundred feet below the top of the mountain, which rises abruptly upon the left hand, while upon the right it descends almost perpendicularly to the valley below, where trees looked no bigger than

spears of grass. From this narrow track we issued upon a level place, where we halted to survey the scene, and to gather our forces for a fresh start. Here the guides told us we were half-way to Mount Washington, whose head was concealed from us by a dense cloud, while all the country beneath, for miles and miles around, stood revealed in bright sunshine. In ten minutes we were all reassembled, and once more fell into line for the descent of Franklin, and the conquest of Mount Monroe. It was a hard climb, but of course we succeeded, and having surmounted the four giant peaks which at the beginning intervened between us and our great object, we stood at length at the point where, from the side of Mount Monroe, the bold and rocky pyramid of WASHINGTON rose fifteen hundred feet above us.

The end of the route is called "Jacob's Ladder." This ladder is a regularly built zigzag, and in its windings is probably half a mile long. No living thing grows here, for there is no soil; it is only a vast pile of rocks, — around and above, only rocks. The guides here directed us to give up the reins entirely, and let the horses pick out the way themselves. You may have seen in some old school geography a picture of a mule-train crossing the Andes; such seemed to me to be the appearance of our train, as we slowly and carefully climbed from rock to rock, up the rugged stairway which they call "Jacob's Ladder."

MA'AM WARDEN AND HER LITTLE
NEIGHBORS.

No. II.

AT breakfast-time there was a hue and cry in Mary's home. She was not in bed, and her place at table was empty. She had swallowed some milk, and with a great piece of bread in her hand had run away to her intimate friend, to help her to gather the morning crop of peas.

"They're all picked, honey," said Ma'am Warden, as the little girl came to her on tiptoe, and with her dress pinned up to avoid the dewy grass. "All I want picked at present, — that is."

"O dear! Now I am vexed," said the child. "Are there not a few more I can find?"

"It's too wet. You'll get your death! Come in, and we'll shell what we've got. The sun will drink up the dew, meantime."

"It seems as if the plants were all crying and weeping," said Mary.

"God sends the dew and rain to make the plants flourish, just as he sends sorrow and tears to his children, between whiles, that they may grow in grace. All sunshine and no tears would not do for nyther of us. See, — what long pods here is! And full! A'n't they beauties?"

"Too bad you would not wait for me!"

"I had my basket e'en a' most full afore your peepers were open. There! there! don't pout, and I will tell you what I *mused* —"

"O, what? About Gid?"

"Yes. I says to myself, 'Come, old woman, you are comfortably off now, thanks to the best of neighbors and your garden.' — 'Yes, that I am,' says myself, pulling away at the vines. I had nobody else to talk to, you see, *but* myself."

Mary nodded.

"Says I, again, 'There's that poor boy, with nobody to mother him, growing up like a potato-sprout down *sullar*, striving to be something and can't.'"

"And so —"

"And can't for want of a chance, I say."

"And so — you mean to —"

"I mean to take the stage, and go this very afternoon, and see about him. I can give him his board for his gardening work, and it's a pity if I can't clothe him better than he was, poor thing! It is a year since I moved. He was then trying to get a place. And if he did, and did well, I expected I should ha' hearn from him. But it's likely nobody round there would take a boy of his looks."

"O Ma'am Warden!" cried Mary, clapping her hands, "I am so glad! I hope I shall be up when you get back. I can see your door from my chamber window. I guess he'll ride on the box. The first thing, I'll get Mr. Giles, the shoemaker, to measure his foot."

"How do you know I sha'n't buy him shoes afore I fetch him?"

"Don't! It is my own money, put by to get a winking doll with; and my father will be willing, I know, I should shoe Gid instead."

"Why, to hear you talk, one would think it was a young colt I was wanting to rear. If I am not out, he'll be worth the training, colt or boy. But I don't think anything will ever be done with him, without it's by kindness. Not that he was a skittish, nervous kind of creetur, or evil disposed any way. But he had been abused and neglected and kicked about, till he had lost his spirit and courage."

"O dear! What a shame! Poor little boy!"

"Perhaps you would not have felt so much for him if you had seen him."

"I should, I know!" said Mary, a little angry.

"For he seemed to be content with mere getting along. He never cared to be made more comfortable. When he was not in fear or in pain, it was all well enough with him. Rags were nothing. Dirt was rather agreeable. Nothing better than letting of him alone was expected of anybody. Not a spark of ambition had Gid; the best sign of him was his curiosity."

"That was before he knew you, and had a friend to please," said Mary.

"If I *was* a little disgusted at first, you know, I did not let on. He was just as shy as a rabbit, for a good while. I let him come in and go out as he liked, without plaguing him by too much notice. He never said, 'How d'ye do, ma'am,' nor 'Good by to you.' At last his eyes would meet mine and not turn right away or down again in a minute. Thinks I, 'There's a bright, a beautiful look in those eyes, when one can see 'em. There's more in that boy than he knows of himself.'"

"How could that be?" asked Mary.

"O, don't you know, — when everybody despises you and thinks you of no consequence, you think so too. Poor boy, — he was broken-spirited. If he was not broken-hearted too, it was because his heart was innocent, and he had one Friend, sure and certain."

"Yes, I know," said Mary. "You mean God. But why should God give me so much, I wonder, and give the friendless child no pleasure in life?"

"Did he not give him his eyes, his ears, his limbs, and the nature of a child, which can always find something or other to enjoy? Life itself is a great gift to my child, and the gift of immortality!"

Mary was silent, because she was thinking.

"It a'n't as if this life was the whole, Mary. If one of God's children seems favored beyond another, he can, and he does, make it even somewhere, and in some way. Christ has taught us that they who suffer are blessed, and I feel in my heart, — now I look back over a long and a hard life, — what I have had to suffer has been more for my good than all the heedless pleasure of my young days."

Mary could not quite understand this. But she looked at Ma'am Warden's cheerful, loving face, and believed she had a peace nothing could take away.

It was a great undertaking for Ma'am Warden to go into town. Mary's father put her into the stage, and privately paid her fare. He told the driver to be sure that his horses did not move while she was getting out, for she was too old for a jump. She went to the old place, but she could find nothing of the boy, or the people that had sheltered him.

There were new lodgers in the wretched tenement. Neighbors only knew they had gone, and that the boy disappeared first. As she came slowly out of the alley into the broad street, with her finger pressed against her lip, and her eyes on the ground, a tall, handsome boy stepped lightly behind her, and gave her a little slap upon the shoulders.

"O, you've scared me out of my seventeen senses!" cried Ma'am Warden, her black eyes gleaming with joyful surprise. "Big a rogue as ever, hey? I was musing about you that very minute. I thought you was put away to a school."

"And so I was, — to *two* schools; and turned out o' both, because they could not manage me," said the lad.

"For shame! you are old enough to manage yourself. Do you go to school at this time o' life to be managed? Or to *larn*, you long-legged little child?"

"Father says he has not found the right kind of school yet for a boy like me. So I am studying at home with a tutor, now."

"See that you do, then. Now's the seed-time of your life, Harry. As you sow, so you shall reap."

"Don't care. No fault of mine, *now*. The thing is, father went and told the tutor he must take hold of me strong, for I was a high fellow, — taking after *him*. *He* never got further than a Freshman, he was so wild!"

"And you think that is a fine thing, eh? To lose more 'n half his edication, and half the respect he might a' had among his friends, and other people."

"Well, I don't mean to do that; but it is a fight between the tutor and me, and I'll beat."

"The worst is your own, silly boy," said Ma'am Warden. "Take my advice. If the man knows enough to teach you—"

"O, he's a fine scholar!"

"Come to a bargain with him, and get what you want out of him,—to make *you* a fine scholar too."

"And let him get what *he* wants,—to have me under his thumb, hey? I won't."

"You've got sense,—you know there must be some rules and order."

"But I am not going to be bridled and bitted, and have him twitching, twitching upon the reins every minute, like an old woman going to market."

"No,—but try and put your contrary temper a one side. Be reasonable and pleasant, and agree with him, and he won't want to curb, only to lead."

"Lead me by the nose, eh? No,—I won't be led."

Ma'am Warden looked sadly at Henry, who turned very red, and began to think of going off in a pet.

"God gave me no children, and I used to wish you was my own, once. But now I see it is well as it is, for you would have broken my heart. I love you enough now to wish you well, and I feel very much grieved at the way you're going on. When you are not thinking of old Ma'am Warden, that's as true a friend as you have, she will be thinking of you, and praying to God to change your heart."

Henry was softened for a moment, and altered his

tone. He promised to try to come to an agreement with his new teacher. He said he wished they had not got going wrong; it was all his father's doing, that there was any struggle to be "*extra strict*" on one side, and *extra* free on the other. He confessed he had a liking for the tutor, all the while, and wished he had him for his friend.

So Ma'am Warden bade him good by with a hope, and returned to her cottage home. He had even promised to write some time. She had not much belief that he ever would think of it again, however.

"Perhaps, if he has any good to tell, he may," said she to Mary, when she had told her all about her little journey.

THE RAT'S GRAVE.

ONCE on a time there was a rat
(As many rats there are);
On stolen grain he grew so fat
He was known near and far.
And thus when, on one sunny day,
He scampered o'er the corn,
A well-aimed shot did poor rat slay.
Alas that fatal morn!

Away did friends and brothers run,
So full were they of fear;
They all looked out for number one,
And left the coast quite clear.

And there he lay so stiff and cold !
His once bright eyes all dim !
And of his thieving friends so old,
Not one took thought of him.

Now though this rogue deserved his fate,
At least in legal view,
He yet was buried in great state,
And kindly cared for too.
Under a grape-vine's leafy shade,
Far from the world's turmoil,
This king of thieves was gently laid,
In freshly turned up soil,

A weeping-willow at his feet,
And a tombstone at his head.
An epitaph both short and sweet,
And easy to be read,
Was pasted on, ere in the ground
'T was placed with pensive care.
Then thinking he was safe and sound
We left our poor rat there.

But soon, alas ! a boy passed by, —
I shall not tell his name,
Lest all the children point and cry,
“ O naughty boy, for shame ! ”
He set his dog upon the grave,
Just for the sake of fun :
No one was by our rat to save,
And thus the deed was done.

All dug up was the little mound
We made with so much care,
The tombstone thrown upon the ground,
And all was ruin there.
And when the mischief dire was done,
This boy went on his way,
Laughing. As if it were good fun
To spoil the children's play !

UNEIKA, A TALE OF GEORGIA.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEATH OF AHLESKEA.*

THE violent rain-storm, which continued with unabated fury for two hours after the departure of the Indian braves, had spent its fury. The black, heavy clouds parted, and slowly rolled away. The sun, again asserting his supremacy in a sky of deep blue, shone upon the rain-drops, spangling the green village-slope with new beauty.

The Indian girl, Uneika, rendered almost insensible to the rage of the elements by her deep anxiety for the missing child, made her way, immediately after the departure of the Indian chief and his braves, to the edge of the forest, in order to allure by her well-known whistle her swift pony, Ahleskea. He alone was to be trusted on so important a journey. Was he not sure-footed and free? Had he not been tried? Had he ever been known to fail in any expedition where despatch was necessary? The pony having retreated into the deep covert during the storm, it was two long hours before Uneika was able to capture and bridle him. They had been hours of vexation of spirit to the usually calm Indian girl, for she well knew her errand was urgent. The little horse, when at last fairly entrapped, submitted with a gentle grace to the bridle

* The Dancer.

and the gay blanket, and bore with apparent pleasure the light form of his beloved mistress.

Giving him the rein immediately, Uneika guided him to the trail leading to the valley of Van, and pursued her way thither with the utmost speed.

The deep anguish felt by the gentle Indian girl during her rapid ride can be better imagined than described. Never before had she known such agony of mind. Except in the anticipation of a removal from their beloved country, the course of her life had been smooth and sunny, like that of her own valley stream. Now it entered a dark cavern of trouble, like the one she had passed that morning on the trail from Utsilungi's home. "My pretty playmate; Robin, is gone, — lost, perhaps for ever! — and by my own rash act," she said. "Can it be that I shall never again see the face of the sweet boy? shall I never again listen to his prattle? Ekowa, I see, fears the worst. Nickajack, not three hours gone from our settlement, before the tribe is in pursuit! And now the tribe of Van to be summoned also! The white rose-bud wrapped in the skin of Utsawnati, the rattlesnake, would say to the chief Van, 'The white child is in the hand of the robbers.'" The thought of the outlaws caused a shiver to pass over the frame of the usually strong-hearted girl. "What if they are near me now?" she muttered. If Uneika had a fear, it was of those bold, bad men. She well remembered the Utsawnati; they had been encamped near the Indian village at the period of little Robin's birth. Then it was that the pale-face had left his wife to droop like the fading flower. There

had been a slight skirmish in the trails, and the robbers had escaped, leaving desolation and sorrow behind them. Now they had returned. Uneika murmured, "What if they are near me now, in these lonely woods?" She had gained the sombre pine forest which still stands in all its primeval grandeur between the valley of Van and the valley of Cedars. She had travelled four miles of her journey; four more must be passed before she could arrive at the house of the chief. How much she wished that the pine lands were passed, where the ground, heavily timbered and now rising into sharp hills, forbade swift travel. The slow motion of her horse gave her more time for thought, which in her present anxiety of mind became intolerable. Her usually buoyant spirit was oppressed by the deep gloom around her. Even the rills that found their way down the steep slopes of the mountain-pass seemed to say, in their melancholy, never-ceasing music, "Robin is lost! Robin is lost!"

Now, the road descending into a narrow valley, the light faded to a dull gray twilight, and the thick, long-fingered leaves of those giant pines seemed to shut out with the sunshine all hope. How closely they were marshalled, like a great army, in their stern sameness! On the ascent from this gloomy mountain gorge she urged her pony into a sharp gallop, for once merciless, in her eagerness to gain the next hill-summit, and the more open oak-lands beyond. Each noise in the forest startled the poor Indian girl. She listened to the cry of the buzzard on the dead tree-top, the plaintive call of the wood-

pigeon in the trail, the confiding note of the Bob-White, close-hidden in the long waving grass, the lowing of black cattle roaming at large, and the rushing noise of a herd of wild deer, which swept through the forest in the distance. These, all of them sounds to which she had been long accustomed, to her distempered imagination were voices of terror.

Once, she thought she caught the sound of horses' hoofs behind her. She turned in fear, actually expecting to see one or more of the robber band almost at her shoulder. It was but the sound of her own pony's feet on the stony trail, echoed back from a rocky hill-side.

"On, on, Ahleskea, my faithful pony! Haste! haste!" she cried, stroking his mane with her small hand. "We are gaining the hill-top. Now the forest opens. Uneika sees the smoke curl from the tall chimney of the house of Van. One mile more, and we shall gain the ford of Cedar Creek." But before Uneika had travelled that one mile, her ear caught a dull sound, like the distant roar of water. She checked the swift gallop of her pony, and stood to listen. "It is the Amakatawawstung (the falls of the river). Can it be that Cedar Creek has broken its banks, and already leaps the rocks of the valley? We have had heavy rains, it is true, but *our* valley stream had not risen to the foot-bridge. Uneika and Robin crossed it at sunrise to-day." Then she reflected that the creek would naturally rise many hours before the Spring Branch, from its having its rise in mountain peaks which had been snow-locked for many months, while the smaller stream found its

way out of the foot of the mountain, and could not be immediately affected by the storm. Had not the mountain-peak rejoiced for many days now in a warm May sun? — and then there were heavy rafts of timber known to be lodged in the big river, into which Cedar Creek emptied itself. Yes, the creek must indeed be “up,” as was often the case after heavy spring rains. Uneika had frequently made the passage of the swollen stream by swimming her horse across it, when on an errand for her chief, and pressed for time. But now she feared she might not be able to accomplish it with her jaded pony. What could she do? She could only hope that the high foot-bridge might withstand the rush of water until she could reach and pass it. If a safer passage might be made on foot, Ahleskea would stand at the river edge to await her return, or she could let him loose in the forest, and he would return to the Cedar Valley range, as he had often done before.

“Go quickly, Ahleskea!” urged the Indian girl. “It is the *chief's* errand we have to perform. We must, — we will be in time to cross the creek.” A thought now flashed across the mind of Uneika, which gave her much comfort. “This sudden rise of water must detain Nickajack,” said she to herself; “he may have already passed Cedar Creek, it is true, but the rapid rivers beyond it are frightful in a heavy freshet. The waters of the three rivers, the Coosa, the Etowa, and Oustanaula, will hem in the treacherous boy. So shall the traitor be ensnared. Robin shall be found.”

Emerging at last from the shade of the tall oaks

which crown the hill adjacent to the valley of Van, Uneika came to Cedar Creek on a swift gallop.

The waters of the overcharged stream, whose deep, sullen roar increased fearfully as she drew nearer, had not yet broken loose, but the peaceful, crystal streamlet had become a turbid, angry river. It now held its usual course, but, fretting and chafing within its bounds, rose higher and still higher, creeping by stealth into every sunny hollow and rock-gully, and making ready for an invasion of the fields of young cotton and green maize which lined its banks. Unmindful of this, the quick eye of the Indian girl sought only the bridge, the stout tree-trunk, which, placed high above the bed, had resisted the freshets of many years. "It is still there. Notche ulitsungyasti!"* Although swept by the running waters, it still affords a passage." But even before the words were well uttered, she saw the huge pine-tree break from its fastenings of twisted grape-vine, and shoot with the strong eddy into mid-stream. In a few seconds it was swept out of sight down the river. And with it fell Uneika's hopes. She had watched the quick destruction of the foot-bridge standing on the margin of the turbulent stream. She now turned from it for a moment, appalled by its fury. "You cannot breast those wild waves, my little horse; you are tired and panting even now. What should the daughter of Ekowa do?" As she murmured these words, a yellow, squat Indian appeared on the opposite bank of the

* Brave pine-tree!

creek, and endeavored by wild gestures to warn Uneika of the extreme danger of attempting to swim her pony across it in its present overcharged state. This man was Unasta Iya (*Little Pumpkin*), a small Indian planter, who lived at the ford of the creek. He knew well the daring character of the chief's daughter; she was often the messenger of Ekowa in emergencies. He feared Uneika might disregard his warnings, and trust her life to the strength and instinct of her horse. Uneika signified by a nod that she understood his motions, endeavoring by gestures on her own part to convey to him Ekowa's message, that he might carry it on with speed to the war-chief, Van. She held up the skin of the rattlesnake, which she had drawn from the folds of her scarlet jacket; she unfolded it, displaying to view the faded flower-bud; she made signs that Robin, the white child, had been carried off by Nickajack, — that the robbers were in the trails, and Van, the chief, was now summoned by Ekowa, to meet him at the Alatoona Gap.

She failed to make him comprehend, and the day was fast wearing away. If she made a longer delay, Van would get his summons too late to pass the creek fords. "O, could I but make him hear?" she exclaimed, and she tried her powerful voice to the utmost. Its clear tones were drowned by the brawling torrent. "What is the voice of a girl to the howling of the unawle? It is the note of the robin amid the storm," she cried. "O, must I indeed be overcome? — I, who have never failed in an errand for my chief? — I, his chosen messenger of

despatch? Has he not said, the chief can trust Uneika, his white daughter, before the Indian boy? And now, when a young, sweet life is at stake, to fail! Can I fail when my forgiveness can alone be purchased by the prompt execution of my father's commands? Shall a chief's daughter fail? It must not be. I will try Ahleskea's strength in swimming, and brave the danger for the sake of the child, through my means lost. What if I am going to be swallowed up by those wild, terrible waves? No; I shall not be lost. There is One who will guide me through the pathless waters."

Uneika now tried to find out the exact spot where the ford had been. She found it by means of certain landmarks which remained; among these were two giant poplars. The water had crept up and around their rough stems, but they stood with a firm root, resisting its force. Uneika approached carefully to the extreme edge of the grassy margin which was submerged. "Shall we try a swim, my brave pony? It would be a sad fate for you should we fail; but if we die, we go to our spirit home together, the horse and his rider, like our ancestors who were buried on these mountain-tops. A fearful struggle, perhaps a painful death, is before us,—a struggle to save a helpless child, or death to atone for his loss. I will not quail." Uneika placed her arms around the neck of her horse, and urged him to enter the creek. He advanced cautiously, yielding with reluctance to the entreaties of his mistress. But when he had gained a clear view of the sweeping current, he became for a time unmanageable. "Gently, Ahleskea!

gently," said his mistress, soothingly; and at length her well-known voice regained its power over the frightened animal. He turned once more toward the stream. He eyed it for a time, snorting, then determined to trust himself to the angry water. Plunging his forefeet in, for a brief space he hesitated to quit the bank. The brave Uneika urged him forward. "On, on, good Ahleskea! Ulitsungyasti, Ahleskea! Usinuli, Usinuli!"* she cried. He laid his breast upon the water, and now, losing his foothold, sank deep into the rolling waves. They dashed quite over the body of the Indian girl, at the first plunge. She still kept her hold upon the neck of her horse. The stanch pony was not soon to be overborne, even by the mighty strength of a rushing torrent; he raised his head high out of the stream, shaking the water from his nostrils, and prepared for the battle. He swam out into the middle of the stream, not attempting to stem it in its descent, but, with the instinct peculiar to his race, giving himself boldly to the sweeping tide, and managing to throw himself into an eddy which made towards the opposite shore. It was a hard struggle, but horse and rider gained in safety the edge of the opposite shore. Ahleskea caught above the roar of water the encouraging voice of his mistress. "Well done, Ahleskea, — brave Ahleskea! On, on!" she cried. He planted his hoofs in the wet bank; the earth broke away, and he slipped back into the swift current. The noble horse was not intimidated by a single fail-

* Brave Ahleskea, quickly, quickly!

ure; he tried the treacherous bank once more; again he fell back. Uneika urged him to a new trial: "Up, up, good Ahleskea!" Now, loosening her tight grasp of his neck, she with one arm jerked his rein. He tried it again, planting his forefeet deep in a new part of the bank. The loose ground gave way, and, caving, fell in heavy clods on the breast of the spent swimmer. He sank with the weight of wet earth, and disappeared beneath the turbid water. In a moment the horse rose again, swimming feebly, but his mistress was gone! Almost immediately, however, Uneika was seen; her light form thrown to the surface of the stream. The horizontal branches of a sturdy beech, luckily, caught her woollen dress as she was passing along with the current. With admirable presence of mind she quickly clasped the stiff twigs of the tree, and stayed herself awhile, floating upon the sweeping water. With a desperate effort she at last threw her lithe form partially across a stout limb. Moving by degrees along its length towards the sturdy trunk, she drew herself out of the water, and managed, after a breathing-time, to attain a seat upon a thick bough, above the reach of the greedy waves. "Ela Unilanungi!"* she exclaimed. "Thou that watchest over the Indian, thou hast saved me!" But the joy of escape from death was followed by a keen pang of regret.

"My poor Ahleskea! Must he then perish?" She strained her sight to catch one last glimpse of her loved horse. She saw him at last, far down the

* There is a God.

stream, held in a whirling eddy ; his small brown head lay low, and at times quite hidden by the tumultuous waves. He was making but feeble efforts to save his life, his strength being almost spent. The last struggle commenced, and now he lay grappling with death, not swimming. On a sudden his bright, quick eye caught the form of Uneika, and now it was hard for him to die. He raised his head high out of the eddy ; he gave one shrill, piercing cry. The fearful sound rose above the roar of water ; it echoed along the valley ; it lingered long among the hills. It pierced the heart of his fond mistress. In an agony of grief, she placed her hands over her eyes, to shut out the fearful sight. In a few moments she removed them ; there was no break in the dark eddy to mark the spot where Ahleskea had perished.

On swept the cruel river, with the same ceaseless, sullen roar ; but above all still rang in the ears of the poor Indian girl that shrill, agonizing cry. " Have the waters indeed closed over my brave Ahleskea ? " she exclaimed, as she wiped a tear with her brown hand. " But the Indian must not weep. Awsi Ahleskea. Faithful servant ! Uneika will never love another as she has loved you. It was a cruel death ; you have died almost by the hand of the mistress who reared you. Ulitsungyasti, Ahleskea ! " Uneika had indeed gained the long-desired shore, the opposite bank of Cedar Creek. But the sturdy beech-tree, upon whose stout branch she was seated, although it had its roots in the earth of Van's valley, was completely isolated from the shore, the water having risen many feet up its leaning trunk.

Little Pumpkin had witnessed with horror Ahles-

kea's mad plunge into the swollen stream, the brave battle with the water, the wonderful escape of the Indian girl, the melancholy death of the brave horse. He had been a mute spectator, with no power to lend a helping hand.

Now, coming as near as the swollen stream would permit, he called aloud to Uneika to remain quiet until he should have time to find means to reach and to relieve her from her strange situation.

Uneika watched little Pumpkin eagerly, as he bound together two stout logs by means of the tough branches of wild grape. With a long pole he guided his small raft to the trunk of the tree upon which the girl was seated, and conveyed her in safety to the shore. Leading the way through a tangled brake, Unasti Iya brought his companion to his own lodge, which stood in the midst of fields now green with fall grain, sloping to the water, and already partially submerged. The picturesque dwelling seemed itself in some danger, from the steadily increasing rise of water.

Little Pumpkin, however, had forgotten his own anxieties in rescuing the chief Ekowa's daughter from more urgent peril. Seeing her exhausted state, he urged her kindly to rest at his cabin; he would himself bear the chief's message to Van.

"I cannot," was the prompt answer of Uneika. "Thanks, Awsi Unasti Iya." She looked back at the Indian's pretty clearing, green with promises of plenty. Those greedy waves would soon swallow this last crop to be gathered there, unless through God's mercy on the poor Indian they were stayed.

The chief Van was standing under his porch

when the girl drew near. She drew from her jacket-folds the skin of the Utsawnati, or rattlesnake, which enwrapped the crushed and withered flower-bud, a fit emblem of the white child torn from his mother's side. Uneika handed it to the chief Van, and stood silent to await his inquiries.

"Is there aught else from Ekowa?" asked Van.

"Ekowa the chief calls the chief Van to meet him at the Etowa, just where the swift river cuts the base of Alatoona Hill."

"The Utsawnati," muttered the haughty chief, as he strode from under the shaded porch of his dwelling to summon his braves, — "the Utsawnati shall die!"

In a short time the warriors of the tribe passed out of the village upon a swift gallop, equipped at all points like true Indian warriors. Van, the war-chief of many small tribes, was far more elaborately arrayed than the gentle and peaceful chief of the Valley of Cedars. He wore the deer-skin shirt and leggins, the embroidered moccasins. Upon a shield of wolf's-skin he bore a bloody totem, — the head of a wild-boar in relief, deep dyed with drops of blood; upon his head he wore the high crown formed of the feathers of the bald eagle. He bore on his arm the true implement of Indian warfare, the deadly tomahawk. Tall and athletic and kingly in his bearing, with the eagle eye which had often made the pale-faced robber quail, he was a noble specimen of his indomitable race. He was mounted upon a tall gray horse, and rode at the head of his band of braves, in whose bosoms all the ancient enmity to the Utsawnati was fully aroused.

THE FARMER.

HAIL to the sturdy farmer!
Hail to the son of toil,
Lord of the scythe and ploughshare,
And monarch of the soil!

Visit his lowly cottage,
Partake of his homely cheer,
And see how he lives and labors,
From spring to the closing year.

The ice on the hills is breaking,
The birds are on the wing,
And everything is proclaiming
The advent of the Spring.

The breezes fresh from the mountains
Awaken the glow on thy cheeks.
Come where the farmer hastens,
Hark while the farmer speaks.

“Yoke me the stoutest oxen,
Bring me the newest plough;
The fields which long have slumbered
Are ready for culture now.”

He scatters between the furrows
The kernels of golden grain.
“No summer without its sunshine;
We trust in the Lord for rain.”

Spring is gone, and Summer
Brings with it brighter hours, —
Season of beautiful sunsets,
Season of birds and flowers!

We hasten to lie at noonday
Under some friendly tree.
Not so with the hardy farmer;
What for the heat cares he!

" We must make hay while the sun shines ;
The sun is shining to-day :
Come, let us up and be doing !
This is no time for play !

O, where on a summer evening
Can a happier man be found ?
Whose supper is half so welcome ?
Whose slumber is half so sound ?

Hail to thee, beautiful Autumn !
Season of painted leaves !
Smiling beneath thy burden
Of fruit and of golden sheaves !

Gather, thou tireless farmer,
Thy bushels of ripened grain,
The summer has lent its sunshine,
And God has given thee rain.

'Tis well thy garner is spacious,
So bountiful is thy store ;
For were they a whit less ample,
They soon would be running o'er.

Gentle southerly breezes
And bright sunny days are gone.
One moment, — the Indian summer, —
And Winter comes storming on.

The earth is quietly sleeping
Beneath her mantle of snow ;
The winds, like so many demons,
Are hurrying to and fro.

Where now is our friend the farmer ?
Open the willing door,
And shut it quick, lest the North-wind
Drive in the snow on the floor.

There in the chimney corner
Sits the good man in his pride ;
The fire is blazing before him,
The good wife knits at his side.

Sadder and sadder the North-wind
Moans at the bolted door.

" Father, we ask thy blessing :
Pity the houseless poor ! "

A happy man is the farmer,
An honest man and a true !
Thank him for all his kindness ;
Bid him, at last, adieu !

Wish him the richest blessings,
And close our cheerful song :
The farmer's home be happy !
The farmer's life be long !

J. R.

THE PARABLES OF OUR SAVIOUR.

WHEN our Saviour was on earth, going through the cities of Palestine, teaching and preaching, he drew great crowds around him. Then women and children gathered in crowds to hear his words. He often spake to them in parables. Perhaps the youngest of my readers, for whom this is especially written, do not know what a *parable* is. It is a story, showing some great truth, and giving us a moral lesson. If you wished to teach your little brother that selfishness was very disagreeable, and wrong, you could tell him a little story of a selfish child, and he would

then see how unlovely it is. Or if you wished to teach him to be obedient, you could in the same way lead him to obey by telling him the story of a dutiful child, beloved by his parents, and by his Father in heaven. The people who came to hear our Saviour were like children ignorant of spiritual things, and they had many false notions. By speaking to them in *parables*, he could more forcibly touch their hearts and fix their attention.

One of the most beautiful of Christ's parables, and the one to which I wish especially to call your attention, is that of "The Prodigal Son." In this Jesus shows God's love to us, and his willingness to receive and forgive us when we are sorry for our wrong-doing, however far we may have strayed from the right path.

This is the parable. A certain man had two sons. The younger one desired his father to give him the portion of goods that fell to his share. We all know how much good this young man might have done with his money by giving to the poor, and how many sorrowing hearts he might have cheered. But, alas! he went away from home, and spent his money in wicked ways until all was gone, and he was almost starving for want of food. He thought of his happy home then, and said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!" He felt truly penitent, and willing to confess his faults; and he said to himself, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be

called thy son.'” Now how do you think the father received him? “He saw him when he was yet a great way off, and had compassion on him, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him.” Then the son felt more grieved and humble, and repeated that he was not worthy even to be called his son. But the father received him with the greatest joy, brought forth the best robe and put it on him, and soon music and dancing were heard. Yet more, the fatted calf was killed, that a feast might be made for him, and they were merry. For this son had been dead as it were, and was now alive again; had been lost, and was found.

Now each one of you has wandered away from *your Father* in heaven. You have sometimes been disobedient; you have sometimes been selfish, when you might have been noble and generous. You have often felt very unhappy because you have sinned against your Heavenly Father, and gone astray like the son in the parable; and if, like him, you will go to your Father, he will pity, love, and forgive you; he will receive you with open arms. You need not fear to go to your kind Father for pardon. You know, in the parable just explained, when the son was yet a great way off, the Father ran to meet him, and kissed him. This means that God is more ready to forgive us than we are to ask his forgiveness; that he is ever with us, loving us, if we will only turn our hearts to him and receive him. He will dwell within us, and grant us his own peace.

Daily as your prayers rise to him he comes to you, and I trust you will feel grateful for his blessed

presence, and pray that every day you may grow in obedience, in truth, and in all the Christian graces. Every day, my children, may you become more like Jesus, God's own dear Son, — ever seeking the happiness of others. Try, each day that God gives you, to conquer some evil habit, and to add some new virtue to your character.

H. W. B.

THE ODD LITTLE FISH.

In a clear, sparkling, sunny brook, there lived — O, I can't tell you how many little fishes! There were frogs and tadpoles too, and funny little flat bugs that amused themselves by twirling about on the surface of the stream; and there were yellow lilies, and flags, standing with their feet in the water; and there were willows bending till their long branches touched and floated upon it; and there were stones, and fallen boughs, and tangled tree-roots, that made the broken waves sparkle yet brighter in the sunshine. But what I am going to tell you about is the fishes. A merry, frolicsome life they led, now resting in the sunlight near the surface, placidly moving fins and tail, and expanding their gills in lazy enjoyment, now sinking to the pebbly bottom where the broken light fell around them in rainbow colors, now swimming quietly in the shade of the great trees, now darting in furious chase after some

grasshopper which had leaped without looking, and lighted right in the midst of his enemies. Some liked the eddies among the mossy rocks ; some loved the cool reeds close to the bank ; some chose to dance with the brook where its current was the swiftest, and some to try their strength against the rapids where it went bubbling over the stones. They never interfered with each other, never jostled nor crowded. You might have thought sometimes, if you had been watching, that they certainly would bump noses ; but a slight movement, a wave of the tail, a bend of the lithe bodies, and they glided by smoothly and gracefully. There was room enough, and water enough for all.

As happy as the day is long were these little fishes, sporting in the element that was their very life. All but one. He was an odd little fish, and took it into his head one day that the water did not agree with him. It certainly sent cold chills over him, and braced his gills too much altogether. In vain all the other fishes declared it was because he did not take exercise enough, in vain a whole school of ardent young trout set off in a race down the stream to excite his emulation, in vain even the little minnows darted hither and thither in their restless way, and all the shiners and suckers and chubs began to dive and swim and shoot about to move him from his purpose ; the odd fish, who had become quite a hypochondriac upon the subject, turned gloomily away, and flapped slowly up the stream, to find some place where there was scarcity of water.

He searched the banks in a despairing mood.

The world seemed to him made of water. How could he escape? At last he spied a shallow basin where the brook had flowed in at the spring freshet. A tiny canal was just deep enough to float him to it. This was luxury indeed, he thought, — as he found himself in his new home, so narrow that one or two flaps each way was all he could make, — the sunshine would soon dry up all superfluous water, and he could make such a splashing in the rest as to make it thick and muddy, less like what he had left. Nothing could make him leave his beloved hole but pressing hunger, and then he floated himself through his canal, snatched his dinner, and was back again as fast as his fins could carry him. It made him gasp to come into his muddy hole; but that he laid entirely to the water outside, which was ruining his constitution. By and by the sun came out fiercely. It poured its burning rays directly upon the poor fish's head. He retreated to the bottom of his basin; but still declared it was delightful. Hotter and hotter shone the sun, and drew up drop after drop of the muddy water. Really, his quarters were getting rather small for our poor little fish. The *hole* was just as large, but, with a strange inconsistency, he held his place in the water that he had scorned before, and that was diminishing rapidly. All he could do now was to lie in one place; for his canal was dried up first of all. He could not escape, when too late he saw his folly. So we will leave him to his fate.

I only beg of you to think of him, children, when your little heads are aching in your furnace-heated rooms, and you are wondering what does make you

feel so stupid and languid, and then to put on your cloaks and rush out into the clear open air for a good brisk run. Do not you see that you and the heat have used up what you live by? You have shut out the pure air as if it were your mortal enemy, and put up double windows and curtains to keep it out. All that remains inside, you have made as muddy as you can. So when your cheeks flush, and your hands burn, don't forget the story of the odd little fish.

E. E. A.

LEWIS.

A GENTLEMAN walking down a narrow street in Boston, one chilly morning, was accosted by a ragged boy, whose face was bathed in tears, and his voice half choked with sobs.

"Don't you want a boy, sir, to take care of your horse, and run on errands?"

"No; I have a boy in my store. I keep no horse, and if I did —"

The gentleman did not finish his sentence, but the lad interpreted the pause, and the look which accompanied it. Speech could not have said more plainly, "You are not such a one as I should be ready to employ." He turned away with a hopeless, and at the same time an angry look, threw himself upon a doorstep, and sobbed heavily. The gentleman went on a few steps, but presently, moved by his distress, turned and came back to him.

"You are a hard-hearted rich man," cried the boy, as he approached him. "All the rich are alike. You despise the poor."

"No, no; you are mistaken, my lad," said the gentleman, in a mild and soothing tone. "I pity your distress. Where do you live?"

"Nowhere!"

"What! have you no home, then?"

"I was kicked out of doors last night, and have been in the street ever since."

"Have you no parents?"

At this question, the boy's tears burst forth afresh; he struggled to subdue his sobs, but the effort only made them more convulsive. The gentleman sat down by his side, upon the stone step, and at this token of sympathy the full torrent of grief burst forth in a loud and passionate fit of crying. In a few moments it subsided, and, wiping his tears with the sleeve of his coat, the boy sat up and fixed his eyes upon his questioner.

"I have a father," said he, "but I might as well have none. He went off a great while ago. I can hardly remember him. I have a mark, though, to remember him by, and I know I used to run and hide whenever he came into the house." As he spoke, he turned the matted curls away from his temple, to display a large scar.

"And your mother, — where is she?"

"I had somebody to love me while she lived," said the boy, with a quivering lip. "She worked hard for me, and I did not mind anything about it, till she died. If she were alive, I would work hard

for her now. Since she died, I have been kicked and cuffed about by the people in the house. Sometimes I have been almost starved. Last night they told me I should no longer have a shelter for my head there. Yes, they turned me out, and I hope they will have to sleep on the cold stones themselves yet."

"O, do not say so! That is not the right spirit. I will see what can be done with you, — though I hardly know how to recommend you. Are you a good boy?"

"No, sir."

"That is honest! It seems that, at least, you are ready to tell the truth," said the gentleman, smiling.

"I am willing to work, sir, and I will engage to give anybody who will employ me the worth of his money in hard labor. I have worked a little at a stable, and can manage horses."

"Come with me, then."

The gentleman took him to a slop-shop, where he exchanged his rags for a decent suit, which at once made a wonderful change in the appearance and manner of the boy. He received the clothes with an independent air, and without thanks, as if he understood that he was to pay for them by his future exertions. He held up his head, threw back his square, strong shoulders, rubbed his hands together, and turned his bold, black eyes upon the gentleman, whom he regarded as his employer, as if to say, "I am ready, and full of energy and strength. Only show me anything to do!"

"I have a brother in the country, whom I will

persuade, if I can, to employ you on his farm," said the kind gentleman. "Will you promise to be a good boy there?"

The boy looked down and made no answer.

"What! are you not willing to try to be a good boy? I hoped better things from your face and appearance."

"I cannot promise, sir, when I don't know what you expect. I don't know how to be a good boy, sir, but I know how to work. If I am lazy or disobedient, sir, let him give me nothing to eat. Ask him to try me, just to try me. I'll work for him, and never complain, till I drop down!"

The gentleman took him to a victualler, whom he engaged to take care of him, and, if possible, to employ him till he could make arrangements for his removal into the country.

About a week had elapsed, when the same boy was seen leading a horse who was drawing the plough over a beautiful slope in the village of B—. His new master was a man of taste and feeling, and, as he held the plough, he watched with interest the countenance and demeanor of the lad, who was now, for the first time in his life, out of the sooty precincts of the city. Lewis, for that was his name, appeared sulky enough when spoken to, and answered in a gruff, uncivil tone; but at every pause in his labor, his eye wandered with evident delight over the wide prospect, and his massive, but not homely features, were lighted up with a wild joy. On one side, a bay stretched away to the horizon, whitened with sails and studded with islands, on

one of which rose the round, white tower of a lighthouse. On the opposite side of the hill, a river wound between precipitous banks, on which were seen, here and there, a farm-house with its clustering barns, and land beautiful in its sloping fields and groves, although not yet green. Two bridges, one a railway, spanned the stream where it joined the sea, and beyond lay a town, with its spires, and white houses, and curling smokes.

"My dear, I do not think I can possibly tolerate Lewis any longer," said the wife of his employer one day, a few weeks after. "He minds my scolding no more than the idle wind, does just what he chooses to think belongs to him, and leaves the rest."

"He is very useful to me. Can you not contrive to get along with him, what little time he is within doors?"

"Bridget, too, declares that he must leave the house, or she will."

"Let her go, then, and get some one who can manage the dairy, and save you that labor."

"But I do not like to have a boy about the house whom I cannot love in the slightest degree."

"O, there is more in him than you think. He feels that everybody is against him, and is somewhat of an Arab in his nature, I must acknowledge."

"Well, I will try kindness. The poor lad has no home, — I often think of that, and if we do not bear with him, who will?"

Behold Lewis, one warm Sunday afternoon, in a class in the Sabbath School. The whole class is in confusion, the boys knocking each other's elbows,

and reaching forward to look at the new scholar, who pays no sort of heed to the teacher's presence, and eyes them all with dislike and defiance. He answers questions in a surly, independent tone, or not at all, and puts his feet upon the cushions of the pew, or even upon the leaning-board.

The teacher, a mild, gentlemanly man, is at his wit's end. He grows nervous at last, and feels as if he had a young tiger, or a bear's cub, before him, instead of a rational being. Despairing of winning his attention and respect, or doing him any good, he threatens to expel him from the class. The boy immediately takes his cap, stalks heavily out of the church, and is presently seen wandering among the grave-stones in a neighboring burial-place.

In the course of his ramble among the tombs, two reflections crossed Lewis's mind, one of which was, that his master, who at this period seemed to hold the place of a conscience to him, would be displeased. The other was, that he had deprived himself of the opportunity of reading books from the Sabbath-School library, a privilege which he estimated at its true value. He quietly re-entered the church, walked on tiptoe up the aisle, and took his place as a listener in the now attentive class. The subject was the message of Jesus to John, who sent to inquire whether he was the true Messiah.

"To the poor the gospel is preached. To the poor. Jesus was not like the haughty Scribes and Pharisees, who despised the poor. He loved them, he taught them, he chose to be poor like them, though he was tempted by the offer of all the kingdoms of

the earth in their glory. He told them that God cared for them ; that, were they ever so friendless, they had one friend, even their Father in heaven. A *Father*; yes, one who loved them infinitely better than any earthly parent, who would give them rich blessings, peace on earth, and happiness in heaven, if they would but ask him, and love him, and obey him, as children obey a kind parent."

These words found their way to the boy's lonely heart. "*Does the Lord love me?*" thought he; "*me* whom nobody loves, whom all look upon with dislike? Yes; I feel that he loves me! I feel it in my strong, healthy body, and in my heart, when I look up into the beautiful sky. God loves me! Why did I not know it before? I will love him, I will learn to be good. This man will teach me. I will obey God. O God! help me to obey!" Tears filled his eyes, not unobserved by the teacher, whose heart was at once warmed towards him. On succeeding Sundays no boy in his class hung upon his words with such earnest attention as Lewis. One day the teacher gave each boy a book of simple prayers. This was a treasure to Lewis, for he had never been taught to pray, and his heart longed to pour itself out to his newly-found Father in heaven.

"Well, wife, shall I send Lewis away? My brother was so much pleased with him, on his last visit, that he wishes to take him into his store."

"Send away Lewis? O no, never, I hope."

"But he is a smart lad, and may grow rich, as many a one has done with half his activity and

talent. I doubt if we ought to prevent his going, And then he is so trustworthy and careful! I think my brother has the best right to him, I confess."

"Call him, and let him decide. See if he will choose to leave us. Tell him we will adopt him, and he shall be to us as a son. We are not rich, but ——"

Lewis did not hesitate. He never left them ; and, happy in loving and being loved, he grew up to be the staff of their old age, and to continue their plans of usefulness and benevolence when they were withdrawn from the active business of life.

A. W. A.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

BEFORE the last war with England, an embargo was laid upon all the ports in the United States. A sudden stop was put to commerce ; the vessels lay rotting at the wharves, and great numbers of people, especially mariners, were thrown out of employ. The blow aimed by Congress at the British fell with far greater force on the Americans themselves, in the ruin of flourishing seaport towns, and the distress of numberless respectable families.

A woman in Portland had procured a daily provision for her three little children by going out to work. One day a violent snow-storm made this impossible. There was nothing left in the house to eat ; neither was there anything to burn. So they remained in bed, without a breakfast. "And shall we have no dinner, either, and no supper?"

asked a little boy, unable to believe that his mother had nothing to give them. "There is not a crumb in the house, but we shall not starve," said the poor woman cheerfully; "depend upon it, we shall have something to eat before night." "But how *can* we?" "I cannot tell, but God knows our need. He can provide for us." "I do not see how he can!" said the child. "Do not cry, but wait patiently. We shall see."

Presently there was a scratching at the door, and when it was opened, the cat came in with a slice of bread in her mouth. She laid it at their feet, and rubbed purring against them.

"Did I not tell you?" said the mother. When she had washed the bread, and drained from a jug a few drops of molasses upon it, the hungry little ones gladly ate it.

"Go, good pussy, and get some more," said the little boy, and puss went out again. But they were not unthought of by abler friends. The generous Henry Smith came through the storm to bring supplies to the family from a Committee of Relief. I wish I knew whether puss came to dry the snow from her coat, and warm her cold paws by the fire. I can fancy the children at their dinner, caressing her by turns, and giving her dainty morsels from their own plates.

S. B.

WHITE CAMELLIA.

COME, my children, come and listen;
Come and gather closely round me.
Bring a chair for Kitty Clover;
That's the perch for Bob the Colonel;
This the nook for Lilly Bright-eyes.
Pet, her sister, must not chatter;
Just as still as little mousey
All must sit, and kindly listen
To a tale of dog and kitten,
To a tale of fact and feeling.

Floradella (White Camellia),
Named in regions termed "Celestial,"
Came across the shining ocean,
Offering meet for Blue-eyed Darling.
All his own the precious treasure,
And it made his eyes to glisten,
Glisten brightly, open widely.
I will tell you of her beauty.
White as snow her silky coat was ;
Full of curls her little pate was ;
Eyes as bright as you can think them, —
Bright as Dolly's, bright as brother's,
Bright as mother's when you please her.

Her little pranks would make you laugh,
So drolly sly, so *cunning* wise.
She'd sit upright, and fondly beg,
Would turn her eyes, and wag her tail,
Would look *so* meek if master frowned,
Would almost laugh if master smiled,
Would run, and jump to hold a stick,
Would bound ahead and spring about,
And act a joy she could not speak.
She had ten thousand winning ways
To greet her friends and show her love.
She loved and would obey them all,
Favoring most her master's will,
But stealthily she oft would hie
Beneath the table, couch, or chair,
And play the sick or sleepy dog.
Her basket bed was softly spread,
And nightly she was placed therein.
At peep of day her master's call
Would bring her forth in bounding glee.

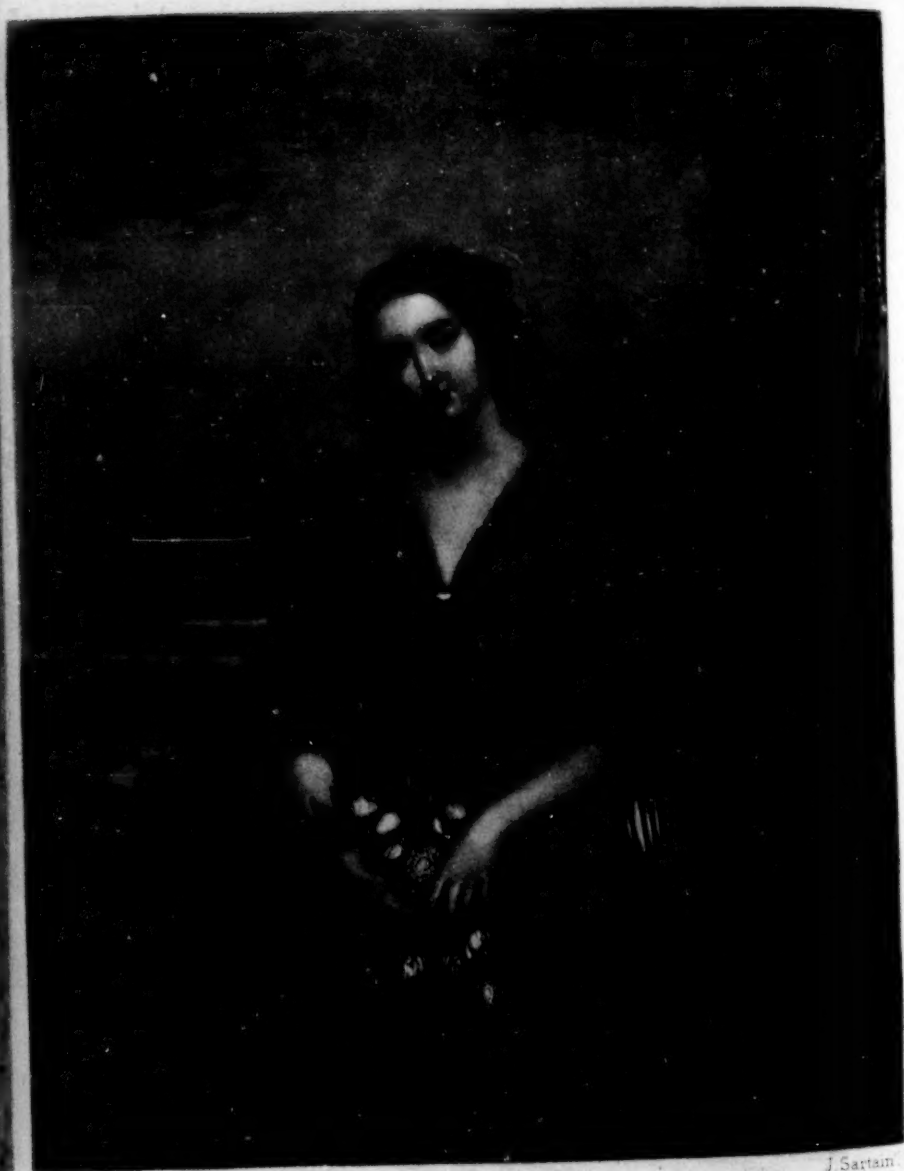
One morn her master found a prize,
Three new-born pnpies, in her bed !
The little mother, very ill,
To nurse and watch them tried in vain ;
Her strength was gone, and, sad to tell,
Our darling Floradella died.
The tender orphans without food
Must have a nurse, or they must die.
The cat was found to meet this want ;
Dame Tortoise was her noted name.
We sought and gained her aid forthwith.
She nursed them well ; with tender love
She licked their paws, and hushed their moans.

She brought them up, wondering, no doubt,
To hear them bark, and never mew.
Perhaps she thought her race improved.
Whate'er she thought, she spake no word
To raise a doubt, and chill our hopes.
Her kitten shared her fostering care ;
Together all would fondly play,
Then, snuggling, all would go to bed.

The time soon came when two young dogs
A master chose, and left the cat,
But Fido made her home his own,
And to his foster-sister clung,
Sharing with her each tidbit nice
In love as true as human love.
In frolic many a box or pat
They gave and took without offence.
After a ball they both at once
In friendly emulation ran,
With ne'er a growl or spiteful scratch.
One day, — it was a public day,
When bells were rung, and cannon fired,
And boys were rude, and crackers snapped, —
Dear Fido found the gate ajar,
And slipped outside to see the fun.
But soon he, yelping, sought his home :
A cross big dog had hurt him sore.
We laid him on his little bed,
We did our best to soothe his pain ;
And Kitty walked and moaned and mewed
Around his couch. At last he died,
And Kitty roamed through all the house,
Looking the woe she could not speak.
Wistful she seemed to ask our aid,
Yet turned from food and all caress.
In box of wood was Fido placed,
And laid beneath an apple-tree.
That hearts will break when ties are rent
That make life dear, Kit fully proved,
For there, when morning came, she lay
Dead, and stretched out upon his grave !

P.

The facts in the foregoing stories may be relied on as authentic. White Camellia was written at the request of the Editor, by Kitty's mistress.



Court.

J. Sartain.

THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS.

THE QUEEN OF THE FLOWERS.

"You may run in the yard or garden, but you are not to go out of the gate on any account. Do you hear, Freddie? You must not put your little foot on the sidewalk without coming to ask me if I will give you leave."

Freddie looked very dismal, and not at all as a little boy should look who had a beautiful garden, full of flowers, to run about in.

"Why can I not go into the street?" he cried, as his mother was leaving him. "Pray stop, mother! I can't be happy if I do not go out of the gate. Why can't I? Say."

"Because I have forbidden you."

"But what for?"

"O, I have a good reason. That is *my* affair, however, not yours, little boy. You must do as I say."

"I will, but I can't be happy."

"Perhaps not, this minute, because your little heart is not quite right. But presently you will think your kind mother does not *want* to keep you from any pleasure you ought to have. Instead of that, she takes a great deal of trouble to make you happy and comfortable. And then you will make yourself contented and good, and be happy again."

"No, I can't."

In a little, unpainted house there lived a poor widow. Her little Ned was crying very loud, and Freddie heard his passionate screams.

"O what a naughty boy!" he thought. "I wonder his mother does not put him in the corner. He is sitting on the steps of her door. Fie! how he does hollow and kick!"

Mrs. Rowe had told her boy that she should give him a whipping, and put him to bed supperless, if he ran away again with the boys who spoke bad words and did naughty things. She said he might sit on the step, and see "the passing," but on no account go beyond her sight, as she sat at the window. He was not old enough to know bad from good words, so he liked the bad boys well enough to play with, unless they used him too roughly. He declared he could not play by himself. Poor Mrs. Rowe sighed, and wished she had a yard or garden for him to run in. After a while Ned ceased crying, and played with the pebbles he found by the step, making little pens. Then he pulled the red seed-vessels from the rose-bush under the window, and his mother gave him pins to make legs, and he stood them up in his pens for cattle. Freddie wondered what he was doing. It was so far off, he could not see. But it was easy to see that Ned had made himself contented. So Freddie thought that now Ned was the best boy of the two, for he felt cross and unsubmitive still.

A wagon stopped, and a market-man, seeing Freddie looking out at the gate, asked him to inquire whether "his folks" wanted any nice pears. Freddie's mother sent word she would take some, and Freddie carried them in in a basket, and brought out the money. The man held out his hand, but

Freddie would not go out at the gate, so the man came and took it, laughing.

"What are you afraid of, little man?" said he. "My horse would not hurt you."

"No, I'm not afraid. Only my mother said I was not to go out at the gate."

"Good!" said the market-man, patting his head. "Here's a nice ripe pear you may have, for you are a good boy."

"Please, sir, carry it to that little boy over there. He has been crying dreadfully. I know my mother will give me some of hers, when I am good. I am not good, now," sighed Freddie.

As the marketer drove by, down came the pear upon the step among Ned's pears. Shouting with delight at this unlooked for good luck, the child ran to show it to his mother, and beg her to "take a good bite." He told her it came right down out of the sky, and asked if it did not come to him because he was a good boy again.

His mother smiled, and told him that God did indeed give it to him by making it grow, and then putting it into the mind of the little boy to send, and the marketer to throw it to him. She had seen Freddie point towards Ned, when the market-man offered him the nice fruit. But she told Ned that he was not to look for a *reward* for being good; that was no more than what he *ought* to be *always*.

Freddie felt happy when he had sent the pear to the little boy, who was younger than himself. So he ran to his mother, with a bright, pleasant face. She kissed him, and said, "I think it would amuse

you a little while to eat a pear. You will find your tire hanging on its nail. You forgot to put it back last time. Pick a yellow, soft one; not too soft! That will do. Now sit here on my footstool and eat it."

"May I have your fruit-knife?"

"Yes."

"Take this first slice, mamma. Is it a nice pear?"

"O, very!"

"O, so it is! What a good taste it has! Why don't you have some like it in our garden?"

"What must I do to have the same kind?"

"Cut a twig off from the farmer's tree and stick it on ours; then do it up like a sore finger."

"That is all *I* can do. Who will make it grow, if He pleases, and give it the same sweet, delicious juice that is in no other kind of pear?"

"It is God. Else I know the twig would stay a twig, and nothing else, if you took ever so much pains."

"It would be a great gift, if we had only *one* kind given to us. But even you, a little boy, can tell several kinds."

"Yes; I know all ours."

"O no; not quite, I guess. But you can learn to distinguish them, if you take notice."

"I know the flowers, 'most all! O, let us play again that you are *Queen of Flowers*."

"How did we play? I have forgotten."

"Why, mother!" said Freddie, astonished. He ran and brought a book, and held it open before her.
"Now you know."

"O, I remember. I am to speak for your poor, dumb Queen, there. Little boy, what flower will you give me to wear on my head?"

"Crown Imperial, your majesty."

"What for my hand?"

"Foxglove, madam."

"My foot?"

"Lady's Slipper, ma'am."

"My ear?"

"I've forgot that. Was it *Box*?"

"Nothing so unacceptable. It was Fuchsia."

"O yes, Lady's Ear-drop some people call it."

"What shall I pin my mantle with?"

"Thorn."

"What shall I paint my cheeks with?"

"Carnation."

"What will tell me the time?"

"Four-o'clocks."

"What will be my riches?"

"Golden-Guineas, and Phlox."

"What kind of pies can you find for me?"

"Pop-pies."

"What will reward me for early rising?"

"Morning-Glories."

"What shall I gather only at night?"

"Evening Primroses."

"What can I take with my feet?"

"Hops."

"What will you kiss me with?"

"Tulips."

"What flower does the boy that robs my orchard want?"

"Honesty."

"What flower will Fido bark at?"

"Ragged Robin."

"What flower never told a lie?"

"Houndstongue and Deerstongue."

"What will save me the trouble of mowing?"

"Cowslips."

"What flower would you like to live in?"

"Clover."

"What shall I have for a barometer?"

"The Poor Man's Weather-Glass."

"What will make my boy mind me?"

"Golden-Rod, only he will not need it, I can tell you, Mrs. Majesty."

"Let me think; O, what shall I ride upon?"

"Side-saddle Plant, certainly."

"What shall I drink out of?"

"Butter-cups? No, — what *will* you have?"

"O, you must find out."

"Well; ask another, and I'll see about that."

"What shall I sew withal?"

"Thimble-berry."

"How lock my doors?"

"With Keys of Canterbury."

"And what else can I get from Canterbury to open my doors?"

"Bells," said Freddie, yawning and stretching.

His mother saw he was tired of his game, so she said the Queen wanted to have a carpet made. There were to be green leaves all over it, and no two alike. Out ran the little boy to gather some. He came in directly with a handful, and arranged

them prettily on the floor, which was covered with a straw carpet. The Queen discovered that he had two currant leaves, and three from the grape-vine. So he thought it would be a good plan to take a waiter to spread them out upon as he picked them, so that he could see at once if he had two of one kind. But with his waiter on his arm, he could not see where his feet were going. So he stumbled, presently, and fell sideways over the alley-board, all in a heap. Away went the leaves, and the waiter fell beside him with the bottom up. He felt like crying for a while; the alley-board had scraped his ankle a little, and it smarted. But when he saw the great dent his elbow had made in the flower-bed, and his leaves lying helter-skelter, as he had thrown them in falling, he could not help laughing. After that, he set the waiter down on the path, and brought his leaves to it. Now and then the wind gave them a whisk while he was gone, and he found them huddled together on one side, showing that they had had a frolic. He was surprised when he came to arrange them on the floor to find how large a space was covered by them, no two being of the same shape. Then his mother gave him two old books to put them away in, and helped him to set a heavy trunk upon them, to press them flat.

"Have you been happy this afternoon?" said she.

"O mother, I believe I am always happiest with you!" said the little boy. He did not know how much his saying this delighted his loving mother. "And I should not believe it was tea-time, only I am so hungry!"

A. W. A.

THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.

HAVE you ever considered how wonderful it is, this growth of plants? "A man may sleep, and wake, night and day, yet the seed cometh up, he knoweth not how." The most insignificant weed that we root up, or even a single blade of grass, is a greater marvel than anything human skill has ever wrought, yet how little we think of it! Who could imagine, looking at the tiny, dry seed, that it would ever produce a tall, flourishing plant,—and by being buried in the earth, too, which we should suppose would destroy it! I have read a fable about a gardener, who went out to plant some seeds. One little seed, having observed that the others were all dropped into the earth, and covered, determined to avoid so cruel a fate, and therefore slipped out of his hand, and hid behind a rose-bush. But while it was congratulating itself upon the pleasant life it should have above ground, rough feet came trampling over it; then the hot rays of the sun came out upon it; and after a while a little bird came along and swallowed it. Thus it perished, when it might have become a beautiful plant.

I wish to direct your attention to the moral lessons you may learn from the growth of plants.

First, you know that it is necessary that every plant should have a root firmly fixed in the earth. You would not be satisfied, if you planted a slip of geranium or rose, because the leaves still continued green; you would watch anxiously until you be-

lieved it was rooted, for you know that without that there can be no real life or growth. Just so you should remember, in regard to your own character, that unless you have a true principle of obedience to the will of God firmly rooted in your hearts, there will be no real improvement, no genuine growth; and the storms of adversity will tear it up, or the sunshine of prosperity wither it. The root is hidden from the eye, and ever must be; so must this principle be hidden in the heart, where it can be seen only by its effects. You judge that your plant is rooted when it begins to grow, and are still more confident when you see it day by day putting forth new shoots; and thus you have also a certain rule to judge of the firmness of your own principles,—by the steady progress of your character. If you grow even a little better day by day and week by week, if you are acquiring good habits, becoming daily less indolent, or more gentle and humble, and obedient to your parents, you may trust that your principles have taken root. If, on looking back, you discover *no* improvement, but rather the contrary, you have your work yet to begin. But there must not only be apparent growth, but the fruit in due time. You would not be satisfied with your plant if it was covered with leaves, and yet produced no flowers. I knew a lady who watched a rose-bush year after year, with great disappointment; she saw it continually unfolding new leaves, but buds never appeared, or only to wither away. Your progress should not be merely external; you should not put on a more pleasing deportment, mere outward defer-

ence to your parents' wishes, and yet in heart remain disposed to resist them. You should pay a due attention to the forms of religion, but not be satisfied without at the same time cherishing a daily stronger and truer interest in it. You wish to see on the plants which you have nurtured with so much care beautiful flowers, which shall not only delight by new colors, but send forth a cheering fragrance to all within their reach. It is thus with your parents, your Sunday-school teacher, and your minister, who plant the seeds of good sentiments in your minds, and who can be satisfied that they have taken root only by kind and gentle words, cheering and blessing those around you like the fragrant flowers, or deeds of benevolence and faithfulness, refreshing others and doing them good like the rich and luscious fruit.

You do not think it sufficient to plant your slip or seed, but it must be watered daily. Insects must be removed that would prey upon it, and weeds that would choke it. You know that without such care it would not flourish. And you too must strengthen your principles when they begin to take root, by continual self-examination, by prayer, and by reading the Bible. Remove everything which might interfere with their progress. But you are aware that all your own care of your plant would be ineffectual without God's sun and rain and dews. The dew which falls so gently and silently, all unperceived, but constant, is like the influences of God's spirit, which are never withdrawn from us, though we cannot always tell how they act upon us. And the sun

and rain, alternate in their visitations, and both necessary to vegetation, may be compared to the changes of joy and sorrow which pass over all of us, and which are equally necessary to our improvement. Watch then your plants, but watch your own heart still more carefully ; and as you admire their progress, endeavor, while you are delightedly watching their growth and expansion, that your own spiritual growth shall keep pace with it, and that every day may witness the development of some Christian grace in your character.

But there is still another point of resemblance between us and the flowers. They have their season of beauty and growth, but they have also their season of decay and death, which all our cares cannot prevent. Our mortal bodies, too, decay and die, in spite of all the kind attentions of our friends, or skill of our physician. But this is not the end of either. In the words of the Apostle Paul, "That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die." The seed ripens and falls into the earth to burst forth with new foliage and bright colors in another Spring, and we, too, sink into the wintry sleep of death, that we may come forth clothed with more glorious bodies.

M. P. D.

THE CHILDREN'S GOOD-BY.

OVER the brook from Inglewood, —
Behind old Duke so slow, —
We must not mourn
That summer is gone,
And back to town we go.

Good by, my dear old grandmamma;
You must read and knit and sew,
And never mind
The fresh autumn wind,
Or the winter wreath of snow.

Good by, my dear old grandpapa;
Another summer will shine
On Primrose Brook,
On the house in the nook,
On that old gray head of thine.

So, never a tear do you let fall,
Though the children go away,
And with never a sigh
Give a glad good-by
To little Sarah and May.

Spring comes after winter, you know,
When the birds sing a merry song; —
So patiently wait
At the old green gate
Till we shall be coming along.

Be sure we never can forget
"The old brown house, aloof
From the dusty way,"
Nor the flowers gay,
That climb quite up to the roof.

Nor the hammock hung in the shady nook,
Where we swung in the morning air;
And O we shall not
Forget little Dot,
Nor Pussy-cat crouching near;—

Nor the winding path through the shady wood;
Nor the black haws over head;
Nor the sound of the breeze
Through the maple-trees
Fast turning from green to red;

Nor the mossy spring 'neath the old beech-tree
With its water bubbling cold;—
(In a pretty stone cup
We dipped it up,
And drank to the *Bull-frog* old.)

To each, and to all, a glad good-by!
We wait for the coming year.
Through the red-leafed trees
Sighs the autumn breeze,
“Good-by, my children dear!”

E. W.

ERNEST'S BOOK.

(Concluded.)

ERNEST was spinning a humming-top in the upper entry, upon which his chamber opened. He was doing this for Ella's amusement, but he was not at all too old to be very well entertained himself in the mean while, and Maurice lay sprawling on the floor

to prevent the bright-colored waltzer from going down stairs in its capricious gyrations, or whirlings. Both had nearly forgotten Ella, when a loud shriek from the other end of the entry, where there was a sunny window, called their attention.

"What a yell! What's the row?" cried Maurice, springing to his feet.

"What is the matter?" cried Ernest, running to his sister, who stood, a little ashamed of her outcry, looking at a wasp who was sunning himself very quietly, shaking his wings a little, and now and then promenading on the window-sill.

"Is that all?" said Maurice, laughing boisterously. "Pooh!"

"You need not be so frightened, pet," said Ernest. "Wasps are not apt to sting. See *me*!" and he seized the wasp with his thumb and finger, and put him out of the window.

"I never saw that done before," said the boy who had laughed so loudly at Ella; "I confess I should have been afraid to do it."

"O, my wasp neighbors and I are very good friends," said Ernest. "I almost think they know me. I never am stung, unless I hurt one; then I do not blame him for letting me know it."

The top had gone humming, and finally rolling and bumping, down the stairs. So the boys sat down to talk with Ella, who wanted to know something about wasps.

"If he were here, I'll tell you what I'd do," said Maurice. "I would take a pair of scissors and cut off his body at his little waist, and you should see

how lively and comfortable he would be without it. I have known one to make a nice meal from a lump of brown sugar, when he had not a stomach in the world to put it in."

Ella thought Maurice very cruel, and looked at him askance in silence.

"He came down from the attic, I suppose," said Ernest. "There are plenty of them flying in there, to gnaw the unpainted wood."

"Do they eat *that*?" cried Maurice.

"O no; they eat honey, and sweet fruits, and also insects of various kinds. They nibble off little fibres of the wood to build with. Did you ever notice, under the edges of the unpainted clapboards on the tool-house in the field, a quantity of stuff washed down by the rain, and left there, much like brown paper?"

"No, indeed!" cried Maurice.

"Yes," said Ella. "Do the wasps get that?"

"Their nests are made of a sort of paper like that, only they work it, with something from their mouths, into a paste, and spread it where they want it to form their walls and passages. The wasps were the earliest paper-makers, you see."

"O, how funny!" said Ella. "I should like to see the little creatures working! Though I should be scared for fear they would come buzzing right at me!"

"You could not see very well, for their city is underground. They dig a hole as big as my head, or bigger, and line it, beginning at the top. They build the attic story first, hanging it from the roof, and so

build downwards all summer, making cells like those of the bees, but not for honey. They are sleeping-rooms for baby-wasps, and the old wasps put in flies, and what not, for them to eat."

"The poor flies are their beef and mutton," said Maurice, laughing because Ella called the wasps cruel.

"Wasps are not so cruel as bees, who sting all their own drones to death, that they may not eat their winter store of honey."

"Do the wasps too, save up honey for winter?"

"No; they do not make any honey. The cold kills all the wasps in their cellar city, excepting two or three old mother-wasps; so all those you see flying round are *their* children, grandchildren, &c., of this year."

"Why, 'Nest; how did you find it all out? Nobody could ask them how old they were."

"O, a man named Réaumur took nest and all, and put it under glass, where he could watch. They were so much attached to their home, which contained the little ones, they did not desert it when it was dug up. They made more wood-paste, and fixed it all nicely to the glass, and went in and out to get food for the young, as if nothing strange had happened."

"Tell me something else. What a dismal time it must be when Jack Frost comes to kill all but the old tough ones!"

"O, I suppose they are benumbed, and do not know much about it," said Maurice. "And they deserve it, for robbing the bees, our honey-makers, of a good deal of their honey."

"I don't know but they have as fair a claim to it as we have," said Ernest. "What do you think, Ella?"

"The bees get it out of our honeysuckles, I know, sometimes," said Ella. "So it is partly our honey."

Ernest laughed heartily. Ella stared at him, and said, "I really think so. But the wasps eat our nice plums, and things, and do not give us anything."

"Only a prick, now and then," said Maurice. A wasp flew in just then and buzzed about his head; he dodged about in great alarm. Ella retreated behind Ernest, and begged him not to let his *good friend* sting anybody.

"Why don't you laugh at Maurice in your turn?" said Ernest. "He laughed at you for screaming."

The poor wasp was presently crushed to a shapeless, writhing mass under Maurice's shoe, into which he had thrust his hand.

"He was a great deal more afraid than I," said Ella, "for I would not have killed the poor wasp for anything."

Maurice was ashamed of having killed the wasp because he was afraid of him, but he was too honest to deny it. "The fool need not have come blundering about my nose, then," said he. "He would not have had long to live, at any rate. It is September, and he is quite an elderly fellow for a wasp."

"Had it been a hornet, who stings with no provocation when he happens to find you in his way, I would not have blamed you," said Ernest.

"Don't hornets make paper nests, too?" said Maurice.

"Yes ; and very curious they are."

"Ernest has an empty one," said Ella. "The men killed the hornets with sulphur, and saved their house for Ernest."

"Yes, I saw it among his bugs and butterflies, in his cabinet. I took it for an old cap, at first."

"Ernest knows a great deal," said Ella. "He told me ever so long ago all about mosquitos; don't you remember, 'Nest?'"

"*All* about them?" said Ernest. "You think I know a great deal, but even great naturalists do not know *all* about the most common insects; they keep finding out new things by watching. They have found out that the humming of the mosquitos is not made by the wings in flying, as we supposed—"

"Why, *I* did not suppose so!" said Ella. "I thought it was singing,—real singing!"

"And you were right," said Ernest. "At least, it is thought to be so now, I have heard. They *can* fly without any noise, I know. In the garden they come slyly, without sounding their trumpet, almost always."

"Perhaps somebody will discover that they keep little bugles to hang round their necks when they come into the house," said Maurice.

"Do you really think so? O, I know you are joking!" said Ella, and both the boys laughed till their eyes run over. Seeing her look from one to the other with surprise, they set off upon a fresh score, and while waiting for them to compose themselves, she went to take up the remains of the poor wasp.

"If he had died at home, his friends would have

disposed of him decently," said Ernest. "They would have removed him, several taking hold together to carry him off."

"Queer fellows!" said Maurice. "I am really sorry I shortened your life, good for nothing though you are, Mr. Buzz-about. Suppose a great giant should come and say I was an unmannerly, good-for-nothing scamp, eating nice pears and plums without giving anybody any honey in return, and should —"

"Put his shoe on his hand," continued Ella, as Maurice paused for breath, "and mash you all up, flat as a pancake, and 'Nest and I should come and weep over you, and —"

"And shovel me up, and throw me out of doors," said Maurice. "Why, Ella really looks sad at the thought. She likes me and the wasps for being your good friends."

"I did not love you at all at first, when you came here to live," said Ella. "But I do now."

"Why, that is encouraging," said Maurice, putting his arm gently round her. He was really pleased, for he was anxious to make himself agreeable in the family. His father's housekeeper had become weary of her task and the insolence of the boys, and took her departure one day without giving warning. The two grown-up sons, who had done nothing to make their father's house a pleasant home, but had pursued their own selfish gratification without any consideration for him, or his guests, were now obliged to provide for themselves. But Maurice, though rough for want of the feminine influences of which Ernest enjoyed the full

benefit, was not selfish, and his father was anxious that he should be in a happy home. He therefore requested Ernest to ask his mother in an informal way, making it his own request, so that she could refuse without any hesitation, to take the boy into her family. The pecuniary part of the proposal was made as liberal as it could be made without absurdity; the Wallingfords were not rich.

"Now I know," said Maurice, on hearing Mrs. Wallingford's consent, "I am a clumsy cub, always doing and saying the wrong thing, and there will be an outcry among your sisters, and all the family, at the idea of my coming to live among them. Do tell them I am good-natured, and will thank them to speak plainly, and correct me when I need it. Tell them I mean to get a leaf out of your book."

"My book!" said Ernest. "I have a real book, if I can find it, that will be just the thing. We will read it over together, and have a good laugh at the rubs I used to get."

And many a good hint did Maurice take from "ERNEST'S BOOK."

THE CRYSTAL HILLS.

Concluded.

THE peak of Mount Washington seemed to me like the sea-shore,—quite as wild and desolate; not an inch of soil, only an irregular pile of granite

rocks. But in the prospect the resemblance ceases. The cloud which had covered the mountain during our ascent had passed away. Southward to the ocean, and north, east, and west, as far as the eye could reach, the whole country lay in bright beauty beneath us, except that here and there a cloud of inconsiderable size blotted out a small portion of the landscape. I selected a sheltered spot among the rocks, and sat down to gaze upon the magnificent scene. First I looked down upon the lesser giants which stand around the monarch; then on the hills still below; then on the land beyond; Lake Winnepesaukee, fifty miles distant, but distinctly visible; Squam Lake, above it; and the pretty village of Conway nestling among the mountains. Far to the southward, a few solitary peaks lifted their heads against the blue sky; westward, the Green Mountains stood up in bold array; while, beneath my very feet, the Glen House and its buildings seemed like a little white dot upon the bottom of the valley.

Here, six thousand feet above the level of the ocean, we dined at the "Tip-Top House,"—the highest house in America. It is a hotel where only the highest and most elevated persons in the land are admitted. We arrived at the Tip-Top House at twelve o'clock. At two we commenced the descent.

Although the whole party set forward together from the foot of Jacob's Ladder, we were soon separated by the varying powers of our horses, some of which walk faster than others. My position was the tenth from the head of the line; twenty-three conse-

quently were behind me, and for nearly the whole distance I rode alone. The view returning is the best, for while in the ascent you have only the mountain-tops before you, and sometimes the deep precipices at your side, in coming down the whole country is in view, and objects continually change, as you proceed, and become gradually more and more distinct. The prettiest sight, aside from the landscape, was to look back from the foot of one of the mountains, or in crossing the valley, and see the long line of travellers high up on the peak, winding their way cautiously down the rocks, the last of them just appearing over the crest, the ladies' dresses of various colors looking gay and bright in the sun, and their merry voices in shouts and laughter resounding through the clear air. The cavalcade thus seen was extremely picturesque, and I thought it a great advantage to be so far before them.

Looking back again, I saw Mount Washington, now plainly defined against the blue sky, towering high and majestic above all the peaks around it. It seemed like a mighty monument to the eternal majesty of the Creator, reared ages ago by his own almighty hand.

I overtook four of the party on Mount Clinton, and we reached the Crawford House together soon after five o'clock.

On Monday morning, immediately after breakfast, I left for Franconia in a large stage-wagon, drawn by four horses. These stage-wagons have four seats, each seat accommodating three passengers, and it is much pleasanter travelling in them than

upon the coaches. The road from the Notch round to Franconia passes north of the mountains, and is not very interesting except for a short distance at either end, where it winds romantically through woods, and over steep hills, and by the side of running waters. For the greater part, it passes through an open farming country, with pretty white houses scattered here and there across the broad valley, while in the distance the view is bounded by lofty hills. A few miles from the Notch we came to the Falls of the Ammonoosuc, a very picturesque waterfall, tumbling down a rocky descent of twenty or thirty feet, with high rocks rising perpendicularly on either side. We arrived at the Profile House, in the Franconia Glen, at three o'clock. After dinner, I climbed to the top of Mount Cannon, which rises, abrupt and precipitous, immediately in the rear of the hotel. The top of Mount Cannon has been burned over, and the rocks laid bare for a hundred feet down the sides; below that, however, there is a luxuriant growth of trees and bushes, to the foot of the mountain. The prospect was very fine that afternoon. On the opposite side of the valley, Mount Lafayette reared his venerable head above the Cannon mountain; a cultivated country, commencing at a distance of several miles to the north, extended nearly to the horizon, where it was girded by a belt of blue hills; the beautiful little "Echo Lake" lay nestling among the trees beneath, shining like burnished silver; toward the south extended for six miles a densely wooded valley, — a vast semi-cylinder of tree-tops, curving from the summit of the

mountains on one side to the summit of those opposite, — an unbroken wilderness, in which not even the white line of the road which threaded it was distinguishable by the eye. Farther southward the signs of civilization appeared, growing broader and broader in the distance; farms gradually succeeded to the forest, and beyond these were little clusters of white houses, denoting the presence of man. I stood upon the bald rocks viewing the broad panorama spread out before me until the waning light and the increasing dampness of the air notified me that it was time to return; so, finding the pathway, I bounded down with flying leaps, and in fifteen minutes emerged breathless upon the sward of the valley.

At five o'clock the next morning I set forth on foot for the south. I had walked but a short distance, when, on turning to the right, I saw the stern features of the "Old Man of the Mountain" looking down with his unchanging gaze upon the peaceful valley at his feet. Fifteen hundred feet above the road, that massive granite profile projects from the perpendicular side of the Cannon mountain. The "Old Man" looks like a stern old Roman Emperor, reconnoitring a new world into which he is about to lead his iron legions for conquest. There for a thousand years he has defied the wintry blasts beating against his defenceless head, and the ardent rays of the summer sun poured full against his brow; and still, amidst storm and calm, amidst rain and sunshine, he looks down from his lofty post upon the broad valley, with the same unyielding countenance.

I reached the Flume House, after a walk of six miles, in season for breakfast, and after breakfast went into the woods to pay a visit to the Flume. The Flume is half a mile from the road; it is a broad, thin sheet of water gliding over a bed of granite, which it has worn as smooth as polished marble; tall pines and birches, and other trees of the forest, come close to the margin of the stream, and, farther up, the banks begin to rise, the bed of the stream becomes narrower, the water deeper, and at length you arrive at a narrow pass of a few feet in width, where the granite walls, covered with long, hanging bunches of the freshest moss, rise high above your head, bearing on their tops tall birches, which almost shut out the blue sky with their overhanging branches; and about half-way up you see a huge rock jammed between the two walls, looking as though it might some day come tumbling down into the stream. I passed through this narrow pathway beneath the overhanging rock, and followed the tortuous course of the stream for a mile up among the woods; then, slowly returning, I climbed to the top of the bank, and, going out upon the trunk of a fallen tree which lay across the chasm, looked down upon the great rock which hung suspended between heaven and earth, and upon the rushing waters below it.

Leaving the Flume, I went off through the woods in another direction to visit the "Pool." On arriving at its margin, — upon which you come suddenly through the woods, — you hear the rushing of the water, and looking down find yourself standing

upon the brink of a precipice over fifty feet high, which nearly surrounds a large circular basin of water, pure as crystal. Through a gap in one part of the precipitous wall which forms the sides of the pool the water pours in, and, after eddying all round it, issues through another cleft directly opposite that through which it enters. Descending to the edge of the water by means of a ladder, I found an old boatman there who rowed me round the pool. Then sitting upon the trunk of a fallen tree which spanned the outlet, I listened to the soft murmur of the water, and gazed with delight upon the lofty walls, the overhanging trees, and the pure blue sky above.

Near the pool there is a sort of cave. I explored this cave, which is a dark and gloomy under-ground passage, and, crawling through a hole at its farther extremity, found myself once more in the woods. Then I retraced my steps to the Flume House, where I intended to take dinner, and afterwards to proceed on foot toward the south.

The whole scenery of the "Crystal Hills" is delightful beyond description; yet there is in it a great and wonderful variety. At Franconia the woods, the waterfalls, and the mountains are of exceeding beauty; Nature seems to have done her utmost to clothe this region in her most lovely and enchanting dress. While on the eastern side, and in the wild region of the Notch, all is sublime and majestic; she there seeks to impress the mind of the beholder with a feeling of wondering admiration at her magnificence and grandeur. These glorious scenes make a deep and lasting impression, and the visitor carries

home with him an indelible picture of all that he has beheld. Nor can he fail to be impressed, if he be of a reverent mind, with a truer idea of the almighty power of that great Being at whose word alone the mountains rose, and the valleys were formed.

Bidding farewell to the mountains, I turned my face and my footsteps toward the south; the same evening reached Thornton, twelve miles below the Flume House. Proceeding the next morning by stage-coach to Plymouth, I there got on board the cars, and was borne swiftly and smoothly home.

C. C. H.

MA'AM WARDEN AND HER LITTLE NEIGHBORS.

No. III.

MARY came over into Ma'am Warden's garden very early in the morning. She was watching there, dimpling with arch smiles which she had had great trouble to keep from bursting into a loud laugh, when the bolt of the "end door" was drawn, and a big basket and the merry eyes of Ma'am Warden looked out.

"Well, who 'd a' thought! I'm sure, I never!" cried the old lady, quite "taken aback."

"And I'm sure *I* never," said Mary, "saw the sun rise before. I heard the first chirp of the birds,—just a sleepy little 'Peep, peep, peep,'—and up I

sprung, for fear I should go to sleep again. Now how came you not to fetch home Gid? For I saw you get out alone last night, and mother, she said it was too late for me to come over, or I should."

"Could n't find nothing of him, and I laid awake, musing about him, into the small hours. And then I drempt I found him, and morning dreams come true, you know."

"No, I don't," said Mary. "I don't believe in dreams."

"Well, I dunno," said Ma'am Warden, as she and Mary began to pick the peas in their aprons, while the big basket waited in the path. "Dear sirs, dreams have been a great comfort to me oftentimes. I saw the child, with a clean, smiling face, and now my mind's easy about him."

"Because it was a *morning* dream," said Mary, with a shrewd smile.

"O, you plague!" said Ma'am Warden. "Can't you let me alone?"

"So superstitious!" said the little girl, much pleased to think she was wiser than her old friend, for once.

"Supposin' 't is, there's no harm in it," said the old woman, pettishly. Then, rousing her strong common-sense, she confessed she saw no reason why morning dreams *should* be lucky dreams, more than any others, only they had the luck to be remembered oftener. And on the whole, a Christian's faith and trust were enough, without looking to dreams at all for a peep into the future.

Mary was always full of questions on the past.

But it would take too much space to give Dame Warden's stories of Gid in her own language; and she did not know all we could tell about him, either. His name was not really Gid Tyler, it was Gilbert Taylor. As he minded nothing that was not a bodily hurt, he never troubled himself about his name, unless the boys called him "Beggar." A beggar he was not. There were kitchens where fragments of bread and other eatables were put by for him, it is true. But he more than paid for things given him, that would otherwise have been thrown away or put in the swill-tub, by the chips and shavings, and sometimes berries or dandelions, and pond-lilies, he carried to the house from time to time. He wore whatever he had till its grievously tattered condition made some good woman who had a garment to bestow call him, and give it to him. He neither asked for anything nor ever thanked anybody. He was indifferent about the size of articles of apparel, and nothing was ever altered to fit him. No matter if he had to roll up half the long leg of a pair of trousers about his ankles. He liked them just as well, and with the capacious nether garment wore a jacket that he could hardly squeeze himself into, tying the two together. One day he appeared with a man's coat on; the funny figure he cut, with the skirts nearly reaching the ground, made everybody smile that saw him. He did not care for that. But the boys began to tease him, and run after him to catch hold of his coat-tails; so he cut them off. In summer he went comfortably barefoot; he was nearly as fleet as a greyhound then, as sure-footed

as a squirrel, and as ready a climber as a monkey. In winter he went about with his slender feet in big brogans, or like "Puss, in Boots," if he happened to get any in his rubbish-basket. If not, his poor little heels and toes peeped out from "broken" slippers, and ragged old socks, and were sore pinched with cold.

Until he won a friend in Ma'am Warden, he did not know how much he needed one. He had not an idea how forlorn and neglected he was. She waited till he began to put trust in her, before she tried to better his condition. He would run off, like a guilty thing, if she spoke to him, as he hung round her door; he never looked at her, unless she was too busy, as he thought, to mind him. To encourage him, she would ask little favors. Could he split kindlings? O, she was very glad! It was so nice to have a little pile beforehand. Gid was not stupid at that, though to see his dull eye and his hanging chin would lead any one to expect that he would make no better use of a hatchet than to chop off his toes. Could he stop the baker? O yes; and make change too, without a mistake, and bring up the stairs the basket of cookies or crackers without the number falling short. Of course the good woman gave him a couple, and took the opportunity to offer to baste up his pockets, so that they might be capable of holding his property. This he rejoiced in, but simply submitted when she went on to baste up the largest rents in his garments; they were comfortable enough, he thought, as they were. Finding, however, that she really cared about his looks, he won-

deringly examined himself to see what manner of boy he was. Thus he began to take an interest in himself.

"Could n't your folks cut off the legs of your trowse's, and hem 'em?" asked Ma'am Warden, when she saw he was looking at them.

He was silent. "Perhaps he did not understand," thought she, and repeated the question, making motions to explain it.

No answer.

"Don't they know how to sew?"

He shook his head.

"Do they do anything at all for you?"

"Cook. Rye-cake, or mush. Break'st."

"Do they make your bed?"

"Got no bed. Old chist. That's all."

"Don't they lay anything down, — a mat, at least?"

Gid looked up, and shook his head. A new idea it seemed.

"Have n't they got anything?"

"No. Have n't got nothing. Guess not."

"Don't your poor little bones ache?"

Gid sighed, and thought they did very often. Yes, they did. He was sure of it. Ma'am Warden saw, that, seeing her grieved looks, he began to feel self-pity, one of the saddest of human emotions.

"Perhaps I could get you some kind of a bed," said she, with tears moistening her eyes.

"No use. Sell it. Sell everything. Get away clo'es. Things giv' to *me*. Wear 'em. Else sell 'em."

Another day, as she was finishing some work in a hurry, Gid stole in, and moved softly about, looking at this and that. She heard him spelling out a name under a picture. "*The ship C-h-i, chi, m-e*, with an *a* stuck on to it!! *r-a*, ray, *under full sail*."

"Do you go to school?" she asked.

"Used to. Got a Reader. Testament too. And Tom Bolin. Can't read this, though. It's hard."

"The 'Chimæra', Cap'n Warden, going out o' Boston Harbor, past the Light. Can you write any?"

Silence. Ma'am Warden had forgotten to keep her eyes on her work, and he was taken shy. After some time, "Got nothing to write with" came out.

"Open the table-drawer. Do you see a broken slate? You may have the biggest half, to keep and carry home, if you want."

"Pens'l."

"Break mine in two. Get a fork, and drill a hole in your slate, and put a string through, to tie your pencil on. If you don't, it will find legs."

Gid bored both fragments of the slate. Then he ran down stairs, and did not come back for half an hour. He sat himself down on the floor to tie in a cord he had procured. He made a groove upon the pencils without advice, and knotted the string securely and neatly without help. Ma'am Warden avoided looking round on purpose, that he might manage it all by himself.

"Why, who has thrown water on you?" she cried, when she at last glanced over her shoulder. "I think it is a shame!"

"They did n't."

"But your hair is dripping all over your shoulders."

"Got ducking. 'Cause. Down to the wharf; get bit o' line. Giv' to me. I never hook."

"Why are your clothes dry, pray, if you fell in?"

"Bill, — snatch-cat! Too quick for him. Tumbled backwards. Deep water. Could n't swim."

"Who tumbled back? Who fell in? Not you, but Bill, — hey?"

A nod.

"Any men about?"

A shake of the head. "Boys there. See me peelin. Say, 'Two going to be drowned 'stead o' one? Don't go a nighst him. Don't ye, now. Haul you under. Dead grip.' But I warn't afraid."

"But can *you* swim?"

A nod. "Got him behind. Pulled him out. Won't lick me again, says."

"I should hope not, indeed. Well, I never!" And Ma'am Warden wiped her eyes, and blew her nose, while Gid, not dreaming that she thought his conduct remarkable in any way, forgot it immediately in his delight at the possession of the piece of slate. He scratched on it in letters partly printed, partly written, Gilbert Taylor. But it did not occur to Ma'am Warden, when she got a peep at it, that it was his name. She always called him Gid, like the rest.

Soon Gid ran in and out of her room much like a shy kitten, which will frisk round you, purring and rubbing against your feet, but scampers away if you

attempt to detain or stroke her. He would stand a little behind his friend, looking over her shoulder to see the motions of her needle, and talk in a low, sweet tone, unlike his usual frightened, broken speech. He wanted neither question, nor reply, and she was careful not to speak up suddenly, and look at him; he immediately became confused and shy if she did. He told her of long trudges to "lily-ponds," and how he learned to swim out for the lovely booty. He told her what his thoughts were as he lay resting on his back on the grassy margin, and looked up into the heavens above. Those were happy hours. He described the wild-flowers he had not dared to pluck, fearing all unknown plants as possibly poisonous; the birds, and their nests, the knowledge of which he had kept secret from man and boy; the sale of his lilies, and the kind gift of a bit of bread or cake at some house; the onset of some suspicious cur or malicious boy; how he concealed his gains; how he had purchased potatoes sometimes, and cooked them on the sea-beach; and how he had bought a loaf for a treat at home, and it had been resold for drink. He would never drink,—no, never,—for had he not seen enough! He had seen both men and women in the "horrors," he said, by which Ma'am Warden supposed he meant *delirium tremens*.

Winter came, and then little Gid's face grew more sad and dull. He put on one ragged thing over another, but still the cold pinched his delicate limbs, and made his lips purple. A good-hearted boy, who had a bed, took him in to sleep with him, however,

which bettered his condition at night, and he had a couple of warm shirts from Ma'am Warden, who took time from her sleep to make them.

"If you could but get a place," said she, as he received them, without a word, but with many an expressive glance of pleasure. "Could n't you?"

Gid looked at himself. Rags and tatters! Who would take him? He saw his condition, now.

"I could botch up the worst holes. If you were but clean! Let me teach you how to wash thoroughly. Here's a bit of soap that won't make your flesh chap in the cold air. And half my sponge. Towel for your own."

Gid submitted with indifference.

"What a beautiful little ear, now it is clean! O, what a nice, broad, high forehead, now I have wet the hair, and brushed it away! A pretty boy — almost! Nay, quite, if you were neat. This hand, — fie, what nails! Take my scissors, cut all the nails, and I'll show you how to clean them with the point."

Gid obeyed without smile or word. A great fuss, it seemed to him. But when the slim hand with its taper fingers was praised, and declared a good little servant, and worthy to be well kept, he laughed. After a long silence, he laughed out again. It tickled him. He held it up, and looked at it, inside and out, as if it belonged to somebody else, and was new to him.

No lesson was now lost on the boy. The next day he came to Ma'am Warden with a shining face, clean ears, one of them even bleeding from the mer-

ciless rubs he had given it, and nails as nice, nearly, as her own. Then she gave him a tub of warm "suds," and a stool, and a hemp towel, to wash his feet. When he pulled off the gaping shoes, and begrimed, toeless socks, and she saw slender ankles and thin shins, black and blue, she exclaimed at it.

"And here is a fresh bark, — all bleeding! How did you hurt yourself?"

"Don't remember. S'pose when *he* kicked out, — so, — and I going by 'm. Kicks me when I come near him. Keep out th' way. Can't al'ys."

"Brutal! I wonder it did not break this poor little drumstick. A shame! I do declare, I wish I could pound him!"

Gid looked surprised and amused. To him it was a matter of course. He felt neither anger nor resentment, more than if a swinging gate had bruised him. Seeing the skinless condition of toe and heel from neglected chilblains, Ma'am Warden threw down her work, and washed them herself; then tenderly applied plasters of diachylon on cotton cloth large enough to encase nearly half the little foot, bidding him remember they were to be kept on till they wore off. Gid looked on as if the feet were her affair, not his. But when she drew on a pair of her own yarn stockings, warm and whole, gartering them above the knee, he rubbed them up and down with his hand, thinking it a very nice arrangement, bad fit though they were.

"If you only had shoes, now!"

Ma'am Warden was going to carry home some work, and she told Gid to stay, and, if any one came, to say she was coming back soon.

"Lock."

"Why?"

No answer. So she locked him in, and went away. Gid probably thought some person might come, and, seeing only him, might take something in spite of him, and the theft be "laid to him."

She soon came back, and put on his feet a stout pair of shoes, little worn, but much defaced, that had been Henry Harbreck's. Then she gave him a ball and a top Henry had picked out for him from a rubbish of neglected playthings. The bright gleam which came into his eyes at the gift faded away before he had got them into his pocket, to Ma'am Warden's disappointment.

Next day he came in sobbing. Ma'am Warden could not make him speak, till she went and put an arm round him, and drew him close to her. The street boys had seen him tossing his ball, had borrowed it, and pretended to lose it. He had seen them playing with it afterwards, and laughing at him.

"What a shame!" cried Ma'am Warden. "If they must rob, let them rob them that has enough and to spare. It's a joke, is it? I'd make 'em laugh the wrong side of their mouths, if I could. Why did you not tell your friend, the policeman?"

O no,—Gid had no thought of the kind. He was willing to give up the ball. That was not the grief. But whenever he had had anything,—once, a sled,—another time, a pair of little trucks,—they had made a sport of breaking it up, and now—

Why, why did they hate him so! The malice, not the loss, grieved him sore.

"It is because you are not their sort, my child. You are too pure, too innocent, to be one of 'em. I am glad they repel you. I should feel worse if they did n't shove you off. I don't want you to like 'em. Never mind 'em. I'll make you another colley-ball some time."

A whole suit of a dark-green color, one that Henry had outgrown, was brought to Ma'am Warden by a messenger who came to deliver some work she was to do. A paper was pinned on it. "For Gid, when he gets a place."

"If they 'd only thought of a cap, now!" cried Ma'am Warden, as Gid stood watching her scissors ripping off the trimming, which was not proper for his wear. "I'd go out with you, to-day, before you quite spile these shoes, and see if we can find e'er a place."

It so happened that that very day some boys caught away Gid's old cap, and made a frolic of kicking it about. A woman, seeing him crying, took him home, and gave him quite a decent, comfortable one, — a trifle too large, to be sure, so that it came down over his brows, but he liked it just as well. It was the better shelter for his ears.

But he and Ma'am Warden sought in vain for a place, though he was a nice-looking lad in his new suit, and had a look in his eyes that went to the heart of everybody who had any. It was a gentle, sad, patient look, speaking of long suffering, and yet a bright look, speaking of awakening hope and interest in the future.

At last a house and garden in the country fell to Ma'am Warden, at the death of a relation. She gave the boy the suit she had kept for him, and her blessing, and left the city.

(To be continued.)

UNEIKA, A TALE OF GEORGIA.

CHAPTER III.

THE SPIRIT CAVE.

UNEIKA, having suffered much in mind and body during her rapid journey, was not able, immediately after her arrival in the valley of Van, to return to Cedar Creek.

She was not surprised, upon her arrival upon its banks, to find the comfortable cabin of Little Pumpkin swept away by the freshet, and Iya and his squaw Touchny under the temporary shelter of a wigwam.

"Awsi-sunahlae!" said the chief's daughter, as she stooped under the low entrance. "Iya has suffered a loss!"

"Ugh, ugh," returned Little Pumpkin, sullenly. "For five long years the Indian toiled like the negro of the pale-face; he planted his seed, he built him a cabin, he brought in his squaw, he lit the fire on his hearth-stone. Where is now its flame? The Indian is back in his wigwam; he sits on the ground with his squaw. Where is his home?"

"Utsilungi says a contented heart makes every place a home," returned Uneika.

The Indian accompanied her to the ford, in order to ascertain whether she might return in safety to her own valley.

The waters were abating rapidly. Pumpkin thought a passage might be made later in the day, and he promised to lend Uneika his own safe pony, to carry her back to the valley of Cedars. The chief's daughter thanked him, and accepted his friendly offer.

They separated at a fork in the trail-way, the Indian to go to his wigwam, while Uneika retraced her steps towards the house of the chief Van. She walked slowly and listlessly; her head, usually borne so erectly, was now inclined forwards, and her eyes bent on the earth. She kept the smooth, sandy trail, stepping regularly, with the true Indian tramp, — foot over foot, — bringing the heel of one foot down to the toe of the other.

On a sudden she stopped in her walk, starting as if she had been shot. She stood for a while quite motionless, her piercing eye fixed steadily on the path. Kneeling, she measured with her quick eye — what? The indistinct print of a small, thumbless hand in the smooth, damp sand. A venomous reptile in her path could not have arrested her steps more suddenly. It was a right hand; Nick-a-jack had lost the thumb of his right hand, she knew, and he had short, thick fingers, like the impression.

Rising from her kneeling posture, she stepped on

carefully, still eyeing the trail. She soon found a like impression in another spot, and a left-hand mark, both to her keen eye clear impressions of the hands of Nick-a-jack. But why and when were they made? And why was there no footmark?

Uneika, greatly moved by this strange discovery, left the village of Van on her left hand, and at once turned into the forest. Broken sticks, and withered leaves brushed from their places, so that the damp sides were lying uppermost, betrayed to her quick Indian eye the exact place where the evil boy had left the trail. The sticks had not been broken by the tread of the little moccasoned foot; many leaves were found displaced, and broad patches of fern and moss were pressed down. By such marks Uneika was assured that the boy Nick-a-jack had travelled through the forest and along the trail on his hands and knees.

"The little Rattlesnake!" she exclaimed; "he has crawled away to some place of concealment, no doubt. Why did he not walk? The risk of discovery would have been less. Perhaps his deep cunning has made these false marks to lead off pursuit." She strongly suspected this, yet she could only endeavor to follow the tracks still farther; there was no other clew to the mystery.

She walked on and on, scarce pausing a moment to look closely for marks of Nick-a-jack's devious travel. "It is the way of the serpent," she said to herself. "Here, he turned about; here, he dragged the toe of a moccasoned foot; here his knee pressed the soft turf; he lay upon this bed of moss; he rested

here a long time, for it is heavily pressed; his whole form lay extended here, and he rolled upon the long grass, — it is quite tangled.”

So wandered the chief's daughter on, farther and yet farther into the tangled forest, noting every mark of her enemy; for, since the abduction of the white child under her care, she regarded him altogether as such. At length, a strange noise arrested her steps; it was like that of falling water, yet it wanted the clear, tinkling music of one of the mountain rills. The sound was hollow, and strange to her practised ear, but such as might be made by a waterfall within walls of solid rock.

Uneika supposed, therefore, that she was in the vicinity of a place called by the Indians the Spirit Cave. She had never visited it, but she had learned from the Van's children that it was a small and dark cavern, and also that within it a spring of clear water fell from a height of several feet upon a broad, flat stone. The sound, echoing and re-echoing upon the inside walls of the cavern, gave forth a sepulchral tone, which, to the ignorant and superstitious Indians, sounded like the angry voice of their Evil Spirit.

But the educated mind of the chief's daughter harbored few superstitious fears, and the hope of rescuing little Robin nerved her against every danger. She boldly proceeded in her search, therefore, keeping a keen eye on the tracks of Nick-a-jack. She was soon met by a stream of clear water, gushing with force from beneath a large, black rock, which seemed deeply imbedded in a hill-side.

She found no difficulty in crossing the stream of water on flat stones, and on the opposite side, near to the black rock, she discovered another distinct impression of the thumbless hand.

Every trace of Nick-a-jack then ceased. She examined closely the face of the black cliff, in order to discover, if possible, the entrance to the gloomy cavern. To all appearance the rock was solid. Yet the sound of falling water within made it certain that it was hollow, and that it was the place so well known to Van's Indians as the Spirit Cave. Uneika was convinced that the boy whom she so eagerly sought, the crooked Nick-a-jack, had crept within the walls of the cavern. Having examined the face of the rock, without succeeding in finding an entrance, she climbed the steep earth-bank. At the very top, surrounded, and almost hidden by thick shrubs, she discovered the mouth of the cave. It was but a small, round hole, just large enough to admit her. The girl first placed her ear close to the ground, and listened. She caught, besides the noise of falling water, the plaintive moans of a suffering child. Was it Nick-a-jack? It must be he, — or, was it Robin?

Placing her moccasoned feet carefully in the clefts of the rock, Uneika descended slowly and noiselessly into the narrow throat of the cavern. She saw nothing, for the few rays of light which usually struggled through the narrow entrance were shut out by her own body. When the ceiling of the cave became higher, and allowed the Indian girl to stand upright, a few feeble rays of gloomy light immediately fell

along the floor, and discovered to her eye a child lying motionless in the farthest corner.

There lay coiled the little Utsawnati, the decoy-boy of the robber gang, the treacherous Nick-a-jack; he lay helpless within her very grasp, — he could not escape. Now came a trial to the Indian's fiery nature. She had been cruelly wronged, for Nick-a-jack had taken the white boy from her own arms. To one of Indian blood the forfeiture of a promise is hard to forgive. She had trusted to Nick-a-jack's promises, and she had been deceived; her enemy was at her mercy, and to the Indian revenge seems but justice.

There was a struggle, but it was soon over. The teachings of Utsilungi were remembered, and the thought of vengeance was stifled in its birth. Even the stinging words of reproach died upon her lips, as she dropped upon one knee at the side of the Indian boy, leaned her face over his, and discovered his features distorted by pain. The eye of the sufferer was very dim, but soon he caught the tender glance of the dark eyes that were bent on him.

"Uneika, spare me; I am dying," said he.

"I hope not," answered the Indian girl, in a gentle tone.

"If you would but bring me a morsel of bread! But Uneika will not. Uneika hates Nick-a-jack."

"Uneika hates no one," she returned. "If my enemy hunger, I will feed him."

"Bring me bread, then; quick, quick, I am starving!"

"Tell me first, where is Robin?" said Uneika.

"Bread, bread! I cannot talk. It is days since I have eaten, except the grass on the trails," said the boy. "Bread, or I will tell nothing."

The Indian girl laid her hand upon his burning forehead. Then she brought in the hollow of her palm some water from the spring, and moistened his lips, and bathed his hot hands and wrists. She would have raised him, but the boy resisted, declaring that he could not be moved. He had, like a wounded snake, dragged himself thither to die, when left by the robbers in the trail, where he had been thrown from the saddle by Akaluga, the Whirlwind, in their flight.

"You, too, trusted a traitor; and you deserved that he should leave you," said Uneika.

Uneika drew from her shoulders a loose scarlet jacket, folded it, and placed it under the sufferer, over the flinty ground.

"Good," murmured the wondering boy. "Now bring cone-hane, and Nick-a-jack will thank you."

Uneika rose, saying, "I go to the house of the chief Van to fetch it."

"Stop, Uneika," exclaimed the Indian boy, with a wild shriek. "Stop, — deliver me not into the hand of Van. Let Uneika dare to do it, and Nick-a-jack still has strength to kill her! The snake can yet bite, though his back be broken."

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

FROM THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

MY *first* 's a time for tranquil rest,
With which the weary world is blest,
A time when man forgets his cares,
And all the burdens which he bears;
My *next*, a preposition small,
I think is known unto you all;
My *third* passed through a noble wood,
Where tall and straight the green trees stood,
But when it ceased its rush and sound,
The trees lay broken on the ground.
My whole 's a bird, whose wondrous powers
Make musical the moonlit hours.

RALPH WILSON.

HOPS.—“Biddy,” said an inexperienced housekeeper, “what makes your bread so bitter?” “The flour, ma’am.” “You make hop-yeast?” “Surely, ma’am; and the best o’ that same.” “Try a smaller portion of hops next time.” Biddy said nothing, but she threw the usual double-handful into the kettle when she next had occasion to make yeast. The lady chanced to see the hops, yet dry, swimming on top of the water. She caught up a handful, rolled them in a paper, and hid them. “I ’ll see,” said she to herself, laughing in her sleeve, “if my bread is the worse for that, before I tell Biddy of it.”

The bread proved faultless. “There, Miss!” said Biddy, in triumph, “an’ the hops all the same.” “Are you quite sure of that?” said the lady, producing the stolen half. Biddy could not understand the case.

But it is easily explained. The dealers know very well that hops lose their strength by age. So they wrap in packages of a pound or two the old store left on hand, for domestic uses. Housekeepers buy these neat little budgets of hops at an advanced price, not aware that good hops are of a lively greenish color, and not of a dark, dull brown. One handful of freshly cured hops is equal in strength to two handfuls of those kept a year, and three or four handfuls of the older crops. Biddy must have obtained some that were new and fresh, by some strange good fortune.

The hop-vine is very beautiful when in bloom. The graceful green flowers mix very prettily with the bright-colored nasturtiums, dahlias, verbenas, and other autumn flowers, in vases. If you wish to raise them, plant early, and let the vine grow the first season without any support. The next year, in order that they may bloom, it is necessary to dig round the vine, cutting off all but the central root, and to train it upon a pole.

I LIVE TO LOVE.

"I LIVE to love," said a laughing girl,
As she playfully tossed each flaxen curl;
And she climbed on her loving father's knee,
And snatched a kiss, in her childish glee.

"I live to love," said a maiden fair,
As she twined a wreath for her sister's hair;
They were bound by the cords of love together,
And death alone could these sisters sever.

"I live to love," said a gay young bride,
Her loved one standing by her side;
Her life told again what her lips had spoken,
And ne'er was the link of affection broken.

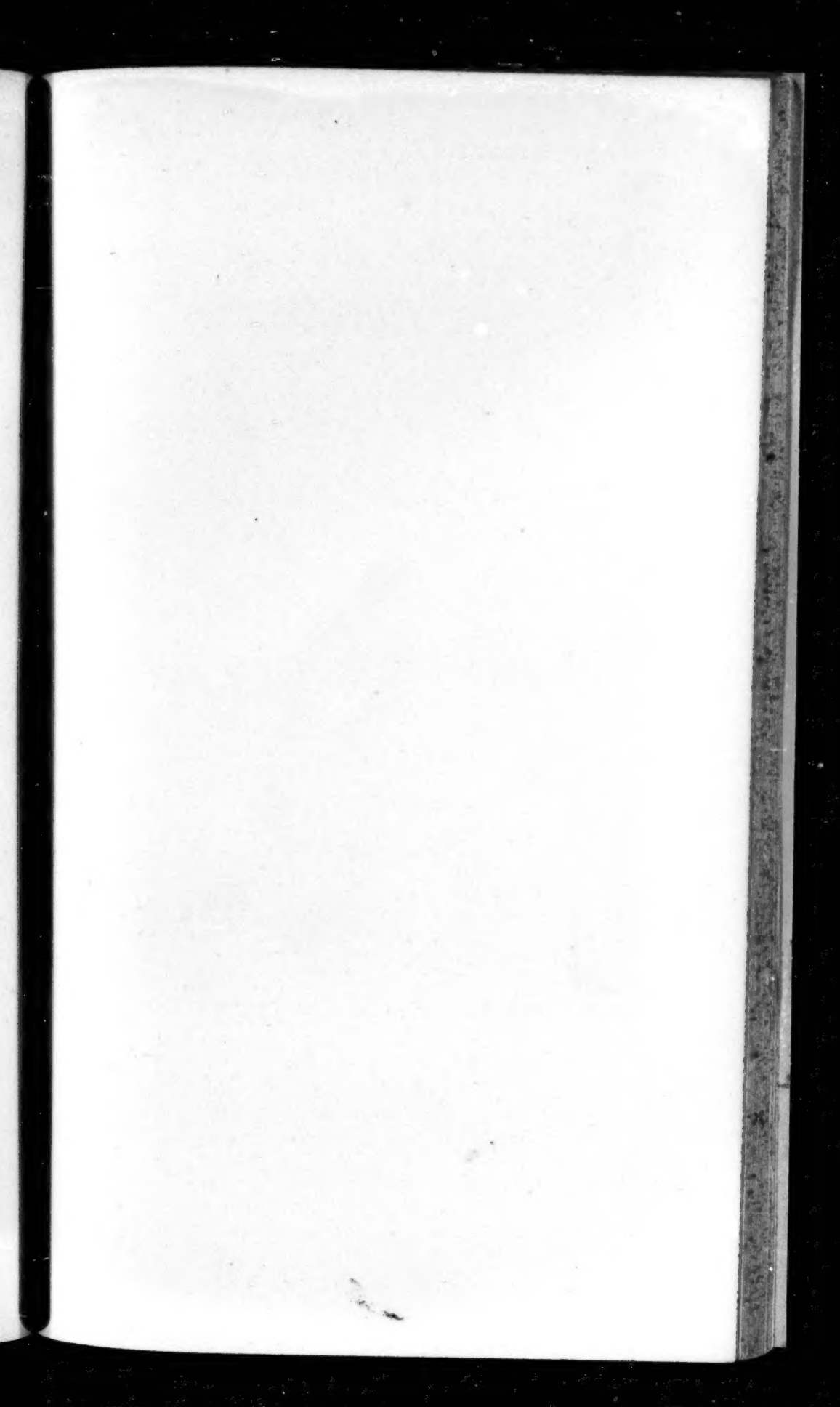
"I live to love," said a mother kind,—
"I would live a guide to the infant mind";
Her precepts and example given
Guided her children home to heaven!

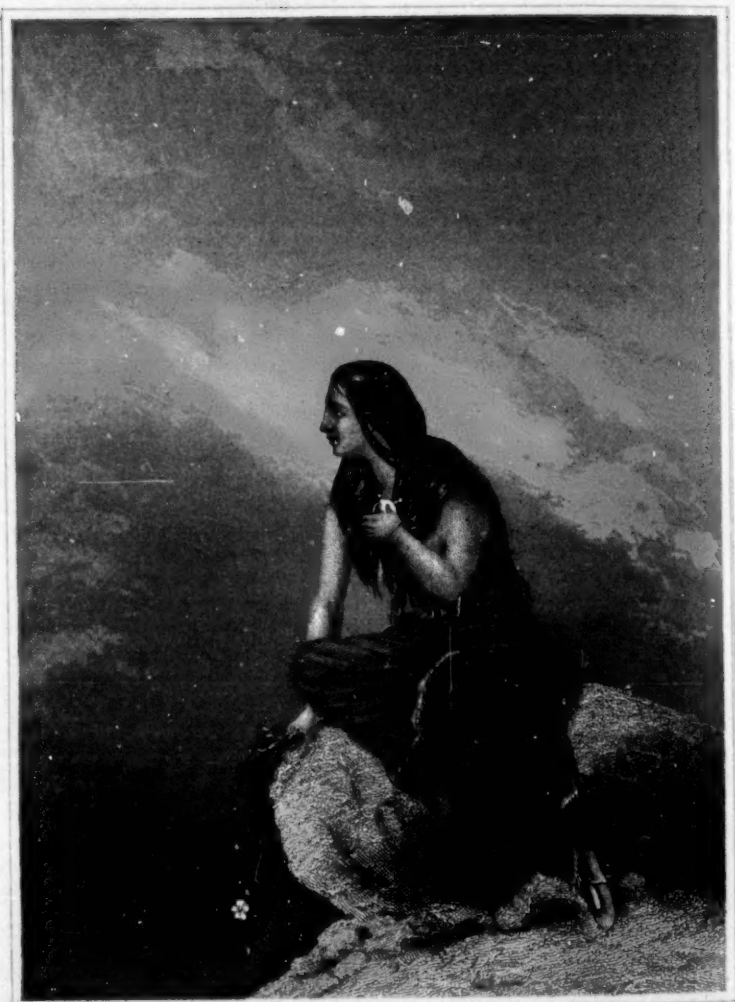
"I shall live to love," said a fading form,
And her eye was bright and her cheek grew warm,
As she thought in the blissful world on high
She would live to love, and never die.

And ever thus, in this lower world,
Should the banner of Love be wide unfurled;
And when we meet in the world above,
May we love to live and live to love.

MRS. SPAULDING.

PERHAPS you, boys, to whom jackets and shoes rain down like the manna in the desert, without a thought or care of your own,—who can go to school so regularly it is hardly considered a privilege, but almost a bore,—you can hardly understand what it is for a boy to be watching the hole in his shoes, seeing with dismay his toes just appearing, feeling his elbows coming through his sleeves, knowing upon them depends his staying at school; and at last, as, in recess, he goes over that fence after the ball, away goes the old jacket all in tatters, threadbare before, yet still holding together, but now past mending. Now gone is his power of attending school. Where the new clothes are to come from, God only knows; he does not. At home they are so poor his father can hardly get work enough to keep them from starving; and he knows very well that, if he is not at school, he will be in the street with bad boys, who will not go to school.—*From the Providence Children's Mission Report.*





C. Dene

H. L. Glover

WHO HAS TAKEN MY UMBRELLA?

O my umbrella! who has seen — who has taken my new silk umbrella?

The rain sweeps against the windows with a sound like that of a whole reading-room full of rustling newspapers. It runs in rivers down the panes. The old apple-tree looks more crooked than ever through the blurred medium.

What shall I do? Abroad I must go.

I'll make another search. My own umbrella is not to be found, I know, but I may light upon one that will serve me in its stead. Let me see, — O, this has a split in every gore. And this, — I recognize it as the umbrella that will not stay open, but makes a pretence of doing so till you are fairly off. Then it collapses without the slightest warning. I know your tricks of old; you will not do for me. No, and there is nothing here wherewith to shelter my head from the pitiless pelting of the storm. Alas for my own, my beloved, trusty, symmetrical umbrella! Who *has* walked off with it?

Let me peep into the coat-closet. Ah? Here! No, it is only the ancient tent of my grandfather, with leaky spring-top, stubbed point, ponderous handle, stiff bones partially bare, and faded olive-green canopy, no longer weather-proof. Back into your corner, with the gold-headed cane, and enjoy well-earned repose!

When I look back on the many chosen companions of whom I have been bereft, and when I look



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When I look back on the many chosen companions of whom I have been bereft, and when I look

forth into the storm and reflect that I must meet it alone and unprotected, I—yes, I really believe I am capable of inventing a sword-umbrella which shall prick every hand but that which has a right to grasp the handle.

With what deliberation did I choose my first umbrella! With the manliness peculiar to *boyhood*, I had scorned a shelter for my head, and had a pride in lounging through the streets when others were scampering. I had particularly delighted in halting at corners, — the windiest of course, — with the water dripping from my visor, nose, and chin. But when I arrived at a standing dicky and a beaver, I made the purchase of a light, elegant, gentlemanly umbrella. It had a bright plate for the name, and my initials were engraved thereon in a handsome cipher. But I might as well have engraved upon it, "THE WORLD," or "THE PEOPLE'S UMBRELLA," as anything else. It was yet a new possession, when one night I took it to the opera, making use of it on the way as a cane. I saw more than one person smile as I flourished it in passing, with now a poke, and now a thump on the flagstones; the moon and stars winked through gaps in the fleecy clouds as I put it under my arm and entered the theatre. But I was in the right, for when I came forth again the rain poured in torrents; the lamps were reflected in the gutters; long, tremulous lines of light glimmered upon the street as upon a river. Lanterns flashed here and there, held by hackmen in India-rubber-cloth capes and glazed caps. Wheels were heard rattling furiously, with a clattering of hoofs slipping

on the wet pavement. Exclamations of despair in every plaintive key had a running accompaniment of deep voices clamoring for carriages. And over all was heard the steady plashing of the rain.

I stood in the vestibule, enjoying the bustle and the comic consternation of those who had not, like me, a comfortable sense of security, through a wise forethought. "Here, young man!" said a hasty voice in my ear, "let us have your umbrella a moment," — and at the same instant an impatient hand grasped the handle. I held on. "For a *lady*!!" I could not refuse, for I caught a glimpse of a pair of bright eyes glancing towards me, from below a cloud of white tassels. I bowed courteously and relinquished my hold. The gentleman thanked me, a little gruffly, the bright eyes made a grateful acknowledgment, the crowd came between, and — that was the last I ever saw of my umbrella.

I bought another. It was equal, if not superior, to the first. For a time it was a faithful companion through storm and shine, but principally through shine, for it was a sure sign of fair weather when I took it under my arm. From many a fall, however, it saved me; over many a pool, inky as Styx, or yellow as Tiber, it enabled me to leap; and it shaded me on sunny days, — albeit a friend sometimes compared me to an absent-minded young lady, who walked the whole length of a store with her parasol raised. In one of its numerous fair-day trips, it was unfortunately left behind in a hasty exit from an omnibus. I recognized it afterwards, I was almost certain, in the hands of a stranger, in Washington

Street; the light stem, with carved handle, and the graceful arch of the silken dome, were the same, I thought. But I could not identify it without a closer scrutiny, which I had no excuse to make.

My third was a cheap one, with a feeble constitution. The wind came round the corner in a snow-storm, and, failing to twitch it from my hand, turned it inside out. It was a perfect wreck, and I threw it away.

Now I bought a dread-naught coat, with standing collar, and huge bone buttons. My proud beaver I exchanged for a shovel hat of brown felt. My friends did not know me, and ladies "cut" me in the street. Little boys shouted "Constable!" I laughed at the rain and despised umbrellas. However, when I entered the house, dripping like a water-dog, and found myself scolded and ridiculed as an uncivilized monster, who should kennel in the shed, I gave it up, and bought a fourth umbrella, a blue-cotton one, so ugly I thought no one would ever borrow or steal it. I gave my shaggy coat to a sailor friend, and purveyed a light broadcloth one, which in the first shower was speckled all over with blue drops from my umbrella. Sticking the offender in the flower-bed, like a great mushroom under a heavy rain, I compelled it to part with all its superfluous coloring, and *more*. Leaving it one night in a public entry, I effected an exchange. Some person took it, and in its place I found an old weather-beaten black one. That eloped soon, borrowed or stolen, and then —

Can I believe my eyes! My dear, own umbrella come home, — honestly returned, and with gratitude,

— brought back even before it has done raining!
In my joy I can almost forgive its having been borrowed without leave.

E. E. A.

MA'AM WARDEN AND HER LITTLE NEIGHBORS.

No. IV.

A MARKET-WAGON was waiting at a shop door in a back street in Boston. A ragged boy stood stroking the nose of the fat, shaggy horse, who seemed pleased with the attention. A woman, as clumsy-footed and homely as her old Dobbin, came out with her arms full of bundles, which she deposited in an empty basket, one by one.

"Ginger. I hope it's better 'n the last I had. — Starch, — well, I don't know, the paper might break, best 'rop it up in the cheese-cloth. Mind there, little chap, don't ye scare the hoss. Though he's used to havin' children round. Let me see,—what's in this? O, I smell,—that's the allspice. Tea. Shells. Rice. And there's the sweet biscuits for Sir. I shall forget the rum o' purpose. But I guess I'll go in,—since he runs of a notion he wants sunthing strengthenin',—and get a mite o' real coffee, though it's dreadful dear! I need n't get the best kind."

A lanky lad, who was lounging near, now paused,

with his eye upon her broad back, and as she re-entered the shop, he glanced up and down the street, and, not seeing the little boy or any one else, made an attempt to get hold of the basket. He jumped as if a pistol had been fired close to his ear, when a whisper reached him from behind the horse: "Bill! Bill! I'll holler! I will!"

"Shut up, Gid Tyler, — mind your own business, or I'll give you a shirtful of sore bones as ever you had. I'll bring the boys on ye, first time I catch you alone. You look t' other way, — you better, or clear."

"I won't," said Gid, in a loud tone. "I won't, I say!" But he trembled and turned pale, and when Bill slunk off, he began to rub his eyes with the backs of his hands. It was the very boy whose life he had saved, and who had promised never to beat him again. The market-woman had seen it all, for she had been on the watch lest Gid, who looked so ragged and destitute, should try to steal from the wagon. She came and questioned him kindly, and for once Gid was communicative. She had a look like his dear lost friend, he thought; and it opened his heart.

"You jump right in and go home with me. Sir's laid up, and my boys goes to school, and you'll be welcome to a home and your vittles for chores. Come. I'll be kind to ye, never fear!" She saw that the child looked more frightened than joyful at the invitation. The fear of Bill and his boys did not at first overbalance that of the boys whom he was to meet in the dark unknown of a strange home.

"O, country boys, don't you know, are different. Why, mine are all younger than you, though you're small, and they'll be like brothers to you, once you know them a little. Come; what's your name? You did not say."

"Gilbert Taylor."

"Well, Gilbert, pluck up a spirit, and go. If you're discontented, I'll fetch you back a week from to-day."

But Gilbert bade farewell to the city as a residence, and to the name of Gid, from that day.

"I'll call and get your better clo'es, and tell 'em you are going," said Mrs. Morse as Gid clambered up. No; that would never do! She drove slowly through the dirty street, while the boy slipped into the house, pulled his bundle from behind the chimney in the garret, in the very wrapper Ma'am Warden had put round it, flew down the old stairs, and hoped he had escaped notice. But a voice behind cried, "What are you a lugging off out of the house?" and it was only by his swiftness of foot in the first place, and Dobbin's speed in the second, that he eluded pursuit. There was one to whom he wished to say a word. It was not "Good by," for he never took that trouble. As they passed over Craigie's Bridge, he spied out the boy who had given him a lodging, catching fish. He reached out to him his top, which had lost its peg, and left to his charge also the business of supplying his place to the families who he supposed would miss his daily visits. He felt not a little anxious about his successor's honesty, in the remembrance of the spoon at one

time, and fork at another, that he had found in the swill-cask and returned. Poor child! He had been "faithful in a little"; he was now to have a wider sphere. He rode along, looking sad and stupid, till it came into the head of the good woman, who knew the nature of boys, to pretend to be tired, and give him the reins. He sat up erect, with his feet braced upon a butter-box, and no jockey holding in a mettlesome racer could show more pride and spirit than Gilbert in his first experiment in driving old Dobbin. Then the untackling, and watering, and putting up, and feeding the good-natured steed, he found himself equal to, with the laughing assistance of Mrs. Morse.

"Now if you've got some more decent things in your bundle, you put 'em on, before Sir sees you. I expect he'll scold any way. I'm glad you are so *handy*, for you'll save steps, and that'll please the old man."

Farmer Morse was sitting up in his bed, dressed so far as he was visible, when a slim, genteel-looking boy in a fine green cloth suit sauntered in. The lad appeared to be deaf, if not blind, for he stood motionless, with his jaw hanging down, and his eyes nearly shut, while the "*old man*" (who, by the way, was in the prime of life) nodded and spoke to him.

"Make your manners, Gilbert," said Mrs. Morse, patting his back gently.

Gilbert stood still, with a vacant look. Presently he stooped down and felt the carpet, which was indeed a curious one, made of pieces of woollen cloth.

"Underwitted?" asked Mr. Morse in dumb show. His wife shook her head, laughing.

"Come, Gilbert; go and shake hands with Sir. Say 'How d' ye do, sir?'"

Gilbert would not undertake it. But he went out with alacrity to carry the pigs' dinner, adopting a coarse, long-sleeved tire, hanging on its nail by the door, the instant it was pointed at by Mrs. Morse.

"Quick enough to take a hint when he's a mind to," said Mrs. Morse, while her husband raised his eyebrows in angry astonishment. She explained in a few words that she had *taken* the boy. So long as her husband chose to scold and fret, she went about the room, doing whatever needed to be done to make him comfortable, and holding her tongue. Then she sat down, and leaned her head upon her hand.

"There'd a been some sense, now, in getting a woman to do chores, and cook. The dairy is enough for you, let alone waiting on your disabled old man."

Mrs. Morse wiped her eyes.

"Well there, do as you are a mind to. You will live the longer."

Mrs. Morse always did do as she had a mind to do, to all intents and purposes, and her husband always did as she advised him, reserving the privilege of fretting and finding fault. Gilbert was not long in awe of him, any more than the other children, who understood very well that "his bark was worse than his bite." Scolding is the refuge of weakness, and therefore nobody cares for it long. Poor Mr. Morse was no scold when he was on his legs. But he had now been for weeks confined to the house by a wound on the knee, which, from in-

judicious treatment, and his having been in the habit of using ardent spirits more or less, refused to heal.

One day Gilbert assisted the surgeon who came to dress the knee. The boy looked keenly at the operator, and saw exactly how everything was done. Afterwards Mrs. Morse received a note from the doctor, enclosing a preparation of mercury, called red precipitate, which he had forgotten to bring with him, and giving directions how to apply it.

"Pizen stuff!" grumbled poor Morse.

"But it must go on. There's praoud flesh again, he says. You must bear it, or you'll never get about." Gilbert shook his head, knowingly.

"I won't have it on. I'd as lives lose my leg," growled the farmer, "and 'd rather."

"But just think of the mortification!"

"How d' know the — the *mortifacation* — would take it?" stammered Gilbert, in great excitement. "I — I —"

Frightened at a burst of laughter from both the sufferer and his wife, the boy let his jaw fall, and looked as stupid as he could. But there was something in his head to say that would come out, else his honest little heart would burst with indignation.

"Let alone, get well," he muttered. "Know't would. Man won't let it. Keeps it sore o' purpose. *Proud flesh!*"

"There, 't was by your advice I called in a quack, wife. Shrewd boy, I'll bet. Pray, what is proud flesh? I'm sure, I have n't got any left (if I ever had any), laid up here like an old beggar, that don't want to work."

"I've a good mind as ever I had to breathe to send for Dr. B——. Would you, Gil?"

Gilbert was all alive immediately.

"What Gilbert knows, he knows certain," said his friend. "He 's observin' and 'cute, and older than he looks."

"Seen cuts enough. Had 'em!" said Gilbert, baring his arm to show a deep scar. "It is a getting well, the knee is."

The physician came, pronounced the whitish appearance to be the healthy granulation of new flesh, and said he wondered nature had not been discouraged at last from making any new attempt to repair the injury. All they had to do was to keep it clean, and let it alone. Gilbert took charge of the dressing, and the wound got well immediately.

One day Mary came running in from the street gate, calling Ma'am Warden with all her might. "Here 's a boy in a wagon, wants to engage all your string-beans for the market, he says. He 's a bright-eyed little boy, in a cunning little frock as white as snow. He looks just as neat as a pin."

"Ask how much he will 'low for 'em, and who 's to pick," said Ma'am Warden, coming slowly, with her round-bowed spectacles on top of her head. As soon as she appeared at the door, the lad leaped from the wagon, rushed up the path, and got hold of her hand.

"How *do* you do? How *do* you do, Mrs. Warden?" he cried, shaking her arm and hugging it to his breast, with joy beaming from a bright pair of black eyes.

"By the blink of them peepers, I should say it was

Gid," said Ma'am Warden to Mary. "Only he is so fat and rosy! And then Gid was never known to say 'How d'ye do' in all his born days!"

"Been by, time and again!" said Gilbert. "Did n't know who owned them trees and bean-vines. Thought I'd go to market, a Saturday. Might as well have a load, — Dobbin, he's strong. Go round, pick up some things, — string-beans, win'fall apples, any sort o' green sarce; make money on 'em. Take yours. Sell 'em, — not charge a cent."

"Are you sure, Gid, that it's you? Come right in here, and let me kiss ye. There, Mary, what do you say to morning dreams, now? An't that a clean, smiling face? Just as I see him that morning."

"I've seen Farmer Morse's wagon going by, lots of times, with a boy," said Mary. "I thought it was a Morse boy. But now I remember, in the pew, they're all white heads and blue eyes."

Gilbert remarked that he must go along. He would be round by sunrise, Saturday morning, for Ma'am Warden's marketing. And, with an energetic spring, he perched himself on the wagon-seat, clucked a signal to Dobbin, and away he went.

As Ma'am Warden looked after him, tears came and dimmed her sight. "Gcd be thanked!" said she. "The poor boy has got all he wanted, — a chance to come out."

Just then a man came with a letter for Mrs. Dorothy Warden. The postage was paid, — twelve cents, — but the messenger waited for his reward for bringing it from the office, where it had been lying a long time unclaimed.

"Why, Mary, look o' here!" cried Ma'am Warden, allowing a bank-note for ten dollars to fall from the letter upon the floor, while she pointed to the boyish writing, and the signature, Henry Harbreck.

Mary quietly picked up the note, saying, with a little pursed-up mouth, "Did you *dream* of this, pray?"

Ma'am Warden did not attend to her, for she had begun to read. Mary could have guessed the contents of the letter by watching her lips, silently pronouncing each word as she made it out. It was a letter of farewell. Henry was going to travel with his tutor, while he went on with his studies.

"He'll get variety enough so, without pranks, to keep him contented," said Ma'am Warden. "And by what he says, I think his master understands him like a book. Henry has made all up with him, and looks upon him as an elder brother, a'most, a'ready."

"Well, I'll take *this*, seeing you do not care about it," said Mary, tired of holding out the neglected lucre.

"*'Over.'* Postscriff. His father sends me the 'compan'ing token of his respex."

"Capital!" cried Mary. "You must buy a black-silk gown to wear to meeting."

Ma'am Warden read on. Her lips trembled so much with emotion she had to give up pronouncing the words. Mary stood on tiptoe to look over, and the page was not turned away as she did so. "He thanks you for the advice you gave me." Mary put her arms round her old friend's neck, and kissed her.

"Dear good Ma'am Warden, how I love you!"

said she, for Henry's words had stirred her warmest sympathies.

"Not so well as I love you, child; you don't need to; you have them to hug up to that's nigher than I am. I'm all alone in the world, except neighbors."

Mary again tendered the bank-note.

"O that's nothing, — I make no account of it in the joy this letter has given my old heart. Only it shows his father thinks I have done him some good. And Mary, the joy that's nighest to what we shall have in heaven, is that of having been the instrument of good to those you love."

A. W. A.

UNEIKA, A TALE OF GEORGIA.*

CHAPTER IV.

UNEIKA retraced her steps as quickly as possible to the gloomy cave in which Nick-a-jack lay concealed.

* As some of our readers are much interested in "Uneika," we carry on the story as far as we can in our closing number, by omitting a portion containing a conversation between Uneika and the missionary, in which he declines to aid her in saving the mischievous Nick-a-jack from the vengeance of the fierce tribe of Van, in order that his doom may be a warning to other evil-disposed children. The reader must remember that the tribes that dwelt so long in the midst of the whites were in a certain degree civilized, and many individuals were able to read and write. Uneika was of Indian blood only on the father's side. She is drawn from real life, and it need not surprise the reader to find her more humane, and even more enlightened, than the well-meaning young preacher, whose education was probably not very much superior to her own. — ED.

Before going to seek the aid of Little Pumpkin to remove the suffering child, she thought it necessary, in his sinking condition, to administer the food she had procured. Guiding her steps by the sun, she soon struck the stream which had its source within the walls of the cavern. She knew it to be the same from its direction, yet how different did it seem! Here it ran smiling in the sunshine, imaging in its calm, peaceful flow the Christian life to the imaginative mind of the Indian girl. "This stream has its source in the rock; it is hid for a time in a dark pit; yet with what a strong flow it emerges from the darkness of the cavern, to go on its way in the sunlight! Why may not this spring image the life of this Indian boy? Why may he not come out of the darkness of evil into the sunlight of love?"

Deep in thought, Uneika came to the Spirit Cave. But she paused before she entered the hiding-place of her little prisoner, to take a keen survey of the surrounding forest. She was not a little astonished to find Tellfair Hamilton in sight. As she halted, the young missionary stood within an arrow-shot of the cavern.

"Why does the pale-face dog the steps of the Indian?" exclaimed the chief's daughter. "For good or for evil? Answer me."

"For good," cried the young man. "Wait for me. I am now willing to lend you aid."

"Without fail?" asked Uneika; for after his decided refusal, she hardly dared to trust him.

"Without fail," said the preacher in a tone of determination, and quickening his steps he came to her

side. The chief's daughter looked at him keenly, and her confidence returned. "Hamilton, you know this is the Spirit Cave. To-night, when the forest is quiet, go to the hill-top, where lies the Indian burial-place. Fetch thence the hand-bier; weave it well with cedar branches. Nick-a-jack must be carried upon it to the valley of Cedars. He lies within this cave, helpless from a fall from the robber's pony. He has not tasted any wholesome food for four days. This bread is for him. When you look upon the little sufferer, your heart will relent towards him. When I bent over him, I recalled what Utsilungi so often told me to remember, that he had never known a mother's love. It was a savage father who nurtured him, training him up to evil deeds. Let us deliver him in safety to Ekowa; he is wise and merciful. I will pray him to spare his life."

"Have you then forgotten his crime towards you, Uneika? Have you forgotten your stolen playmate, Robin?"

"I have not," answered the girl in a sad tone. "Grief for his loss, together with the remorse for the sorrow that I have brought on his mother, has changed a happy girl to a sorrowing woman."

"Have you the right, Uneika, thus to take this boy out of the hands of his own tribe, and to deliver him into those of Ekowa? He does not belong to *your* chief."

"His father did not, it is true. But after the father's death, the child sought refuge in our settlement, because the chief Van would not receive him. His offence also was committed within our village,

and against one who acknowledges Ekowa as her lawful protector. In Ekowa's settlement the crime of Nick-a-jack should meet its punishment. But of course these will be questions with the chief Van. We shall both be blamed, but we must do right and bear the burden. It is hard for us both, for both have received good at the hands of the chief Van, to seem ungrateful to him. Now we must part, for while we talk, Nick-a-jack is waiting for food. May I rely on you, Hamilton?"

"You may," answered the young man, "you have my word."

Uneika entered the cave, and found Nick-a-jack coiled up in the same corner, suffering great agony from hunger. He had no sooner become aware of the Indian girl's entrance, than he demanded food. "Bread! bread! Why do you linger?" he cried; and as Uneika approached, and leaned over him, his eye met hers with a fierce glance. "Where is the bread Uneika promised?" When the girl unfolded her apron, and displayed its contents to the starving boy, his eye grew fiercer than before, and raising his crooked body, he tried to rest upon his thin elbow. Immediately he fell back nearly fainting.

Uneika had quickly broken a poane, and, moistening it with the cool, spring water, she proceeded to feed Nick-a-jack, slowly and sparingly. Soon she desisted, and arose to put by the remnants of the bread.

"More, give me more," exclaimed the boy, with a fierce, greedy look. "I have not eaten half enough! Uneika wants to starve me after all."

"Too much food at one time will do you harm," answered the girl. "You shall have more, but not now." And, reseating herself on the floor of the cavern close beside him, she lifted his head gently from the rock, and placed it on her knee.

"Try now to sleep, Nick-a-jack," she said, "you want rest."

"There is no rest for me. The Utsawnati, the Indian, the Equa Nayehi,* have all forsaken me," he cried.

"Not the Equa Nayehi, Nick-a-jack," answered Uneika. "He is God, and God never forsakes. He is the friend of little children. He punishes, but he never forsakes. Now try to rest."

"I cannot rest until I have told you all, Uneika," said he, for the boy's heart grew gentle under kind treatment. "I must tell you all, before I die."

"I know all, I think," answered Uneika. "I know that you took away little Robin, and put him into the hands of the robber. How could you? What tempted you?"

"Gold," answered the boy. "The robber-captain promised me gold, if I would do it. He said I should be one of his gang; that I should grow rich and brave like him; he said, too, that he was the father of Robin; that he wanted him to train him, and that some day he would be the leader of his band."

"And the white child,—did he cry when you delivered him into the hands of the robber?"

* Great Spirit.

"No," answered Nick-a-jack. "Robin was pleased. The Captain received the boy kindly; he kissed him more than once; and then he called the gang around him; he held his child high in his arms, and bade his men hurrah."

Uneika sighed deeply.

"Near to Van's valley Robin and I met the robbers. I rode the Captain's pony in the race with Yonung. I outrode Yonung very soon; for I rode upon Akaluga, the Whirlwind. When I came to the Captain, he took his pony; he placed his child before him. I clung on behind. We rode swiftly to escape the Indians. In a sudden turn I was thrown upon the ground. I shrieked; then the whole gang came to a stand. One cried out, 'Let him die in the trail, the worthless dog!' But the Captain would not leave Nick-a-jack, because the white boy begged for him. I was lifted to the saddle, but I could not sit. The Captain put me upon the ground again; then he bade me crawl to the Spirit Cave. It was not far he said, and he would return for me under cover of night. Nick-a-jack crawled like the rattlesnake, upon his belly. It was hard for him to climb to the mouth of the cavern, but he found a nest in the rock."

"Did the little boy scream when Nick-a-jack was left behind?" asked Uneika.

"Like the red woodpecker, but the Captain rode away."

Nick-a-jack's sad story was told at intervals, as his strength would allow. It was evident that confession relieved the breast of the poor sufferer from

a heavy weight. When all was told, he fell into a deep sleep, with his head still pillowed upon the knee of the kind-hearted girl. Uneika looked down upon his crooked form, his hard, sharp features, and sighed to think here was an unfortunate child that no one in the world loved. She knew not one but Utsilungi who would willingly do him an act of kindness. And Utsilungi he had now grievously injured. After a time his rest became disturbed by frightful dreams, and he awoke crying, "They will tear me to pieces! Uneika, save me! Uneika! Are you still here? Will you give me up?" Again she fed him sparingly, and gave him drink from the spring.

"The next time I shall allow you more, Nick-a-jack, for I must give you strength to bear a journey. To-night you are to be carried into Cedar Valley."

"Uneika will then deliver me to the chief Ekowa! Has the Indian girl fed Nick-a-jack only to betray him?" cried the boy, angrily.

"Uneika never deceives," answered the girl, calmly. "But Uneika must be true to her chief. Uneika would deliver the prisoner to no one but Ekowa."

"As well leave Nick-a-jack to starve," exclaimed the boy. "Do you know what Ekowa will do to Nick-a-jack? He will stone him to death. Uneika will stand by, Ungung! Uneika will cast the first stone. Harken to me. Why was Nick-a-jack born? He has no place upon the earth; he belongs to no tribe. And why? His father was a bad Indian. Was that Nick-a-jack's fault? The Indian children all have homes, Nick-a-jack has none. Nick-

a-jack too once lived with a father, but he taught him to prey like the wolf upon the red men and the pale-faces alike. The father of Nick-a-jack swam over the deep river; he was drowned; Nick-a-jack saw him go down; he could not help him. He was left all alone. It was the Moon of Leaves; so the child could find food. The Moon of Falling Leaves came; then Nick-a-jack was often hungry; so he stole from the Indians; could he starve? The Moon of the Snow came; it lay deep on the mountains; Nick-a-jack crept to this valley; he asked to warm himself at the fire of Van; the great chief said, 'No.' Nick-a-jack crept into the Valley of Cedars; Ekowa took him in. There were good children there; they looked for Nick-a-jack to be good; he had never learned how; then they turned their backs on the evil boy. Not so Uneika."

"Nor Utsilungi," interrupted the Indian girl, "she befriended you always."

"And I betrayed her! The Equa Nayehi has forsaken me for it. O save me, hide me, Uneika; do not let me die *now*!"

"Listen to me, Nick-a-jack. A price is set upon your head by the chief Van. At the rise of the sun to-morrow you would surely be discovered here, for your tracks can be seen in the trails, and all through the forest, up to the mouth of this cavern. You know their cruel law,—the traitor must die. To save you Uneika would carry you to her own valley; but she must deliver you to Ekowa, for you belong to him as his prisoner. And safer so, for Ekowa is merciful. I will beg him to spare your

life. Will you go with me this night into Cedar Valley? or will you remain here, certain to meet a cruel fate?"

"I will go with Uneika into Cedar Valley," answered the boy, with a deep-drawn sigh; for he doubted not that in either case he must meet due punishment for his treachery; long imprisonment, if not a violent and sudden death. The excitement caused by the announcement of Uneika's purpose presently passed away from the child's mind, in his eagerness for another supply of food. Resuming her former posture to give him an easy position, Uneika gave him small morsels from time to time, until he fell into a heavy slumber.

For many hours the Indian girl remained sitting in one spot a patient watcher. She had ample time during those tedious hours to scan every niche and corner of the cave. Her eye became accustomed to the dim light. She was surprised to find that at last the pale gleams which struggled through the throat of the cavern lay upon the rock floor in streaks like sunshine. That part of the cave in which she sat was a small room nearly octagon in shape, surrounded on all sides by damp slimy walls. The roof of the apartment was hung thick with long stalactites; near the throat of the cavern, where the light struck, they glistened like the jewels of Aladdin's cave. By far the prettiest feature of the cavern, however, was its jet of water, which issued with great force out of a cleft in the rock wall, and fell from a height of about four feet upon a shallow basin of limestone rock; leaping from the sides of

this overcharged basin, it brawled over disjointed stones, and leaped into a fissure in the rock floor, where it was lost to view. But its progress was still heard, as it made its way with a rumbling sound through the depths of a dark, mysterious pit.

As Uneika made an accurate survey of the precincts to which she was at present confined, she could detect, one by one, articles of wearing-apparel, as well as cooking-utensils, some scattered upon the damp floor, others lying in clefts of the rock, and in remote corners of the cavern. A man's jacket, a slouch hat, a drinking-cup, two tin plates, a stone jug, a broken-handled knife, a rusty hatchet, and several broken pipes, were clearly discerned at different times, as the light happened to fall into their lurking-places. After much close observation Uneika was induced to adopt the belief, so prevalent among the Van Indians, that the place was *haunted*, — not indeed by one evil spirit, but by many, embodied in human forms. The cave had no doubt been the place of refuge for the outlaw band, when driven from the mountains by the winter snows, or when pursued by Indian enemies. It was held in superstitious awe by the Indians of Van's valley, and seldom if ever entered by them. It therefore afforded to the outlaws a sure hiding-place at all times.

The hours dragged heavily on as the chief's daughter watched by her little prisoner. Nick-a-jack slept more peacefully and uninterruptedly as the day waned. How Uneika longed for the night to come, and cover the expedition they were about to undertake! At length the lines of light which had ap-

peared to her dilated eye like streaks of pure sunshine slowly faded. Gradually the last dim light withdrew, leaving now the floor of the cave, now lingering at the aperture, to Uneika's imagination seeming to steal away in order that its cheerfulness might not be missed by her.

Soon within the cavern all had become darkness, and the Indian girl, as she bent wearily over the sleeping child, could not discern one feature of his pallid face. From hour to hour the darkness continued, the same unchanged black obscurity, till at length it began to oppress her, producing a sense of suffocation. On a sudden Uneika felt a tremor in every limb, followed by faintness. "Am I dying?" she exclaimed in alarm. Yet she retained her courage and presence of mind, which had been her stay in many a time of trial. It might be only exhaustion, she thought, or the effect of the stifling air of the cavern. She now laid the child's head on the rock, and, extending her limbs, with difficulty stood upright; then, groping her way to the spring head, she caught some water in the hollow of her hand, and poured it into her mouth, bathed her temples and wrists, and finally, reaching for a crust of bread, tried to eat it. It was many hours since she had tasted food. In her anxiety to feed the starving boy she had forgotten herself, and this was no doubt one cause of her present prostration. It was difficult to force the bread into her mouth, but she knew her strength must be revived for the fatigue of the night. Her movements, as she returned to her place beside the boy, aroused him. He started from his sleep

crying: "Another night of pain and hunger! The Captain is false; he leaves Nick-a-jack to die."

"No; Nick-a-jack shall live," said a soothing voice.

"Is Uneika with me? Good Uneika!" said the boy, as he felt for and grasped her hand. She fed her enemy when he hungered, when he thirsted she gave him drink, because it was her duty. Now her heart was warmed with love towards him, for he was grateful. A feeble kiss! It was the first kiss those lips had ever given, for the unloved child loved no one. "Good Uneika," said the boy, "had you been my sister, I should not have been so bad. Can Nick-a-jack ever grow good?"

"I think so," replied the girl, much moved; and as she bent over him, imprinting a kiss upon his hot forehead, her tears fell upon his face.

"Do you cry for *me*, Uneika?" cried Nick-a-jack in amazement.

"I do, Nick-a-jack, for I know not yet whether Ekowa will spare you to grow good. The Indian's law is cruel and stern. But Ekowa has learned from Utsilungi the Christian's prayer, 'Forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us.' And should you fall even into the hands of Van, surely *childhood* should find some mercy."

Nick-a-jack was again asleep when a ray of ruddy light suddenly shot through the darkness from the entrance of the cave. "Hamilton is there at last!" she cried, joyfully. "The pale-face is true to his word."

She arose quickly, and groped her way towards

the light. As she reached the throat of the cavern, she spoke the name of the young man in a low voice.

"All right," he answered. "I have brought the bier."

"Are any Indians abroad to-night?" asked the girl.

"I have seen no torches," answered the young man.

"Come down, then, and help me to carry the boy out. Hand me the torch, and I will show the way."

Hamilton obeyed, and having scrambled down, crept upon hands and knees until he reached the recess where Nick-a-jack lay still asleep.

"Look there," said Uneika, throwing the light of the torch upon the face of the wretched boy. "Does not the sight move your pity?"

"It does indeed," answered the young man.

"Lift him gently, Hamilton. I hardly know yet whether he can bear to be removed."

In their endeavor to lift the poor boy, they awoke him suddenly, and he shrieked, in terror, "Help! help! Uneika kills the poor Indian boy! Help, help!"

"Hush, Nick-a-jack," said the girl, in a low voice. "If Indians are near, all is lost. You forget: Uneika is going to carry you home."

"Where is Nick-a-jack's home?" said the poor sufferer.

Hamilton and Uneika carried the boy to the mouth of the cave. This they managed to do without causing him much suffering. But when they attempted to raise him through the narrow throat of the cavern, the upright position of his body caused intense pain. Again his shrieks became fearful. "Murder! Help, help!"

The Indian girl, in momentary anger, felt inclined to lay the burden upon the cavern floor, and leave him to his fate. "Nick-a-jack," she said, "if you will not keep silence, we cannot save you. There may be Indian scouts abroad to-night, — they may hear your cries. If you cannot bear the pain of removal, we must leave you. Then you must remain here alone to meet your doom. What do you say?"

"I will be silent," answered the Indian boy.

The chief's daughter soon, with the efficient aid of the preacher, drew Nick-a-jack through the opening of the cavern, brought him down the steep earth bank, and laid him upon the hand-bier, which was woven with branches; not a murmur escaped him! Hamilton, placing the torch in the socket of wood at the head of the bier, covered the boy with a blanket, which he had brought for the purpose, and then they began their silent march through the dark forest.

They had travelled but a short distance, before Uneika discovered she had overrated her strength. She was unequal to the task she had imposed upon herself, and saw that she should be compelled to stop at the ford, call for the pony which had been promised her in the morning for her intended journey, and also ask the good-natured Iya to lend a helping hand in the removal of their prisoner.

"We run the risk of discovery by taking another into our counsels, I well know," said Uneika; "but my strength is failing."

With difficulty they brought the bier to the home-patch of Little Pumpkin at last, and set it down at

the door of the wigwam. Uneika lifted the deer-skin hanging, and stepped within. "Iya! Unasti Iya! awake! get up!"

"Who calls?" said the Indian.

"Uneika, the chief Ekowa's daughter."

"What brings the chief's daughter here in the darkness of night?" he asked, without coming forth.

"I have been detained, Iya. Bring out your pony. I must ford the stream, I must ride away to-night."

"Iya was ready to walk by the side of the pony into Cedar Valley by daylight; he felled a new bridge; he waited from the midday meal until the set of sun. It is a dark night. But Iya must aid the chief's daughter. Ugh! what means this?" he added, stepping outside of the wigwam. "A bier! Hamilton, the preacher, and Uneika, the chief's daughter, bearing away a body, under cover of night! I trust no crime has been committed in our valley? If so, I leave you. Depart."

"No; this body has breath. We have found Nick-a-jack, helpless as a viper whose back is broken; he is a prisoner; he belongs to the chief of *our* valley. I will deliver him safely into Ekowa's hands," said the girl.

"No; Iya will not lend his hand to a secret deed against his own chief. Deliver the viper to me, and claim Van's reward."

"No, Iya; this is an errand of mercy. I am weary, and *must* ride your pony into Cedar Valley. Quick, or the Indian scouts will be upon us. Help Hamilton to carry this burden, and God will reward you."

"I have been warned by the chief Van to let no

one pass the ford except the chief's daughter. If this thing be discovered, Iya will be punished. But Iya has chosen a petty chief, and will go with him to new hunting-grounds in six moons. Hide this thing until then. Do you promise?"

"I never kept aught from the chief Ekowa. Uneika scorns concealment; she fears not Van."

"Then Iya's hands shall be folded."

"Will you stand by then, good Iya, and see this poor boy put to death?"

"Uneika could save his life by a promise," said Little Pumpkin, — "a promise that the boy shall remain hid for six moons, that he shall be a captive until the moon of Aloo,* — until Iya has taken up his march towards the setting sun. Across the big river Iya will have a new chief. Then he will no longer fear the war-chief, Van."

"The child is lost else," said Uneika to the young preacher. "The night wears; the Indians will soon be upon us. Yes, I do promise."

"Will the preacher promise to keep the thing secret?" asked Iya.

"I will," answered the young man; "I do."

"Is the word of the preacher good? The word of the trader is not. Let the chief's daughter promise for you, young man; for better the noā of the chief's daughter than the oath of the pale-face," said Little Pumpkin.

"I promise for Hamilton; it *shall* be secret," said the girl.

* Maize.

Iya lingered no longer. His pony was brought out, blanketed and bridled. Uneika mounted it and led the way. She crossed the ford now without difficulty, while her companions carried the litter carefully over the new bridge, and struck the trail, guiding their steps by the light of a torch in Uneika's hand. It was a weary march, those eight miles through the dark forest. But before daybreak they reached Cedar Valley, and deposited their prisoner in the chief Ekowa's lodge, where Uneika carefully concealed him in an upper room. Iya and Hamilton returned together to the Valley of Van.

"Why steals Wesung along the banks of the creek?" asked Iya, as that wily Indian stirred the shrubs along the ford-bank.

"To look for Nick-a-jack," answered Wesung the Fox.

"Why does Wesung peer into the deep pool?"

"Wesung has heard the cry of murder; he will find the boy, alive or dead."

LOST! LOST!

"O DEAR! my gloves, my tippet, and my Latin Reader, — I can't find one of them! I dare say Georgie has hid them, out of mischief, or Lucy has put them in some out-of-the-way place, or —"

"Or some careless little girl has mislaid them herself," interposed a pleasant voice.

"I know I am careless, mamma. But this time I am certain I left them on the hall table, when I came from school."

"Quite sure, — positive, my dear?"

"Yes, indeed, — that is, *almost*. O, now I remember, — I went to the closet to get some water. Perhaps — I might — yes, here they are! Well, if I *am* careless, I always drive through somehow, and I should rather be as I am, than like Agnes Grey. *Such* a particular little *fuss*! Her old-maidishness is really annoying." And with an air of some self-satisfaction, Jeannie Barnes put on her tippet and gloves, and, snatching up her bag, was on the point of starting off, when she was recalled by her mother.

"As I thought! Morning slippers on, bonnet bent, no collar, and probably unbrushed teeth. O Jeannie!"

This was said in a tone of sadness, which would have touched Jeannie's heart, only she was in such a hurry she had no time to think or feel. So up stairs she tore to finish her toilet, leaving her bonnet with her mother, and when she came down she only said, "I am afraid I shall be late," and had slammed the outer door behind her before her mother was fully aware that the unfortunate bonnet had been snatched from her hand.

In the afternoon Mrs. Barnes proposed a walk to Jeannie. The social ramble was joyfully assented to. Carrying a small basket, the little girl walked beside her mother quite soberly.

"A visit of charity, I suppose, mamma?" as they entered a narrow street.

"Yes, my dear, — partly."

"O, what a dirty-looking place! Are you going here?" said Jeannie, following her mother up two flights of stairs, and into a room in the third story of the dingy old brick building they had entered.

What a scene of dirt, confusion, and discomfort! The floor, bed-clothes, and garments hanging around the room, vied with each other in grease, soot, and grime. A puny baby, the original color of whose skin and garments could not possibly be discovered, was rocked in the arms of a dirtier mother, while a low wail came from the cradle at her feet, occupied by a sick child of two years. A dresser was garnished with unwashed dishes. Over the edge of an open meal-chest hung a dirty stocking, while a boy's greasy hat comfortably rested upon the contents. A little girl of ten was rubbing at a washing-board in water it was hard to believe ever was pure, while the rickety table beside her was filled with promiscuous articles for the wash, and the remains of a late breakfast.

Mrs. Barnes inquired for the sick child, and produced some nourishing food for him from the basket Jeannie had carried. Then she said kindly to the woman, "You have not been able to put your room in order yet?"

"No, ma'am, I have n't; Jack's been so sick, and baby is so fretty, and when *he* comes home — Well, well, you know how it is."

"Yes, I do, and I am sorry for you, Mrs. Jones. But don't you think it would make some difference with your husband if he had a more cheerful home to come to?"

"May be; but I'm about tired of choring all the time. Seems to me there's no chance now for much peace nohow; too late to begin new."

"Never too late, if you would only be persuaded to try it. Even now you *could* change your mode of life. It would be harder for you than to have learned to be neat when a girl, but it could be done."

Mrs. Jones shaking her head and seeming indisposed to talk, Mrs. Barnes left her.

As Jeannie went out of the room she saw, peeping out of a small cupboard, a ragged boy of six, whose attention seemed divided between the visitors and a molasses-jug, to the contents of which he was helping himself, by means of a rag alternately inserted and drawn out. During the process clothes, face, and hands shared the sweetness with his mouth. This was almost too much for Jeannie's equanimity, and as they quitted the room she said to her mother, with a shudder of disgust, "How can you bear to go to such places?"

"Should you like to know this woman's early history, Jeannie? She was once a bright, pretty girl, with but one serious fault."

"I should like to hear about her, if she was ever tidy and clean."

"Ah, there is all the trouble; that was always her fault. She lived in my mother's family, and was kindly cared for; but she was a careless child, always doing things in a helter-skeiter manner,—always *driving*, as you call it; consequently her work was never done properly, or if done once, was undone by her own heedlessness. It did little good to talk

to her; she always said she liked to see things all in a heap about her, and then she could *drive through* them. I am not sure she did not entertain a contempt for orderly, or, as you call them, *fussy* people."

"O mamma, I see now what you mean. As if I should ever come to be like her! How can you think it?"

"My dear child, I do *not* think you could ever be just like Mrs. Jones. But you may, and undoubtedly will, be as careless a woman as you are girl, if you do not think your fault serious enough to need correction. That is the chief trouble with you, as it was with Mrs. Jones when a child; you do not consider that heedless, slatternly ways in youth lead to neglect of positive duties in mature life. Nay, careless habits lead to the overthrow of all prospects of domestic happiness; for I never yet saw a happy family which was a disorderly one. Even now, my child, you know not the pain, the anxiety, you are giving me by this one obstinate fault. I am sure you are not aware how unjust it makes you to others, and how much precious time it causes you to waste."

"Unjust to others! How is that, mamma?"

"Whom did you blame this morning for the loss of your possessions?"

"O, I remember. But then how did I waste time, pray? I was not late."

"Perhaps not; yet you must have gone to school on the run, a practice I do not like; and the time spent in hunting for your missing articles would have been more than sufficient for you to have done

the little kindness Lucy asked of you, — Lucy, always so obliging to you.”

“I see, mamma; I am very sorry.”

“I once met a poor crazy woman, whose constant cry was, ‘Lost! lost!’ I asked a friend, who knew her history, what it meant. She said her happiness in life had been wrecked by the omission of some plain duties which devolved upon her in early youth. She was taken down with brain-fever, which left her insane, and these words were ever on her lips, accompanied with agonizing gestures. Sooner or later lost opportunities rise before us in reproof of past neglect, and the sad refrain of our hearts, if not our lips, will be, ‘Lost! lost!’ Lost, the opportunity to gladden and cheer the hearts of fond parents, — lost, the opportunity to add to the happiness of brother, sister, or faithful friend, — lost, that precious time God gives us to use, and not abuse, — and perhaps, later in life, lost, the serene joys of a well-ordered, peaceful family-circle.”

“Please don’t say another word, mamma. It is enough. I never thought! I see now, and I will begin at once to do better.”

“I do not doubt you will succeed if you try. Begin in the right earnest spirit, and seek aid from the Father whose ear is ever open to the wants of his youngest and weakest children. And I trust, at the close of another year, if you have occasion to use these sad words, it will be in a glad and not a remorseful spirit, and that you can say that only this bad habit, now so troublesome and dangerous, is ‘Lost, lost.’”

THE COUSINS.

"MAMMA, I am very sorry Annie has come to live with us," said little Mary Winter. "She is so cross and unkind, I do not love her. If we do not all play as she wishes to have us, she will not play at all, but goes away, and cries, and says, 'I want papa, papa!'"

"I am afraid it is my little Mary that is cross and unkind now," said Mrs. Winter. "Take your chair and sit by me, and I will talk to you about your cousin. But first tell me where she is."

"She is playing with Edgar, mamma."

"When Annie was about four years old, I made a visit at your uncle's house. She was then a sweet little girl, gentle and obedient, yet full of fun and frolic. Soon after my return home, I received the news of your aunt's death. I did not see Annie from that time until last week, when your uncle brought her to stay until his return. And I found the little girl much changed, for her father had indulged her in every wish, not being willing to deny his little motherless one any pleasure which he was able to procure for her. So when she troubles you in your play, try and remember that she has had no mother to tell her what was right, no brothers or sisters to love and to yield to. By being very kind and unselfish yourself, you may help her to overcome some of the faults which she is hardly to blame for having contracted. Will you not try, my darling, to be very patient with her?"

"Yes, mamma, I will; I will go and play with

her now, and see if I cannot please her. I left her crying." So saying, she ran out of the room, her heart glowing with pity and the generous desire to make her lonely little cousin happy. Reaching the parlor, she saw Annie standing by the window, gazing into the street, and looking very miserable.

"Annie, will you come with me, and play with the baby?" said Mary, going to her side and gently touching her arm.

"No," replied Annie, petulantly twitching away her hand. "I do not love the baby. I want to go to walk, and Edgar says he will not go."

"Come with me, and ask mamma if I may go," said Mary, pleasantly.

After obtaining leave, the little girls were passing out at the door, when Edgar ran after them and shouted, "I say, Mary, are you going to walk with Miss Sulky? I believe I will go too if you are."

"No, I do not want to have you go now," said Annie, drawing back. "I shall not go with you, you naughty boy."

Mary stopped the unkind reply which was on Edgar's lips by saying gently, "Please don't plague her, Eddie. Come, Annie, you may have my hoop. I wish we had two, and then we could both run at the same time." Annie looked surprised, but took the hoop without speaking, and began to roll it while Mary looked on. Soon she heard steps behind her, and, turning, saw Edgar running after them with his hoop.

"Annie," said he, "you may take my hoop; it is lighter than Mary's, and then you can each have one

to roll." So saying away he ran, whistling merrily. For some time afterwards Annie was very pleasant, for she felt somewhat ashamed at having spoken so rudely to her cousin Edgar. When he came to call them to dinner, they went into the house together very good friends.

As they rose from the table, Mr. Winter said, "I am going to drive into the city this afternoon, and one of the little girls may go with me. Which shall it be?"

"O please take *me*, papa," shouted Mary. "Aunt Sarah promised to take me to see Mrs. Monroe's parrot the next time I went into town. I do want to go *so much*!"

"And I want to go too, *I* want to see the parrot," said Annie, the tears beginning to gather in her large blue eyes.

"Well, you may settle it between you. In about ten minutes the carriage will come to the door, and I shall expect one of you to be ready to jump in," said Mr. Winter, as he left the room.

Both the girls stood silent for a moment. Then Mary, lifting her eyes to her mother's face, saw that she was watching them. Remembering their conversation, she said cheerfully: "Annie, you may go. I have been to ride many times with papa, and you have never been at all."

And glancing at her mother, she felt fully repaid by her smile, though after all, as she saw her father and cousin riding away from the door, she could not repress a sigh at the thought of the parrot. She soon felt very happy, however, playing with her little baby sister, and thinking of Annie.

Annie enjoyed the ride very well for some time, but after a while she began to feel tired. Riding was no rare luxury to her. The parrot would not talk enough to please her, and it was dull sitting among strangers waiting for Mr. Winter. Though she did not say so, she really wished that she had stayed at home. She felt very uncomfortable because she had prevented Mary from going to see the parrot, when she so much desired it. Her uncle, guessing the cause of her dissatisfaction, did not try much to divert her thoughts, and said, as he lifted her from the carriage on their return: "I am afraid my little girl has not enjoyed her ride so much as she expected."

An hour afterwards, Mrs. Winter, going into the parlor, found Annie sitting by the fire, with the large tears slowly rolling down her cheeks.

"Why, Annie, darling, what is the matter?" said her aunt, taking her into her lap.

"I want papa," said Annie, and fairly sobbed aloud.

"I will tell you a story, Annie, about myself; shall I?" And long before it was done, the little girl was as happy as ever.

"Now I have told you such a nice long story, will you talk with me a little while, Annie?" asked Mrs. Winter. "Did you not have a pleasant ride this afternoon? Or what was it that made you feel so unhappy?" Annie remained silent.

"Shall I tell you?" Annie slowly nodded her head in acquiescence.

"Do you not think it was because you had not done quite right? You felt, though you hardly

knew it, that you had been a little selfish. Was n't that it, darling?"

"I believe it was," said Annie, after a long pause.

"I thought so," said her aunt, kissing her. "You have a good heart, though you are a little selfish by habit. Now I wish you and Mary to be very good and happy little girls, and to love each other very much. I think if you try very hard to give up to each other pleasantly, and not be out of humor when one does not carry out a play just as the other would prefer, you will be much happier. And that will make those around you happier also. It would give me much pleasure to see you always kind, and I know it would please your father, if he were here, to know his little Annie was a good and reasonable little girl. Will you not try, my darling?"

"Yes," said Annie, throwing her arms around her aunt's neck, and kissing her. "I *will* try. And now may I go and find Mary, and tell her that I mean to be always pleasant?"

"You may, my dear," said Mrs. Winter. Annie did try very hard, and that made it easier for Mary to set her a good example. When Annie's father came, it made her feel very happy to hear him say to Mrs. Winter that he found his little pet much improved.

E. F. A.

Answer to Charade. — *Nightingale*.

Violet's pretty lines came too late.

The Frontispiece belongs to the May number.

